Commentary

Volume Fifty-nine, Number One, January 1975

OIL: The Issue of American Intervention
ROBERT W. TUCKER

The Palestinians and the PLO
BERNARD LEWIS

Driving Toward Jerusalem
HILLEL HALKIN

The Communard/Midge Decter

The "New History"/Gertrude Himmelfarb

How Good is Alison Lurie?/John W. Aldridge

Movies: Four Europeans/William S. Pechter

Books in Review: David Herbert Donald/Marvin C. Feuerwerger/
Bernard K. Johnpoll/Abram N. Shulsky

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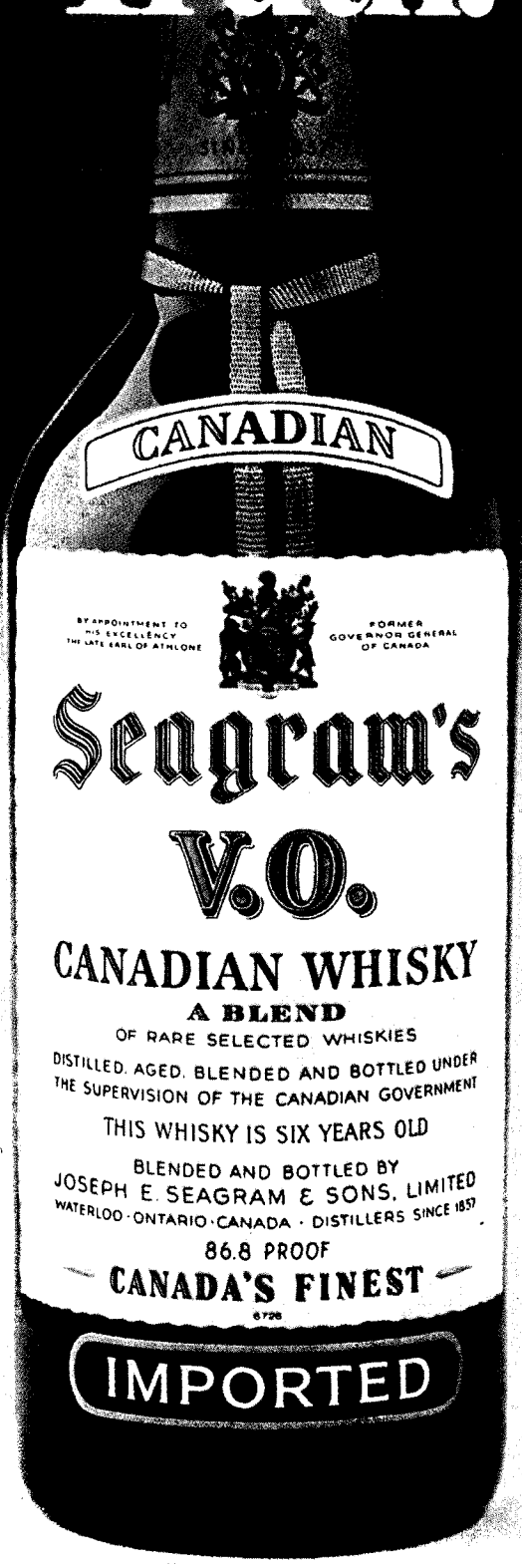
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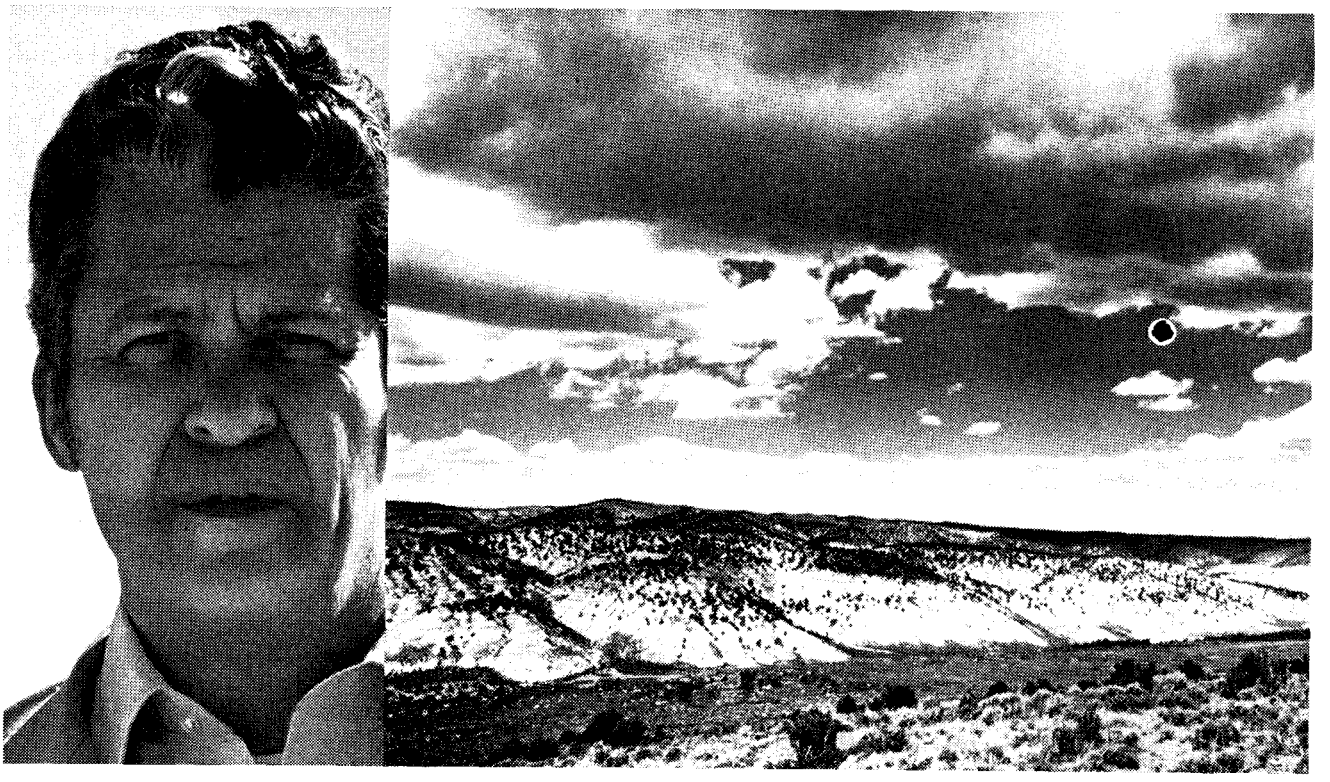

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Commentary

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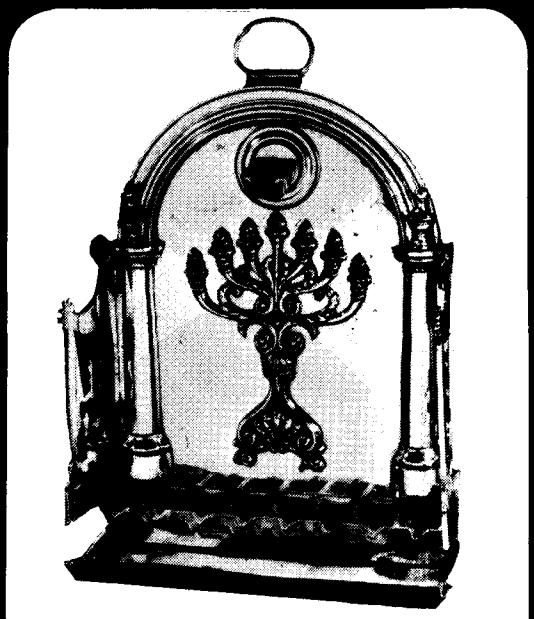
Jewish Art

How Wrong Even Berenson Can Be!

Bernard Berenson once wrote: "The Jews have displayed little talent for the visual, and almost none for the figurative arts." Berenson's is an oft-repeated opinion that Jews and art are antithetical, and those who supported it looked for reinforcement in the Second Commandment: "You shall make no sculptured image or likeness for yourself." Ergo, "Jewish Art" is a contradiction in terms.

Or is it? The recently published Encyclopaedia Judaica devotes 72 pages to this "non-subject", with no fewer than 197 illustrations, and photographs of hundreds of antique Jewish objets d'art illustrate the entire work. Ancient synagogues recently unearthed in Israel provide archaeological evidence of a magnificent Jewish artistic heritage hardly suspected by historians and art experts.



Bronze Hanuka Lamp, Northern Italy, circa 1700.
The Collector, Jerusalem

Over the ages, the synagogue, the Jewish festivals and the Jewish home have inspired artisans and craftsmen to create a wealth of beautiful objects, from imposing baroque Torah ornaments, kiddush goblets, gothic ballustrated and filigreed spice towers to stately hanging Sabbath lamps and candelabra, Hanukkah lamps and other ritual ceremonial art objects used in the celebration of the Sabbath and festivals, lovingly fashioned out of gold, silver, pewter and other materials to reflect the artistic styles of the thousands of communities in which Jews have lived.

Illuminated parchment marriage contracts (Ketubot), Esther Scrolls (Megillot) and Mizrach Tablets, as well as decorated Passover Haggadahs and Hebrew books and manuscripts are additional objets d'art with which the Jew surrounded himself. Genre paintings, sculpture, prints and engravings on Jewish and Biblical themes decorated Jewish homes in Vilna and Vienna, Fez and Florence, and rich tapestries and hangings of silk and brocade adorned synagogues the world over. It appears that Berenson and his supporters overlooked something!

The vicissitudes of Jewish history have taken their toll of these art objects, and antique Judaica has become one of the rarest art forms in the world! For many years, only museums competed for the very few surviving examples of authentic Jewish Art. Lately, however, serious collectors and discriminating Jews, proud of their cultural and artistic heritage, have begun seeking works of antique Jewish Art for their homes and offices, not only as unique decoration but as reflections of their own personal tastes and background. For Jewish Art is Jewish sociology and anthropology, and archaeology -- and religion. In short, Jewish Art is a mirror on Jewish history, a graphic glimpse of Jewish civilization.

Collecting Jewish Art is not an inexpensive hobby – far from it. But good art has proved itself a virtually inflation-proof investment. Fine Judaica has rapidly increased in value in recent years, and the growing rarity of quality Jewish Art, matched by an increasing demand, can only accentuate the trend towards higher values.

The Collector, located, appropriately enough, in Jerusalem, is an art gallery specializing in rare Judaica and antique Jewish Art. We are experts, and we work closely with collectors and museums in assembling quality collections of antique Jewish Art. Because of the extreme rarity of authentic Judaica and the close personal attention required in building first-class collections, The Collector can represent only a limited number of serious collectors and museums.

If you have ever admired or wished to acquire a beautiful object of Judaica, or are interested in exploring the possibility of seriously collecting antique Jewish Art, I would like to meet with you. Would you call or write me to set up an appointment? Thank you.

Cordially,

Michael Kaniel

Michael Kaniel's

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Letters from Readers

The New Ethnicity

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The reasons advanced by Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan ["Why Ethnicity?," October 1974] for the growing importance of ethnic identity as a base for political activity are insightful and convincing but, I think, incomplete. As the state assumes a more and more powerful role in the distribution of opportunities and wealth, it becomes the target for organized groups of all sorts. Surely the AFL-CIO, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Farm Bureau, and other class- or interest-based organizations have not reduced their Washington lobbying efforts. What happens is that new pressure groups arise to extract favors the government finds itself increasingly able to bestow. The prospective returns to organized action increase, encouraging thereby the formation of organizations.

Not that organization on all potential bases is equally easy and effective. Ethnic identity has great affective content (as compared, say, to left-handedness or redheadedness) and considerable political weight (due, most likely, to the combination of ethnic residential clustering and the system of territorially-organized legislatures), as Messrs. Glazer and Moynihan point out. When state power replaces market forces in the allocation of economic goods there are increasing benefits to be expected from the application of organized pressure, especially when based on such a convenient tie as ethnicity.

ANTHONY H. PASCAL
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have great esteem for Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan, but I found their piece to be, quite uncharacteristically, airy and somewhat insubstantial. They identify, for instance, one source of the increase in ethnic self-awareness to be the growth of the welfare state. But this only hints at the truth: it is the enormous increase in matters which now are settled through political action, and not merely welfare measures, which is the salient new feature of American public life. Now every increment in governmental suzerainty—a new regulatory body, a new import quota, a new tax, a new price control—compels those affected to try to influence the rules; in this way, new extensions of political control ineluctably *create* new special interest groups. . . . The efforts of such groups are both centrally focused and, because of the expectation of winning very large benefits, highly motivated, whereas the harm done to the broader public interest is so diffuse that no one finds it worthwhile to oppose it. . . .

I see no reason to view the recent rise in special-interest ethnic groups as anything more than a typical instance of this more general phenomenon. Once a government proposes to advance "social justice" by granting selective ethnic preference, as ours now does in the name of "affirmative action," why, one had better join the game as well by putting one's, say, Montenegrin great-grandmother to good use in gaining admission to law school, or to a top job, or what have you. For in this newly changed political context, advantage, or at least self-defense, now lies in exaggerating rather than minimizing these superficial differences among persons. This growth in ethnic polarity is, I believe, a thoroughly artificial creature, . . . all the more paradoxical because it came about through measures initially purporting to reduce it. . . .

The timing of this efflorescence of clannishness is therefore not to be explained by reference to some internal change in the way ethnic ties manifest themselves; rather, the determining event has been the changed willingness of government and other institutions to accommodate the frequently outrageous claims of political ethnicity. This is clearly tied up with the widespread decline in the political fortunes of the liberal heritage, a marasmic wasting of convictions which can clearly be seen in, among other things, the attenuated, tepid reaction of academicians to attacks on their right freely to communicate their ideas. . . .

WILLIAM R. HAVENDER
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I cannot understand why Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan are so astonished at the persistence

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and intensity of ethnic and racial identification in America and other Western societies. Clearly, the "liberal expectancy" to which they refer is too general and needs refinement.

While the increase in ethnic identification may, in fact, be related to "the efficacy of ethnicity in making claims on the resources of the modern state" as well as to "the issue of equality," such explanations tell us little of the underlying mechanism involved. To be more precise, ethnic and racial mobilization can best be explained in terms of the implications of group solidarity for upward mobility. It may be argued that every minority group must experience solidarity prior to and during upward mobility. Only after a group has passed through the solidarity stage do particularistic characteristics such as ethnicity become less important. This refinement of the "liberal expectancy" makes the current wave of group identification more understandable—even predictable.

The persistence of ethnicity in all realms of American life indicates this dimension has always been more functional than has heretofore been believed. Even Milton Gordon's hypothesis that assimilation first takes place in the economic and political spheres is subject to substantial revision. My own work on the 1970 distributions of specific white ethnic groups, Puerto Ricans, and blacks within industries and occupations in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit, suggests that claims of extensive economic assimilation are highly exaggerated. Most white ethnic groups such as the Russians, Italians, and the Poles remain significantly concentrated in particular industrial sectors. On the other hand, blacks are relatively diffused throughout sectors. It can be argued that this lack of industrial specialization and economic solidarity accounts significantly for their low occupational standing.

This and other evidence suggest that opportunities for social mobility are enhanced when a minority group specializes in industrial activities. Industrial concentration permits eventual takeover of supervisory and managerial positions. . . . Thus, the persistence of white ethnic solidarity and the emergence of black identification are natural, and our public policy in this area needs rethinking. Strategies which increase specialization and concentration may provide the greatest long-term benefits for minority groups. This is in contrast to liberal policies which promote quotas and a random distribution of a minority group across all employment areas. We should be aware of the mechanisms which promote upward mobility and work with natural processes as they are revealed.

JULES LICHTENSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan have made a useful contribution to our understanding of the role of ethnicity in contemporary politics, but their article is marred by an undertone of sniping at the figure of Karl Marx, which he does not deserve and which the evidence, at least as they present it, does not warrant.

The misunderstanding may derive from attributing to Marx views he did not hold. Perhaps some radicals shared in the expectancy "that class would become the main line of division between people, erasing the earlier lines of tribe, language, religion, national origin," but Marx wasn't one of them. Marx contended that class *was* the main line of division between people, whether or not they realized it. Considering that he put forward this view in a period characterized by expressions of ethnicity, religiosity, nationality, and similar "status-oriented" phenomena at least as strong as our own, it is difficult to see how the "new ethnicity" invalidates his class theory any more than the old ethnicity, the old religiosity, or the old nationalism did. If older status-oriented forms of organization and consciousness could be analyzed as expressions of, rather than alternatives to or negations of, class conflict, then why cannot the new ethnicity? This challenge ought to be particularly inviting to American sociologists, who inhabit a country distinctive precisely for the relative homogeneity of its ruling class (WASP) as against the relative ethnic heterogeneity of its middle, working, and lower classes—a country in which ethnic consciousness and conflict became, for that very reason, a distinctively American form of class struggle.

Of course, just whose "class interest" American ethnicity might be construed as serving is a matter for case-by-case study. In general, however, we might say that when ethnic consciousness and identity

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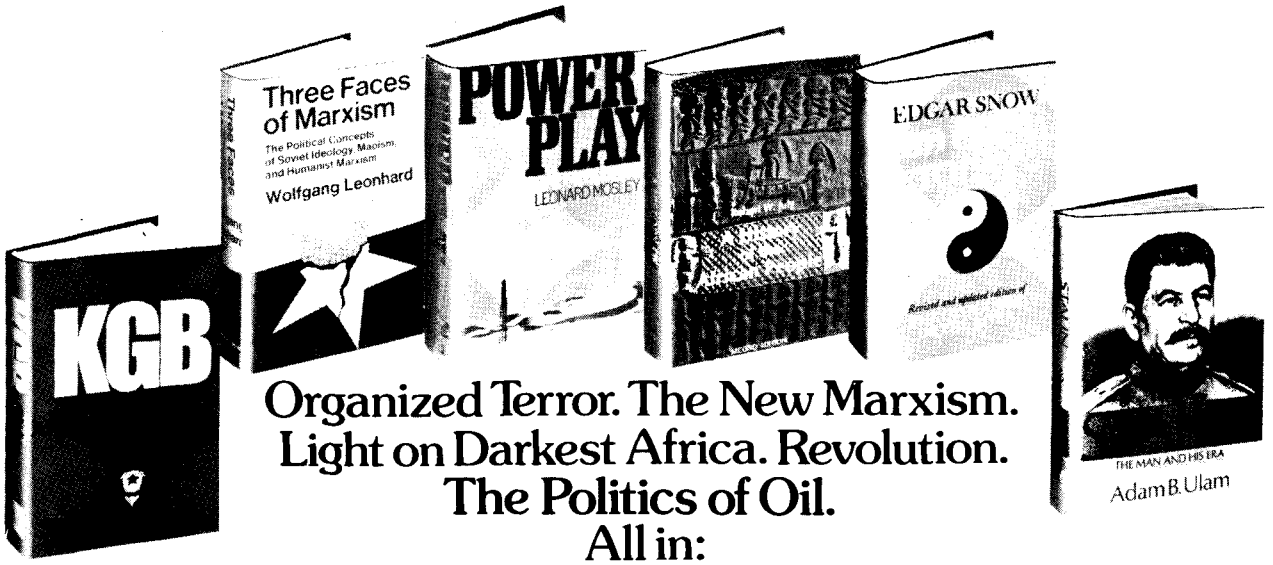

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was directed against the ethnic chauvinism of the WASP economic elite, it expressed the class interest of those whom that elite exploited, whereas when it was directed against other ethnic minorities, it served to reinforce the capitalist status quo. Both tendencies were in fact prevalent in American history, and periodically erupted in conflict between two violently opposed images of what this country was all about: in the former case, America as a multi-ethnic "nation of immigrants," and in the latter, America as a kind of Protestant New Jerusalem.

At any rate, Marx did not "[react] with impatience to the heritage of the past . . . in the form of ethnic attachments." He analyzed such "attachments" as historically-conditioned attempts by groups to cope with the pervasive individualization and atomization engendered by capitalist exploitation, and he evaluated them according to whose class interest they tended to promote—that of the exploiters, or that of the exploited. He thus was quite flexible in practice toward the various "inverted and fantastic" forms of class conflict, while remaining equally iconoclastic toward their non-class or anti-class pretensions in theory. Messrs. Glazer and Moynihan's thesis that ethnicity stands beside, or even overshadows, class as a separate and autonomous phenomenon may or may not be true, but the viability of their thesis ought not to be dependent on standing Marx on his head.

Another of their points against Marx is more oblique but just as erroneous. They note the prevalence of ethnic issues, as well as class differentation, in Communist as well as in capitalist countries, apparently to show how ethnicity can flourish independently of private property. The difficulty with this comparison is its assumption that private property must take the same form in both capitalist and totalitarian systems. How can it, when in a totalitarian system the means of production is the means of destruction? The "private property" of a Communist ruling class is its monopoly on political power, not its ownership of the means of production, for the system as a whole reproduces and expands itself not, as capitalism does, by expanding its production of commodities, but by refining and enlarging its machinery for inspiring terror and inflicting violence. The critical "class" question in a system with a collectivized economy is whether or not a monopoly over political power exists. By ignoring it, our authors do injury not just to the ghost of Karl Marx, but also to the state of Israel (which they lump together with the Communist states in this part of their discussion)—Israel, . . . which has one of the least monopolized political processes in the world!

In any case, if Marx's theory of class is valid—and Messrs. Glazer and Moynihan don't offer any real reason for rejecting it—ethnic consciousness and conflict in the USSR and other totalitarian countries can be derived from the coercion-based nature of their class system as easily as its Western counterpart can be shown to originate in the exploitation-based character of our own.

TOM MILSTEIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan . . . should have started their story in a different place and a different time. Do they honestly believe that the world would have been ready to appease, accommodate, or even listen to ethnic demands if it had not been for the racial and genocidal insanity of Nazi Germany? I sometimes wonder if even the American black revolution would have gotten off the ground without the prior destruction of six million Jews. Indeed, the very term "ethnic," which came into vogue shortly after World War II, was designed to replace "race." As an undergraduate at that time I recall being cautioned by my professors to avoid using the word "race" unless I knew precisely what I meant by that term. The implication was that I could employ the term "ethnic" even if I didn't know the exact meaning. The reason was obvious: in the imagination of that age, genocide was employed against a "race," not against an "ethnic" group. If the authors had begun their interesting essay with at least a mention of the Holocaust, it would have possessed more historical validity.

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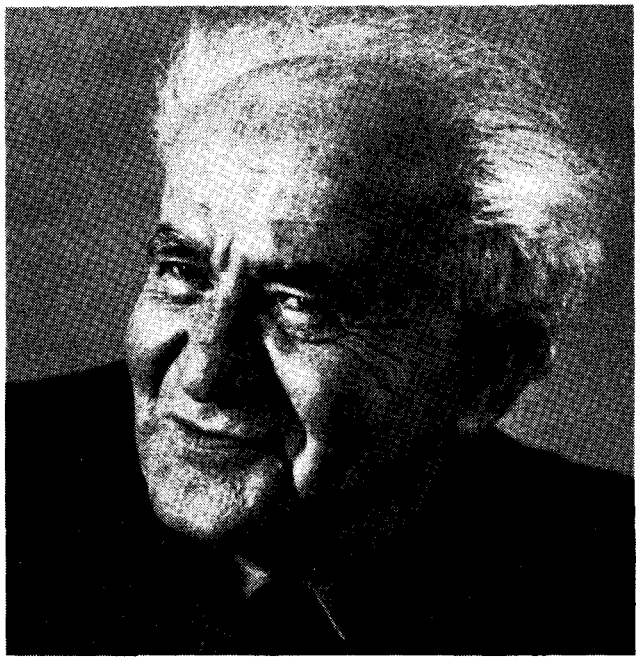

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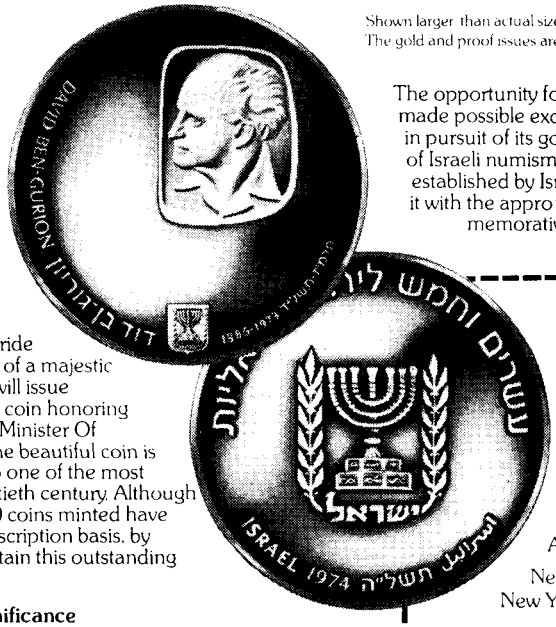

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To the Editor of Commentary:

In their excellent article Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan write: "Otto Bauer, one of the few Communist theorists to attempt to incorporate 'nationalities' into Communist theory, was, perhaps significantly, a product of the Austro-Hungarian world at a time when Croatia was governed from Vienna."

May I add two remarks: 1) Otto Bauer was an Austro-Marxist or, if one prefers, left-wing Social Democrat rather than a Communist. 2) Croatia actually was governed from Budapest, not Vienna. Interestingly, one of the factors that may have triggered the outbreak of World War I was the rumor that Archduke Franz-Ferdinand intended to transform the dualistic setup of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy into a triad, with Croatia slated to become the third unit directly governed from Vienna. The events of Sarajevo, of course, cut short the project.

Edward D. Adler

New York City

Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan write:

Ethnicity—at least among the readers of Commentary—seems to be a subject that raises helpful, even learned, responses rather than polemical and combative ones. Indeed, we find almost all the responses make points we can partly or wholeheartedly agree with. We agree with Anthony H. Pascal and William R. Havender: Certainly when state power replaces market forces there is a strong reason for organized pressure, and ethnicity (as we argued in our article) is one basis on which this pressure can be mobilized. To Jules Lichtenstein: We believe we were arguing along this line in *Beyond the Melting Pot,* and will look forward eagerly to Mr. Lichtenstein's work. But we seem to find more today in the ethnic revival than the (admitted) value of ethnic solidarity, concentration, and specialization for social mobility. To Tom Milstein: We think as well of Marx as the next man, but *surely* it is quite proper to write that Marx "reacted with impatience . . ." and lack of understanding to *this* aspect of the past. Is it not generally recognized that the greatest failure of classic Marxism was to see how powerful national and ethnic attachments remained in the face of common class position? What but this destroyed the Second International? We have further words on class versus ethnicity in the full introduction to our *Ethnicity,* but admittedly this is a topic on which much writing remains to be done. To Edward D. Adler: It was with great embarrassment that we saw Otto Bauer described in our article as a "Communist." We both know better, and could only explain this slip by the fact that Glazer was in France and Moynihan in New Delhi when the article was being published. We acknowledge and appreciate the correction, and the further correction on Croatia.

On "Delmore"

To the Editor of Commentary:

William Barrett's tender memoir of his old friend Delmore Schwartz ["Delmore," September 1974] is one for which many of us will be grateful. But it ends on a note so bleak as to be misleading about Delmore's beautiful survival as a poet. Surely it is not enough to stress that great story, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," which was Delmore's astonishing debut. His narrative dramas were failures, as Mr. Barrett says. But his last collection of lyrics, *Summer Knowledge,* is full of wonderful things. The nobility of language, the learning behind the language, the intellectual emotion, above all the old, brave, still undefeated sense of the artist as humanity's agonist—how these things move me (and so many writers I know) every time one turns back to the great elegy on Shakespeare, "Gold Morning, Sweet Prince," which ends:

> Gold morning, sweet prince, black night has always descended and has always ended,
> Gold morning, prince of Avon, sovereign and king
> Of reality, hope, and speech, may all the angels sing
> With all the sweetness and all the truth with which you sang of anything and everything.

Since all too little is written about this important poet, permit me to quote some words from an essay-memoir that I published when Delmore died in 1966. I said that with all his mental suffering, Delmore

> did not have the saving grace of madness that so many great poets have had and need to have. He was never lost enough in that private dream, that seeming unreality, that can become to the eye of genius the only "real world" of Blake—the world of pure imagination. . . .
>
> The first thing that strikes me as I go through his work again is how extraordinarily controlled and intellectual it all is, how respectful of classical good sense and traditional logic. . . . He was an example of the anxiety that can afflict the individual who respects too much the rationality of the world.

This respect for the rationality of the world" was Delmore's most beautifully Jewish quality. He was indeed a Jew, and he suffered for it, as so many brilliant and original, creative Jewish thinkers have, precisely because he persisted, in the face of everything, in thinking the world rational and persuadable by reason, art, and truth. So he became a victim of his own trust in reason, art, and truth. He could not have given these up and have remained the artist and Jew that he was. Delmore's poems have already survived his own suffering. They will live and live.

Alfred Kazin

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Whatever Delmore Schwartz's personal faults and/or problems may have been— . . . —he nevertheless maintained throughout his career, and at some cost, a passionate gift for self-awareness. (One thinks of poems like "Once and For All" or of that omnipresent eye in "Starlight Like Intuition Pierced the Twelve.") The only moment in which William Barrett's article comes alive at all is the moment in which Delmore Schwartz suddenly seizes upon a chance phrase, "vessels of wrath," and—sees himself in it: " 'Yes,' he said quietly, 'I'm such a vessel of wrath.' " An example of the kind of highly accurate—and far from flattering—self-appraisal which is typical of Schwartz's best work and which is altogether missing from this article. . . .

Jack Foley

Oakland, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

It doesn't follow that because George Bernard Shaw's comment that he had thrown his mother into the struggle for life is a witticism, William Barrett's comment that Paul Goodman threw his sister Alice into the struggle for life is true.

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Goodman went through the free New York City school system, the way so many of us did, with family support. Nobody thrown so far.

Goodman graduated from City College in 1931, and was supporting himself at the University of Chicago by 1936. During those five years, he worked most assiduously, most productively, did some of his finest writing. He also earned modest sums of money writing summaries mostly of French novels for possible screen use at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Alice worked. Small amounts of money went a long way with Paul, and together with little moneys for published work, paid for a good share of his needs.

Alice had this job with MGM; she and Paul shared an apartment, it was their home. Alice was the main breadwinner, Paul was writing quite demonically—it is called work—making small money, in line with the society's pay standards. They needed and depended on one another, they were very much part of one another's lives; the notion of an exploitative situation is wrong, inaccurate. Alice doesn't join Shaw's mother in this dramatic heave into the life struggle.

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Susan Sontag & Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward Grossman is certainly right in observing ["Susan Sontag's Israel," October 1974] that Israel's predicament has eluded the moviemaker's art, as well as that certain radicals find other national struggles more edifying and inspiring because they are (rather congenially) unencumbered by questions of personal responsibility and familiarity—the Jewish radical does indeed like only causes of his own choosing, and he prefers to take them neat (as the English say). But Sontag's film overcomes neither the cinematic nor the ideological obstacle—and it is very surprising that so seasoned and careful an observer of things Israeli as Mr. Grossman should have thought otherwise.

There is, for example, the problem of Yoram Kaniuk, who sits before the camera looking fashionably harried, like some French intellectual *maudit* of the 50's, and glibly utters some of the most facile and irrelevant things I have ever heard in this connection. . . . With nothing more than popular-history and leftist slogans to offer—and this was November 1973!—he is just a sorry study in intellectual self-satisfaction.

Which means that he is a perfect Virgil to Sontag's Dante. Here is an appallingly smug, misguided, and condescending film; its sole value, at least to my mind, is to illustrate brilliantly what happens when a radical artist-intellectual turns to a dilemma of deeply tragic proportions without taking the trouble to risk her pieties upon an authentically human response. There are indeed many scenes of mourning and funerals, but to all Sontag's camera is completely alien, an awkward intruder that captures the tears but never the sorrow, a voyeur of suffering. There are endless shots of desert (read: Nature) and corpses (read: History), and a host of cute juxtapositions of the old and the new which look like El Al's TV commercials and which add nothing to our understanding of the situation. And then there is an extended sequence depicting in detail the treatment of an Israeli soldier for battle shock—certainly the most chilling footage I have seen of the conflict, but, in Sontag's hopelessly unsympathetic hands, an invasion of private suffering and in poor taste.

It was not human or political tragedy which caught Sontag's interest, but rather the *idea* of such tragedy, which is a very different thing indeed—and the archetypal failing of the intellectual in politics. Like someone who, out of a pious and general concern for the human condition, pays a *shiva* call on a complete stranger, all she can capture is the surface of suffering, and its sheer presence, never its existential substance. Israel, the Left, the cinema—all deserve better.

LEON WIESELTIER

Oxford, England

EDWARD GROSSMAN writes:

Leon Wieseltier's letter has made me read my review over again, to see whether his criticisms are to the point. I find that some are and most of them are not; he has misread much of what I wrote. So far as I still retain the flow of images of Sontag's movie, I think too that he is unfair and excessive in his comments on it.

It is true that I noted, but didn't emphasize, the movie's mediocre technical level. Quite aside from anything else, it accomplishes little as cinema—that is, as a sensuous series of images spliced and cut with skilled intelligence. Maybe I should have made that clearer. I also neglected to go into the question of the voyeuristic element of war reporting, especially pictures—still or moving—of war. That is a complicated question that Sontag herself has been examining and worrying over in other writings recently. The main reason I didn't go into this is not that it is complicated, but because it was my impression that in spite of being a stranger to Israel and its wars, Sontag has made a movie that had *more to commend it to attention* as a beginner's investigation than it had to detract from it by reason of ignorance or vicariousness. A modest enough claim, put as modestly as I knew how.

Agreed that Sontag's movie is not one of the greatest ever made, agreed also that a more skillful and knowledgeable vision of this subject could be wished for, it doesn't follow that "hers is an appallingly smug, misguided, and condescending film . . . hopelessly unsympathetic." I am ready to allow that much is in the eye of the beholder, in his preconceptions and desires; even so, Mr. Wieseltier's adjectives are not applicable to the movie I saw and remember pretty well. In my review I wrote that the movie is "a token of respect for and hesistant solidarity with the people whose grief is its material." I still hold to that opinion, and I can only suggest to those who care to judge for themselves to try and view the movie. I am confident that, in any case, the worst that can be said about the results of Sontag's excursion into new territory for her must fall short of the language Mr. Wieseltier resorts to. There has been enough, and may be more, that is really appalling in the world and in the arts so that we should resist the temptation to devalue such words by using them off-hand.

India

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Walter Laqueur's collapsing international house of cards ["The Gathering Storm," August 1974], India is considered the trigger card. Although one cannot deny that India is a functioning anarchy, neither can one deny that it is also one of the few genuinely functioning democracies in the world. Contrary to

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the usual residual racist Western shibboleths, India has steadfastly adhered to free institutions, and her illiterate peasants have shown a degree of political sophistication which matches the best in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or Cook County, Illinois. Recalling the Indian general elections of 1967, one is struck by the selective turning out of the rascals. That same electorate can be counted on to turn out the current crop of Congress party leaders who are to be blamed for most of the ills of India today. Unless Mrs. Gandhi rapidly improves her performance, it is reasonable to expect a quick change at the top which, thanks to the parliamentary form of government, will be achieved without the trauma recently witnessed in the United States. Indeed, one can already see changes in Mrs. Gandhi's rhetoric and policies. She has imposed the most stringent incomes policy in the world to contain runaway inflation at 36 per cent, although it is not clear whether incomes policy is relevant in a society where 70 per cent of the transactions are associated with food production and consumption. Nevertheless, the imposition of such a policy does indicate that Indian leaders do make hard decisions when compelled to, as in any free society. In addition, Mrs. Gandhi has quietly replaced anti-American and anti-Western firebrands and, swallowing her pride in the interest of India, has asked for and gotten food aid ("long-term and low interest") from the United States. In the name of curbing inflation she forcefully put down a strike of the powerful railway workers union. Mrs. Gandhi is assiduously courting the Shah of Iran for some of his petrodollars and the indications are that she will succeed. The so-called intractable Kashmir problem may be nearing a solution, thanks to her bold and risky initiatives. These are not the actions of a government which is on the brink of collapse, but rather those of a government which is strong and self-confident.

Similarly, any talk of the disintegration of the Congress party is at best premature. The party has consistently won a minimum plurality of 40 per cent of the electorate. The Congress party is in fact very similar to the Democratic party in the United States in that it acts as a vehicle for achieving power which is itself devoid of ideological content, although ritual incantations of socialism are pronounced at party conventions. . . . As long as access to power is fairly open and the Congress party continues to play its accustomed role as mediator . . . , it is hard to see how the party will disintegrate. . . .

Some years ago a perceptive French ambassador to India stated that in France things are always serious but never disastrous whereas in India things are always disastrous but never serious. This state of affairs is likely to continue in the foreseeable future. As of now, there is no evidence to support the assertion that India is going to set off the dominoes by its collapse.

N. M. KATARY
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

WALTER LAQUEUR writes:

Nowhere in my article did I state, suggest, infer, or imply that India could be the "trigger card in the collapsing international house of cards" or that it is "going to set off the dominoes by its collapse." Otherwise, I am grateful for Mr. Katary's interesting observations on the state of India.

Self and Ego

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations on the highly perceptive article by David Gutmann ["Erik Erikson's America," September 1974]. I'm glad somebody realizes that dissolution of the ego is not a "religious experience," that it is an evasion of individual responsibility and is thus anti-religious.

Though he might not appreciate the honor, Mr. Gutmann, not Erik Erikson, is the psychologist best qualified to expound on theology. Authentic "conversion," "rebirth," "loss of self," is not dissolution of the self, but, as Mr. Gutmann points out, it is "accentuating . . . identity or personhood." What the "loss" refers to is subjugation of the self or ego to reality, to truth, to "God." Ironically, only a strong ego can achieve this highest degree of maturity, or sanity, or, if you will, morality.

J. R. PIERS WOODRIFF
Somerset, Virginia

The Work of Lévi-Strauss

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a layman interested in anthropology, I found Frank Lipsius's treatment of Lévi-Strauss's *Tristes Tropiques* [Books in Review, September 1974] very disappointing. I feel that it does little justice to the immense readability of the book, to the scope and variety of its themes, or to the great achievement of Lévi-Strauss himself. . . . Of course, Lévi-Strauss is not beyond criticism, and his work is the focus of current controversy among anthropologists, many of whom are highly critical. But . . his work has achieved a preeminent position commanding respect, regardless either of the empirical truth of its individual propositions or the personal attitudes of its author. In a sense, it defines the alternatives for anthropology. . . .

Granted the tropics are "*tristes*." That they are is due in very large measure to the malignancy of European culture and its spiritual heirs, as Lévi-Strauss repeatedly emphasizes. But are we left with nothing more than an elaborate homiletic on the rottenness of our civilization and the goodness of savage life? . . . No. Lévi-Strauss is not about to award a "certificate of excellence" to any society; his experiences have taught him that from the point of view of justice and happiness none is perfect. But more important, assessing relative cultural virtue is not his prime concern as an anthropologist. His program is of much wider horizon, a philosophical and religious venture motivated by great moral passion. It is nothing less than a quest for the essence of the human, and an attempt on our behalf to relocate the human in the heart of nature. . . .

Of course, there can be many reservations about such a grand undertaking. Some would feel that such abstraction does not do justice to the many pressing concerns of actual human beings (disease, starvation, etc.). The objection can also be raised that an analysis of structure cannot issue in any propositions of value, or in any discursive propositions whatsoever. But our modern civilization, of all the thousands of cultures that have ever existed, is the *only* one that has not succeeded in mediating between nature and culture; i.e., we are destroying the earth. Lévi-Strauss's thought . . . may be seen as an attempt to construct a mythology to affect this mediation. The fact of his *oeuvre* may be more significant than any of its propositions. In terms of a now-familiar formulation, it may show what cannot be said. . . .

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Far from being an escapist adventure, *Tristes Tropiques* urgently confronts us again and again not only with the plight of native societies, but also with the reflection of our own. It is best to look.

EDMOND ZELDIN

Toronto, Ontario

FRANK LIPSIUS writes:

Despite his reverential regard for Lévi-Strauss, Edmond Zeldin—I dare say—does not differ very much from me by the time he gets down to his backhanded compliment, "The fact of [Lévi-Strauss's] *oeuvre* may be more significant than any of its propositions."

Leo Strauss

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I write to express my appreciation for Milton Himmelfarb's essay, "On Leo Strauss" [August 1974]. . . It is thoughtful, gracious, and altogether fitting, composed with a mixture of attentive respect and quesioning or doubt which I believe Strauss would have wished and which it seems to me we should all try to imitate. I was moved, and it seemed to me for all the right reasons.

THOMAS PANGLE

Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article, "On Leo Strauss," Milton Himmelfarb writes that Strauss "forbade his students to have anything to do with [Heidegger]." Having been privileged to know Strauss for twenty-five years, I am almost certain that if he had done what Mr. Himmelfarb asserts him to have done, I would have heard of it; but in fact the very idea of it is amazing to me, and to others who knew him well. Could Mr. Himmelfarb say what evidence there is for attributing to Strauss so extraordinary a proscription?

There are several inaccuracies in this generally well-disposed appraisal (for example, in the bibliography, in Strauss's professorial title at Chicago, in the reason for the "Mr." in "Mr. Strauss"), but they are not serious. Rather more serious is a point contained in Mr. Himmelfarb's reflection on Straussians and Straussianism. Noticing that there are manifest Straussians but that Straussianism is more elusive, he writes, "Perhaps the Straussians are constituted not so much by a unifying doctrine as by the direct personal influence of an extraordinary man," Mr Himmelfarb's conjecture is tentative and, as stated, is surely inoffensive. I am sensitive to it nonetheless because it is reminiscent of the charge, sometimes heard, that Strauss's students fell under a "charismatic" influence. To themselves—and on the whole they are not less intelligent than their critics while invariably they are more familiar with Strauss than are those critics—it appears simply that they came under the influence of persuasive reasons. Mr. Himmelfarb's formulation does not contradict this, and I mean neither to quarrel with what he said nor to insinuate that he meant more than he said, but only to express a hope that his untendentious conjecture will not be misunderstood.

JOSEPH CROPSEY

Department of Political Science
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's article does not set forth a clear description of Strauss's position. . . .

Strauss, like many others, believed that the denial of natural right, although accurate, had had a disastrous political consequence, Nazism. His attempted solution to this most serious problem was a return to what he correctly identified as the position of Plato and other early political philosophers: the masses must be taught that natural right is real; only the most intelligent, who hopefully are also the most virtuous, can be allowed to find out that natural right is false. That is the covert message. The overt text is that natural right is real.

Mr. Himmelfarb writes that Strauss may be more favorably received now than he was in 1954. That is unlikely. In the wake of the President's resignation, the appeal of a political philosophy of cover-up can be expected to be quite small.

DAVID SCHWARTZ

Glastonbury, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I do not wish to take issue with Milton Himmelfarb on Leo Strauss, but on Hans Kelsen. . . . In Mr. Himmelfarb's judgment Leo Strauss demolished Kelsen in "a blandly lethal footnote" on Kelsen's leniency toward despotism. . . . Mr. Himmelfarb then proceeds to desecrate the corpse further through a procedure one might characterize as indictment by association, namely, by paralleling the moral standards of Kelsen with those of Heidegger. . . . But Kelsen, whose lifetime extended from laying the foundations of the Austrian Constitution in 1920 to suggesting during the closing years of World War II a covenant for a permanent organization to maintain world peace, is the very antithesis of Heidegger.

It seems the main target of both Mr. Himmelfarb's and Strauss's attack is Kelsen's *Algemeine Staatslehre* (1925), which contains that ominous passage describing despotism as one form of government as legitimate as any other. . . .

Now the basic misapprehension about Kelsen as a philosopher of law is to assume that for him everything legal would also be equally moral and desirable. . . .

To Kelsen legality was certainly not an absolute value without reference to underlying morals. If everything Mr. Himmelfarb finds fault with in Kelsen's legal relativism were true, one would not be able to find in Kelsen's writings the proclamation of any self-evident truths, such as those laid down in the Declaration of Independence or elsewhere. But Kelsen said in his 1944 preface to *The Pure Theory of Law*: "There are truths which are so self-evident that they must be proclaimed again and again in order not to be doomed to oblivion. Such a truth is: that war is mass murder, the greatest disgrace of our culture." . . .

I think the immense effort and the ethical concern Kelsen dedicated to the task of establishing world peace gives the real measure of the man. It is, of course, irrelevant to point out how many of Kelsen's propositions actually entered into the framework of the United Nations. On a larger scale, Kelsen repeated here what in his younger years he had successfully accomplished for his homeland, Austria. . . .

If I were allowed to make a proposal to Mr. Himmelfarb—with whom I raise no issue other than my defense of Kelsen—it would be to rank this most creative spirit among the "founders" of whom he speaks so eloquently, instead of pairing him with a shady Nazi philosopher.

ERWIN ADLER

Seattle, Washington

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article, "On Leo Strauss," Milton Himmelfarb seems to overlook another basis for desiring equality and liberty. Granted that we have pretty much dropped the notion that a supreme Being endows us with these rights, it is still too much to say, as he does, that our current strong desire for such rights lacks "a reasoned basis," that without belief in a Creator "we have nothing left," and that we might therefore just as easily develop a liking for despotism.

For many individuals, myself among them, it is very plain that values arise from a concern for others and from respect for life, not from some outside source. We desire equality and liberty because we believe that these concepts when practiced ennoble human life. True, a democratic people without belief in "a Creator" could choose a lesser way of life, but this would only show its decline of vision, nothing more. In fact, we select a different kind of life simply because our independent human intellect perceives that equality and liberty mean freedom. . . .

I think Mr. Himmelfarb shows a species of contempt for the intellect of mankind by implying that it cannot find a good reason for preferring equality and liberty over despotism. After all, why did the authors of the Declaration of Independence pick the best instead of the worst for the new nation? Of course they invoked a Creator, but probably largely because the king of England considered himself close to God in power. By invoking the sanction of God, the authors were telling the king that a higher power was at work here.

Today, however, we no longer have any need to maintain such a position. . . . We do not require religious invocation for support of our desire to have equality and liberty.

Instead, we seek these rights because they result in the spread of humanism and freedom, whereas despotism tends to reduce the overall quality of life. Our natural reason can demonstrate this. And that is all we need to believe despotism worse than equality and liberty.

C. E. BURBEE

Whittier, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

This is to express deep admiration for Milton Himmelfarb's essay on Leo Strauss. I heard Mr. Strauss lecture at the University of Chicago, but never met him. The essay performs a very rare, difficult feat: it brings to life the craft of what must have been a great teacher. . . .

GEORGE STEINER

Churchill College
Cambridge, England

MILTON HIMMELFARB writes:

I learned from a student of Strauss's that Strauss ignored Heidegger's overtures after the war. I also learned from him that, taking leave of Strauss before going to Germany, he was told to avoid Heidegger. I assume that as the occasion arose, Strauss must have told others the same thing. As to the "charismatic" interpretation of Strauss's influence, I said in so many words that it does not account for the second and third generations of Straussians.

For David Schwartz, let me recall the reason why I thought that Strauss might be more favorably received in 1974 than earlier: ". . . he was always skeptical of the fundamental modern project (as he called it), first set forth by Bacon: the conquest of nature for the relief of man's estate. . . . In the last quarter of the 20th century the conquest of nature is less axiomatically desirable than Strauss could have imagined when he began to question the fundamental modern project."

Erwin Adler stops short of giving us the passage from Kelsen's *Algemeine Staatslehre* that Strauss quotes (*Natural Right and History*, p. 4, n. 2). Here it is, in English:

> It is altogether senseless to assert that no legal order exists in a despotism, but that the despot's arbitrary will holds sway . . . after all, the despotically ruled state, too, represents some sort of ordering of human behavior. . . . This ordering is, precisely, the legal order. To deny it the character of law is only an instance of the naiveté or presumption of natural-right thinking. What is interpreted as arbitrariness is merely the autocrat's legal ability to assume the power of making every decision . . . and to abolish or alter . . . previously established norms. . . . Such a condition is a legal one, even if felt to be disadvantageous. As a matter of fact, it also has its good points. This is shown quite clearly by the not at all unusual call for dictatorship in the modern state ruled by law.

C. E. Burbee's reconstruction of the Founding Fathers' motive for invoking Nature's God—to counter the God by Whose grace George was king—is imaginative. So is his central proposition: "our independent human intellect . . . the intellect of mankind . . . our natural reason . . . is all we need to believe despotism worse than equality and liberty." I take it that his "intellect" is the same as his "natural reason," but not the same as the "right reason" of the natural-law tradition. He must mean a high IQ. He must think, therefore, that Heidegger, the pro-Nazi "giant of contemporary thought," had a low IQ—together with such other ninnies as Lenin, Trotsky, and Lukács.

Once, in COMMENTARY (November 1963) the late George Lichtheim admiringly described Alexandre Kojève as France's leading Hegelian. The Cornell Paperbacks edition of Strauss's *On Tyranny* includes Kojève's response, "Tyranny and Wisdom" (as well as Strauss's "Restatement . . ."). Kojève refuses to let "tyrant" and "tyranny" intimidate him. Toward the end of his essay he says: ". . . if the appearance of the reforming tyrant is inconceivable without the prior existence of the philosopher, the coming of the wise man must necessarily be preceded by the revolutionary political action of the tyrant (who will realize the universal and homogeneous State)." In its penultimate sentence, "Tyranny and Wisdom" affirms "the right of the statesman to select those of them [sc., the intellectuals' theories] which he judges actualizable under the given circumstances and discard the rest—even 'tyrannically.'" Strauss abhorred this sort of thing, but it did not occur to him to think Kojève stupid—or to think Hegel and Marx stupid, for that matter. It would be nice if Mr. Burbee's confidence were warranted, and the clever were also, necessarily, the children of light.

Finally, let me correct a mistake. I said that Xenophon's achievement and significance have always been seen as rather limited. Rather than "always," I should have said "for the past two hundred years or so."

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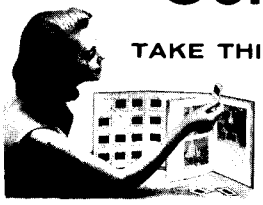

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Oil: The Issue of American Intervention

Robert W. Tucker

I

THE turning points in history, we are told, are commonly events whose real significance can only be understood at distant remove. To those who directly experience them, these events are the occasion for endless controversy and uncertainty. At the time, the only point of agreement may be that something unusual has occurred and, as a result, the accustomed order of things will never again be the same. Although the new landscape is not illuminated for all to see, the sensitive observer intuitively grasps that something extraordinary has happened.

Do the changes that have occurred in the world oil market during the past year, and the world's response to those changes, qualify as a "significant event" in the sense indicated above? To most observers, the answer would seem clear. The preponderant view is that these changes, when taken together with their effects, present and expected, represent one of the two or three signal developments of the postwar period. There are, of course, the usual differences in assessment. To many, the principal import of the crisis immediately brought on by the fourfold increase in oil prices is that it affords a spectacular demonstration, though only the first of many such demonstrations, of the growing power of the new and developing states. To be sure, oil is conceded to be an exceptional case, given the basic and pervasive role it plays in industrial economies. Even so, the expectation is that the example set by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) will be followed by others, with at least varying degrees of success. Thus the oil crisis is seen to presage a radical shift in power as between the developed and capitalist states and those states that until only yesterday formed no more than the impotent objects of the international system.

To others, the essential meaning of the oil crisis is that the developed and capitalist states are at the end of a long period of rapid economic growth made possible in large measure by the cheap raw materials of the undeveloped world (cheap, of course, because of the imbalance of political and economic power). A corollary of the shift-in-power view, this end-of-an-epoch argument comes in several versions which range from the relatively optimistic to the quite pessimistic and even the near apocalyptic. For those of a more optimistic bent, the oil crisis—with all the immense difficulties it may immediately impose—may well prove to be a blessing in disguise if it serves to drive home the lesson that we must mend our wasteful and mindless ways. While forcing us to develop alternative sources of energy with a sense of purpose and degree of effort that otherwise would have appeared only at a later and much more critical period, it may also prompt us to consider seriously the dilemmas of societies that have made material growth their overriding social and political imperative. For the pessimists, however, the oil crisis is nothing so much as an early warning signal of the disaster that in all likelihood awaits future generations. Not only does it clearly point to the ultimate limits to growth but, more significantly in the shorter run, to the increasing pressures we will be subject to by those whose numbers grow daily at an ever greater rate and who are determined to share an ever larger piece of a cake that no longer can be considered as indefinitely expansible.

The point need not be labored. Save perhaps for the most resolute of optimists, there appears to be something for nearly everyone in the oil crisis. It has been regularly invoked as evidence of the inescapable need for increased interdependence among nations. Yet it may also be invoked as evidence of the need to make the nation as independent as possible of the international environment, or, at least, of the material constraints of this environment. Not infrequently, the two responses have been urged almost simultaneously by American officials. While professing to see in the oil crisis the imperative of interdependence, they have also exhorted the nation on the necessity of getting on with "Project Independence." It is easy enough to criticize statesmen for apparently inconsistent responses. What is worth emphasis is the varied and often inconsistent response of those who do not bear official responsi-

ROBERT W. TUCKER, whose book, *A New Isolationism: Threat or Promise?* (1972), has established him as one of the leading advocates of a sharp contraction of American commitments abroad, is professor of international relations at Johns Hopkins. Among Mr. Tucker's other works is *The Radical Left and American Foreign Policy*.

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bility. Yet the oil crisis may be used with some plausibility at least as evidence for a number of widely divergent interpretations about the world at this period in history.

II

Given an "event" that has so many dimensions, it is unavoidable that the individual observer will be forced to pick and choose among what strike him as the more significant aspects. The resulting interpretation need not for that reason be arbitrary. Certainly, the interpretations noted above cannot be considered arbitrary because they focus primarily upon certain features of the oil crisis while relegating other features to a peripheral position. But if they are not arbitrary, they are at least curious in that with rare exception they fail to evince the slightest interest in the one feature of the oil crisis that clearly differentiates it so far from international crises in the past: the absence of the meaningful threat of force.

At first consideration, this apparent absence of force as an element in the crisis seems astonishing. At least it must seem astonishing to those who assume *some* continuity with the past. The very meaning of a crisis in the relations of states has traditionally been defined as a conflict over interests deemed vital by the contending parties and in which the use of force is considered an ever-present possibility. The crisis at hand surely meets the first criterion, though it just as surely has lacked the second. This is one reason, and most likely the major reason, that it has appeared so unstructured when judged in terms of our experience with past international crises. Suddenly, we find ourselves in a strange universe. Whether this universe is largely one of our deliberate choice and design is a question that may for the present be left in abeyance. But however the question is answered, it is clearly the absence of the credible threat of force which renders plausible the expectation that the interests placed in jeopardy by present oil prices will not be preserved in the near future. Moreover, it is the near future that must concern us most. The conflict of interest between the major OPEC countries and oil-importing nations will wither away if and when new energy sources are developed or very considerable oil reserves outside OPEC are discovered. Although expert opinion varies on both prospects, neither seems likely to materialize before the early to middle 1980's. Assuming the maintenance of something close to the present price structure for oil, how do we get from here to there without those disagreeable intervening consequences we are reminded of almost daily? And the problem is precisely one of getting from here to there. An emphasis on the long—or longer—run is all well and good, provided it is remembered that the short run is still our only way to the long run.

We know how the oil crisis would have been resolved until quite recently. Indeed, until quite recently it seems safe to say that it would never have arisen because of the prevailing expectation that it would have led to armed intervention. It is important to underline this point lest the utter novelty of the present situation be lost. We are not discussing here the growing indisposition of strong powers in this century to resort to military intervention against small and militarily weak states where the vital interests of the former are not in jeopardy. Nor, for that matter, are we concerned with the alleged tendency of strong powers to view more restrictively their vital interests justifying, if need be, military intervention against the small and weak. It may be conceded that there has been a change occurring over several decades in the propensity of the strong to resort to force against the weak, though the scope of the change, its causes, and its permanence remain less than clear. What is of relevance here, though, is that the case histories which are presumed to testify to this change provide no real precedent for the instance at hand if judged in terms of the magnitude of the interests at stake. On the contrary, until as recently as the middle 1960's, what the instances of armed intervention demonstrate is that great powers continued to manifest a willingness to use force against small states to vindicate interests which affected their well-being less than it is likely to be affected by a continuation of the policies pursued today by the major OPEC countries.

III

How, then, are we to explain that what has been a time-honored alternative in situations of comparable gravity has apparently been dismissed by governments, particularly the American government, and has only seldom been openly and seriously discussed in influential circles outside government? Is the appearance deceptive? Do we have here an instance of *pensons-y toujours, n'en parlons jamais?* It would hardly seem so. (And if this were the case, it would surely be inappropriate in the present circumstances.) There is no evidence that the alternative of military intervention, or the credible threat of intervention, has been given serious consideration by the American government. There may well be, and probably are, contingency plans for military intervention in the Persian Gulf drawn up within the past year by some Pentagon planning staff. But such plans exist for almost any conceivable contingency, and their existence indicates next to nothing about the seriousness with which governments consider the prospect of armed intervention. That prospect becomes credible to others when the upper reaches of bureaucracy manifest a receptiveness to employing armed force as one distinctly possible solution, when high of-

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ficials make this receptiveness known through statements, however guarded, and when the actions otherwise taken by a government do not compromise the legitimacy and prejudice the success or the costs of military intervention, should it ultimately be chosen.

Once the record to date is set against these commonplace criteria, there is not much room left for doubt. Instead of leaving the option of armed intervention open, the American government has all but foreclosed it. It is true that governments have been known to reverse what has appeared to be a set policy, but in this case a reversal is made very difficult by the repeated acknowledgment that force is not a meaningful option and, even more, would be an entirely unjustified response to the actions taken by the OPEC countries. Nor is this particular legitimization of OPEC actions offset by the recent statements of President Ford and Secretary Kissinger to the effect that unreasonable action on the part of the major oil producers involves the risk of world depression, the consequent breakdown of world order and safety, and the rise to power of governments that might have fewer scruples about their international behavior. Quite apart from being a rather demeaning way for a great power to behave, these statements probably frighten Western publics more than they do the elites in the major oil-producing states for whom they are intended. At the same time, the American government has underscored its good faith in renouncing military intervention by its projected massive sale of arms—the newest and the best—to Saudi Arabia and Iran. Saudi officials have been quite candid in saying that a major purpose of their arms is to protect their vast underground treasure. Only the obtuse will ask against whom.

If the dismissal of military intervention or the credible threat of intervention must be taken at face value, is it redundant to ask why it has been dismissed? Obviously it is embarrassing to do so, else the question would have been pressed long ago. By a kind of unspoken convention, even to ask the question apparently indicates that one is simply out of touch with the realities of today's world, that one is a latter-day Colonel Blimp or, for the more sophisticated, an imperialist *manqué*. Yet it is doubtful that the same question, raised in roughly comparable circumstances, would have had the same reception fifteen or even ten years ago. It might have been turned aside after due consideration, but it would not have been quietly dismissed with pained expression. That it is so turned aside today, and by those who once were persuaded that the nation's well-being and international position might well warrant military intervention in the Congo, and did warrant military intervention in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, must surely hold out some moral for us that is of more than passing interest.

There is, indeed, a good deal to be learned by considering the reasons that have been given, though only rarely and then with a rather patronizing air, in rejecting the possibility of using force or posing a credible threat of force. In summary form they are: that military intervention, though confined to a relatively restricted area, would prove technically very difficult, if not impossible, to carry through successfully, even if it is assumed that the Russians would not respond with force; that even if technically feasible, intervention would in all likelihood have to be undertaken unilaterally and would provoke the strong condemnation of our major allies, not to mention the complete estrangement of the developing world; that a militarily difficult and politically inexpedient action would also be unnecessary since there are means by which the financial and economic dislocations attending current oil prices can be contained and ultimately managed; and, finally, that military intervention against any of the major oil producers would be seen as an act of moral bankruptcy by the nation itself and, for this reason alone, would not be countenanced by public opinion.

These are the major reasons for dismissing the prospect of military intervention. There are others—for example, the conviction that intervention anywhere in the Middle East would give rise to widespread acts of terrorism in the Western nations—but the above seem quite enough. It is clear that if any one of them is well-taken, then the alternative raised in these pages must be put aside. One does not seriously consider a course of action, distasteful in any circumstances, that must in the instant case prove impossible, self-defeating, unnecessary, or utterly debilitating from a moral standpoint. Still, it is astonishing that few have found anything particularly instructive in what is presumably the almost utter irrelevance of military power to a conflict that involves vital interests. The prevailing view implies a revolutionary change in the very nature of international society. Yet those who take this view appear to find the change so indisputable as scarcely to deserve attention.

IV

EVEN if we grant for the time being the argument that armed intervention as a means for resolving the oil crisis is militarily unfeasible, politically inexpedient, and morally repugnant, it does not follow that there are plausible grounds for believing there is a satisfactory "way out" of the crisis. Military intervention, or the credible threat of intervention, may be rejected. Is this rejection compatible with avoiding the distinct possibility of an economic and political disaster bearing more than a superficial resemblance to the disaster of the 1930's? The words "distinct possibility" are chosen deliberately and with care. A possibility, even though distinct, is

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not a certainty. Nor is it a probability, though it comes rather close to one. Those who insist that armed intervention be ruled out so long as we are confronted only with a distinct possibility of disaster are perfectly at liberty to do so. But candor does at least require them to concede that this is what they mean when they say that intervention is unnecessary. For there is a general consensus, which includes most of the "optimists," that if the present situation goes on unaltered, a disaster resembling the 1930's is indeed a distinct possibility and that it would have as its immediate and precipitating cause the present oil price. This being so, it is irrelevant, though true, to be reminded that the current economic malaise—above all, the global inflation—had its origins in conditions largely unrelated to the price of oil today and would persist even if this price were drastically lowered. A generally sick man who also happens to be hemorrhaging will not be saved from bleeding to death by being reminded of the other and more deeply-rooted causes of his ill health.

Is THERE a remedy for stopping the hemorrhage caused by the present price of oil which renders the threat or use of force unnecessary? If there is, it has yet to be advanced. After endless discussion we learn from the experts that the crisis can be *safely* resolved only if the price is drastically reduced. In the absence of this reduction, the principal "solutions" that are advanced inspire little confidence. The "recycling" solution is increasingly seen by many, and not without reason, as a sophisticated conjuring act, though a conjuring act nonetheless, if it does not lead to the kind of long-term investment in the importing states that permits the latter to provide goods and services to pay for their debts. In the form it is all too likely to take, recycling can lead only to an undermining of the credit-worthiness of many states and, ultimately, to widespread default or repudiation of debt. But even if the massive capital flows to the Arab states were recycled in the form of long-term investments, in all probability these flows would concentrate in only a very few states and precisely the states that have the least need of them. Who would buy the goods and services arising from this investment if the principal creditor states have insufficient need, and if the many poor and debt-ridden states have insufficient means? Moreover, there are limits to the investment capital any state will want to permit when it is directly controlled by foreign governments and can at any time be used for political leverage. This consideration applies not only to direct investment but, in lesser degree, to indirect investment as well after it reaches a certain magnitude.*

At issue here is not whether there are technical solutions to the vast financial drain resulting from present oil prices. No doubt there are, if only in the sense that any economic problem has a strictly technical solution. At issue is whether there is a solution that, while accomplishing what must be the objectives of recycling, is also politically plausible. The essential objective of any recycling plan must be to insure that countries running large oil-related deficits will have available to them funds sufficient to meet their foreign-exchange needs. This might be accomplished through an arrangement whereby the principal recipients of the recycled funds make what will have to be for the most part soft loans to both developed and undeveloped states unable to pay for oil imports. Better still would be an arrangement whereby the principal recipients of recycled funds and some of the major producer states combine to accomplish the same end. The risks would be split between the OECD and OPEC states, and the indispensable lenders of last resort would be, among the former, the United States and West Germany, and, among the latter, Saudi Arabia and one or two other major producers. According to its proponents, the risks would then be manageable because spread out. When defaults occur, as inevitably they will occur, they are so shared that they can be made bearable.

As a technical solution, something along these lines would probably meet the problem of recycling. At least many economists have assured us that it can be thus resolved, and although their record of late is not exactly one to inspire blind faith, there seems no apparent reason to doubt them. The difficulty is that the proposed solution not only requires a degree of cooperation that has been quite rare among states in the past, but a willingness to take risks that is very nearly unprecedented save in war. Expectedly, the Arab states have to date shown no disposition at all to cooperate in the kind of plan considered here or to take the risks it necessarily implies. As to the major developed states, in response to an American initiative, they have only recently begun to explore a proposal for a $25-billion oil recycling fund. This "safety net" facility would operate within the OECD framework and would be designed to protect the members against financial collapse in the event their reserves and credit are exhausted. In turn, each participant would undertake the obligation to reduce dependence on imported oil and avoid resort to restrictive trade practices. In addition, a deficit country in apply-

* Determinedly optimistic economists are fond of quantifying the transfer of wealth successful recycling would entail. The exercise is designed to show us that "after all" this transfer would not amount to a great deal when set against the combined GNP of the developed capitalist states. While not particularly illuminating in economic terms, the exercise is quite revealing of the basic outlook that views the transfer with apparent equanimity. Equally revealing is the relative equanimity with which the prospect of a growing control over the most active and productive resources of Western economies is viewed, and this despite the fact that we have not the slightest assurance of the uses to which this control might be put.

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ing to the managing board of the fund might be required, as a precondition of support, to make changes in its domestic economic policy. Establishment of the fund, then, would pose substantial political problems if it were to operate effectively. In the form it has been reported, the fund still represents a rather modest commitment for the U.S. ($8 billion). Finally, among American officials, it seems to be predicated on Treasury Secretary Simon's unwavering conviction that "the question is not whether oil prices will fall, but when they will fall." Even so, this plan would still leave unresolved a number of very serious issues which are unaffected by recycling—at least by the recycling that concentrates investment primarily in a very few developed states.

There is, of course, a simple alternative to the various forms of recycling, and it is to consume less oil. Minor reductions apart, this alternative assumes governments in the major importing states that have sufficient authority and will to take draconian measures. Such governments are not common today, and even if they were, there is no way by which oil imports might be financed out of current income without creating such shortages in energy as would result in a sharp decline of economic activity. The alternative of drastically reduced energy consumption would thus lead to a reduction in living standards. Even then, the problem of financing oil imports out of current income might remain, given the decline in trade that would attend a general decline in productivity.

These considerations are not materially affected by the kind of cooperative arrangement the major consumers—minus France—reached in the draft agreement worked out in Brussels this past September. That agreement, with its detailed commitment to oil-sharing in the event of a new Arab embargo, may prevent, if effectively implemented, a repetition of the disaster of the 1973 winter. It may also serve, as it is designed to serve, as an important means for eventually reducing present dependence on Middle East oil by facilitating a shift to alternative energy sources. All this *may* happen if the major importers demonstrate a degree of solidarity that, under pressure, they have yet to demonstrate. Even so, it remains extremely doubtful that the agreement creating an International Energy Agency can accomplish its immediate objective of forcing current prices down without taking measures that none of the participating governments is prepared to take.

Thus we are back to the starting point. The oil price must come down if the crisis, with all its latent dangers, is to be overcome, but no one knows how this is to be achieved within the short-to-medium term. Those who persist in believing that a modest cut in consumption will suffice to break the price structure set by the cartel conveniently ignore the history of OPEC, which affords little support for this belief. Moreover, they ignore what should by this time be apparent to all: that the major producer governments are not moved simply by economic calculation. The Shah of Iran now dreams the dreams of his ancestors, and the Western world, by its actions, encourages him to do so. The Arabs now dream of righting a humiliation that for centuries has lain deeply embedded in their consciousness. Why should men be "reasonable," according to Western lights, when they have come so far and so fast by being unreasonable?

V

If the view that business as usual, though with appropriate innovations, affords no persuasive, or even plausible, grounds for avoiding disaster, elementary prudence counsels that we at least raise the question of employing extraordinary means for resolving the crisis. Is military intervention technically feasible? Clearly the answer will depend, in the first place, on geography. Since it is impossible to intervene everywhere, the feasibility of intervention depends upon whether there is a relatively restricted area which, if effectively controlled, contains a sufficient portion of present world oil production and proven reserves to provide reasonable assurance that its control may be used to break the present price structure by breaking the core of the cartel politically and economically. The one area that would appear to satisfy these requirements extends from Kuwait down along the coastal region of Saudi Arabia to Qatar. It is this mostly shallow coastal strip less than 400 miles in length that provides 40 per cent of present OPEC production and that has by far the world's largest proven reserves (over 50 per cent of total OPEC reserves and 40 per cent of world reserves). Since it has no substantial centers of population and is without trees, its effective control does not bear even remote comparison with the experience of Vietnam.

The view that armed intervention is not technically feasible is persuasive, then, if it can be shown that the military difficulties of seizing and holding this area for an indefinite period are beyond our capabilities. If this view is correct, it says a great deal about the significance of American military power and its uses today, for it would be hard to find a group of states with a weaker collective military capability.* It is another matter entirely to argue the military unfeasibility of intervention by evoking the threat

* The transitory nature of this impotence should not be overlooked. In 1973-74 Western arms sales to the Persian Gulf have been reported in excess of $3 billion, and have included such sophisticated equipment as the F-14 fighter, Harpoon anti-ship missile, and a variety of SAM systems. Although it will be at least a year before these weapons enter Arab inventories in sizable numbers, their eventual availability will undercut the current U.S. dominance both in quality and in quantity.

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of Russian counter-intervention. But the specter of Russian counter-intervention lacks plausibility unless it is assumed that the Russians now enjoy a sense of military superiority sufficiently great on both the conventional and strategic levels as to permit them to deny what is to the United States, and surely to its major allies, a vital interest. For all the talk, however, about their global conventional capabilities, the Russians still lack the naval forces needed for effective interposition in the Persian Gulf. And for all the talk about our declining conventional capabilities, the United States still possesses at this point sufficient global forces to intervene. Moreover, even if the Russians possessed the forces necessary for effective naval interposition, the balance of perceived interest, as distinguished from the balance of military forces, is certainly against the Russians in this instance. The Russians simply do not have the interest here that we have. For this reason, they would be less prone to take the risks we would be prepared to take, and on any realistic assessment of Russian military capabilities today, those risks would be very considerable. Nor is it a sufficient response to these considerations to argue that the Russians might be tempted to rash action, if not to increase their political standing in the Middle East, then from fear that inaction would lead to a complete loss of standing. The political standing of the Russians would be increased in any event, since even strong verbal opposition —let alone the likely moving of troops into neighboring Iraq—would turn the Russians into the momentary heroes of the Arab world. (It is the distinct possibility that the Russians would move forces into Iraq which would necessitate establishing a substantial American military presence in Kuwait as one of the first moves in intervening.)

Does the record of Russian behavior in recent years suggest that these considerations are too complacent? Surely the Russian response to the events in Czechoslovakia in 1968 does not do so, for Czechoslovakia was seen to raise a threat to imperial security and, beyond this, to threaten the structure of Soviet power and the very integrity of the Soviet state. Even then, what is impressive in retrospect is that, in view of the critical interests at stake, Soviet leadership proved so hesitant and vacillating about intervening. It is true that in the October 1973 war Russian behavior was marked by the *appearance* of a greater propensity for taking risks. Yet it remains an open question whether this appearance concealed a reality that is still characterized by a low risk-taking propensity. No one knows whether the Russians would in fact have airlifted several of their divisions to Egypt had the fighting not ceased. And even if they had done so, there is a world of difference between placing several divisions before Cairo (to face a foe who had no intention of advancing on Cairo) and taking an action that would put them in direct conflict with American forces. Moreover, in moving toward an open clash with American forces, the Russians would presumably be defending a regime with which they have no manner of commitment nor are likely to have, again in clear contrast to the October war.

To establish that only a relatively restricted area need be seized and held, and to minimize the prospect of Russian counter-intervention, only sets the broad conditions in which a military intervention might be successful. These conditions are admittedly very far from assuring its success. In all probability, a swift operation would be mandatory, not only to reduce whatever residual prospect there might be for counter-intervention, but, more importantly, to minimize destruction to the oil wells and supporting facilities—that is, to the pipe lines, pumping stations, loading jetties, etc. It is the anticipated destruction of the oil facilities that has been insistently raised by those who have dismissed the technical feasibility of employing military power in the Persian Gulf. Intervention would prove self-defeating, the argument runs, if only because we would inherit a shambles that might well take eight or nine months to repair. Is the assumption of systematic destruction from the wells to the terminal areas a realistic one? No one can answer the question with any real confidence. Much would depend upon the swiftness with which the initial phase of the operation were carried out. Yet even if it is conceded that, though swift, there would still be ample warning time—and this concession seems only reasonable—doubt must persist over the shambles we would presumably inherit. The kind and scope of the destruction commonly envisaged evokes the thoroughness of the destruction wrought by German forces during World War II as they withdrew from the East. Would the Arabs match this record? There is little in their past behavior to suppose that they would.

Let us, however, make the worst-case assumption. What then? The answer is almost certainly that we would be deprived of oil from the occupied area not for eight or nine months, but for three or four months and possibly less. Obviously, the operation would never be undertaken without making an inventory of the vital items of equipment that would be needed for early shipment. Of these items, the only ones clearly in short supply are the large-diameter pipelines peculiar to high-production areas. Even in this instance, though, there is little reason to assume that resupply within three months would prove beyond our capabilities.

It does not follow from these calculations that the importing nations must therefore have reserves which would permit self-sufficiency for at least a period of three months. Unless OPEC reacts by imposing a complete embargo, a 60- to 90-day reserve would prove quite sufficient even

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for the major importers (Western Europe and Japan), since most of present oil exports would remain unaffected. Of course, the possibility cannot be excluded that at least some OPEC countries would resort to an embargo, and particularly the remaining Arab states. As against this possibility, however, there is the consideration that almost all the remaining OPEC countries are revenue consumers and would be hard pressed to undertake an embargo for any appreciable period. Save for Libya, this is true even of the remaining Arab states. Then, too, the embargo would presumably be directed most critically against nations that, given their dependence on oil imports, would at the very least divorce themselves from, if not condemn, the American action. Instead of putting effective pressure on the United States to back down from its chosen course of action, an embargo might eventually provoke a hostile reaction from many of its hapless victims. Finally, it is not to be excluded that an embargo would be met by setting those entering it on notice that the newly fixed price of oil, once the Persian Gulf facilities were repaired (and production markedly expanded), would suffer still further as a result of any attempted embargo. With the core of the cartel broken, it is not only difficult to see such countries as Iran or Venezuela accepting this risk, it is even difficult to see Libya doing so.

These remarks on the military feasibility of intervention are very general. Many will insist they are much too general. To show the feasibility of intervention, it has been argued, it is the details which must be considered one by one with careful planning. Sweeping generalizations are of limited value. All this is quite true. But who has made for the most part sweeping generalizations about intervention in the Persian Gulf? Surely not the few who have ventured to suggest the feasibility of intervention. It is rather those who assure us that intervention is impossible. What is more, the assumption has been allowed to pass almost unchallenged that the burden of proof must rest upon those who dissent from the judgment that intervention in the Persian Gulf is not militarily feasible. Given the American force structure and the experience we possess, however, why is it unreasonable to insist that the burden of proof rests upon those who insist we lack the military capability to intervene successfully?

Nor is this all. Those who dismiss the feasibility of intervention on military grounds ought at least to acknowledge the simple logic of their position. If the argument is conceded that we cannot intervene now, it also follows that we cannot intervene even if the Arabs should impose an embargo in the future—only this time a truly harsh and crippling embargo. Let us suppose that within the next year there is another round of fighting in the Middle East and that this time the Arabs are very badly beaten. Let us also suppose that the Arabs react to their defeat by imposing an embargo. What then? Are we to conclude that in these circumstances there will be no disposition to use force because of the reasons given above? Many of the naysayers of today are prepared to admit that in these circumstances we might well be compelled to intervene. Yet if we are unable to do so now, how will we be able to do so then? For the Russians will still be with us and still threatening to put down their presumably "massive forces" in the Persian Gulf, and the Arabs will still be threatening to destroy everything. Our means to prevent all this will not be substantially different then from what they are today. If this is so, the conclusion must be drawn that the world is presently living quite at the mercy of the Arabs and the Russians.

VI

The prevailing, if not universal, assumption that military intervention would have to be taken unilaterally and, initially at least, in the face of condemnation by most of the world, is probably well-founded. At least, it is well-founded if one assumes intervention under present circumstances. No one should underestimate the importance of this likelihood of widespread opposition, and particularly the opposition of at least some major allies. While the latter would feel themselves placed in a very vulnerable position as a result of American intervention, the shoe has not yet begun to pinch badly enough in Western Europe and Japan to cause men to shed illusions now deeply-ingrained. Once economic, social, and ultimately political conditions were to deteriorate to a point apparent to nearly all, the attitude toward intervention in Western Europe at least would almost certainly alter. But by this time the disease might have progressed sufficiently that the costliness of cure would in all probability be proportionate to a lack of sensitivity over the methods employed. It is naive to believe that nothing could be worse than the course of action under consideration in these pages.

It is the reaction of Western Europe and Japan that must for obvious reasons concern us most. This is not to imply that the reaction of the developing nations is of no concern, but only that it must rank lower in the scale of concerns any policy must weigh. The attitudes of the developing world—or, at least, much of it—would predictably be far harsher than those of the developed states, and for reasons too apparent to warrant discussion. On this, the record of the past year affords considerable evidence. The Indian government, to take perhaps the most notable example, has yet to say a critical word on current oil prices that have played havoc with the Indian economy and have brought many thousands of Indians closer to death by starvation. Even so, it defies belief that the developing nations, like the developed nations, would view with anything

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but relief, however disguised, a break in the petroleum price structure that followed a successful military intervention in the Persian Gulf. In the manner of Frederick the Great's description of Maria Theresa on the morrow of the division of Poland ("She wept, yet she took"), developed and undeveloped would deplore the action—though in considerably varying degree—while accepting with alacrity the benefits flowing from it.

This anticipation of at least a temporarily isolated America may be overly pessimistic, particularly with respect to Western Europe, and even under present circumstances. It is in keeping, however, with the attempt here not to gloss over or minimize the liabilities of armed intervention. At the same time, it is only reasonable to assume that the eventual reaction to intervention would depend very much on what the United States government did to elicit the consent, if not the cooperation, of its allies and, more generally and importantly, what it did after having seized and occupied the area in question. It is not only that the United States would have to act in as even-handed a manner as possible, which means refusing to punish those who had gone out of their way to condemn the intervention; it would also have to impose upon itself a policy of self-denial —at least until the temporary period of threatened or actual shortages passed. If any importer's share of oil is to decrease markedly during this period, it should be the state that is best prepared to shoulder the burden and that is least subject to reprisal. All this is evident fair play and indispensable to establish the *bona fides* of the American action. In addition, a system of allocation would probably be acceptable—and, indeed, workable—only if a fixed price were set for the allocated oil.

We pass over the issue of what this administered price should be in order to be judged reasonable to the interests of both producers and consumers. Clearly, the oil price would be designed to influence the structure of the world energy market. It would be absurd and self-defeating to propose a price close to present production costs in the Middle East. On the other hand, it would not be unreasonable to set a price below projected costs of alternative sources of energy, though not so much below as to discourage active development of these sources. It is entirely legitimate, in fixing the price, to respond to the demand that it should thereafter change in relation to the change in the price of goods oil producers must import from oil-consuming nations. It is equally legitimate to respond to the view that the major oil companies not be given a favored position and not be permitted to continue to enjoy their exorbitant profits. Any military intervention that failed to provide an equitable allocation of the oil on a cost-plus basis would be seen, and with no little justification, as a raw display of American imperialism. In any event, it would be widely seen in that light by those whose outlook permits no other interpretation. But there is no reason that this view should be permitted to enjoy some plausibility, and every reason that it should not. A rough basis for judging the relative disinterest with which intervention might be carried out would be if the major oil companies were just about as unhappy over the prospect as the Arabs.

But why consider intervention at all when we must bear its burdens although we enjoy the least vulnerable position among the major oil importers? Why accept the material, political, and moral costs of intervening when we can weather the storm with perhaps the least difficulty? These questions are voiced, remarkably enough, by many who have given consistent support to America's global enterprise over the past generation. For those of us who have been skeptical of this enterprise, the questions are at least understandable, if misplaced. But for those who have supported it, they can only appear gratuitous. Even the few among us who have argued for a radical contraction of America's interests and commitments have done so on the assumption that the consequences of an American withdrawal would not be a world in which America's political and economic frontiers were coterminous with her territorial frontiers, and in which societies that share our culture, institutions, and values might very possibly disappear. No doubt, some of us were mistaken in overestimating the extent to which other centers of power were prepared to provide for their own security. I for one am prepared to plead guilty to this, though I am still persuaded that if Western Europe and Japan remain political eunuchs today, the responsibility must be found as much in the character of American foreign policy as in the reaction of those who, while resenting their continued dependence, have been unwilling to make the efforts necessary to change the relationship.

The issue of responsibility apart, the fact is that Western Europe and Japan are still dependent upon the United States for their security. Oil is part of that security, considered in a broader sense than simply physical security, and a very vital part. There is no difficulty, then, in answering the question why we should undertake what would be at best a difficult and distasteful action on behalf of those who, while having a more immediate and compelling interest, are unwilling to act. We would presumably take the action because we have a vital interest in the fate of those unwilling—and unable—to act. Nor should there be any illusions about the inability of Western Europe to cope effectively with the oil crisis. The argument that today's Europe could deal with the Arabs if not for the interference of the Americans is even less persuasive than the argument that today's Europe could deal on its own with the Russians. Indeed, the two arguments are really one, since if the Europeans could in fact deal with the Russians

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independently of America, then they might well be able to deal with the Arabs. Unfortunately, they can do neither.

In part, an argument applied to the Arabs that would never be seriously applied directly to the Russians stems from a belief that the Arabs would become much more tractable over oil were it not for the support America insists on giving to Israel. In its extreme, though unspoken, version, this is the belief that if Israel could by some magic be exorcized, the position of the Arabs would change overnight. Though it is nonsense, the belief has its attractions and these attractions may yet find wide appeal. Israel does provide an apparent justification for Arab intransigence over oil, even if the justification is transparent. Certainly, the Shah of Iran has had no need of an Israel to justify his intransigence. Nor do the Arabs. The prospect of becoming economic superpowers, with all that this entails, is quite enough.

These considerations are not affected by the consequences that intervention would have on Israel's position. Clearly, intervention would in all likelihood markedly improve that position. It would be both useless and insincere to deny the benefits accruing to Israel from intervention, just as it is both useless and insincere to deny the present linkage between the oil crisis and the steady erosion of Israel's position. What is of relevance here, though, is that the interest in oil would be unchanged with or without Israel. That Israel will be affected, and critically so, whatever the outcome of the oil crisis, is foreordained by geography. To reject consideration of intervention on the grounds that it would be little more than a thinly disguised pro-Israel move is either to ignore this geographical reality or to imply that we must permit, under cover of an apparent "evenhandedness," the almost certain deterioration of Israel's position even at the expense of other interests that are clearly of vital concern to us. In this view is to be found a rare combination of obtuseness and perversity.

VII

THERE remains the argument that military intervention in the Persian Gulf would on moral grounds alone not be countenanced by domestic public opinion. Nor is it only the public that would presumably find in the act a manifestation of complete moral bankruptcy. One has the distinct impression that the foreign-policy elite shares this view and that in the certitude with which the public's supposed reaction is diagnosed there is something close to a wish-fulfilling prophecy. It is a curious reaction coming from those who once found no great difficulty, moral or otherwise, in supporting the intervention in Vietnam or who, in finally abandoning their support for intervention, did so not on moral grounds, but because they concluded Vietnam could not have a successful outcome or that, whatever the outcome, the costs had become disproportionate to the interests at stake. Perhaps their present reaction to the prospect of armed intervention in the Persian Gulf is not so curious, though, given this record. It is not surprising that, having lacked a sense of balance, moral and otherwise, in that most painful experience, they should lack a sense of balance today, and that we should find the law of compensation—or rather of overcompensation—at work.

At issue here is not whether there is some clear moral or legal basis for justifying armed intervention in the Persian Gulf, but whether public opinion would be morally outraged by the action. Though it is not uncommon to find them confused, these are two quite different questions. There is no need for positive moral approval, let alone moral fervor, by the public so long as it consents to the need for the action. There may even be considerable gain in the absence of that element which has so often attended policy in the past. The difficulty, of course, is that the public has been long habituated to support the use of force only in cases which have been made to appear as necessary for the containment of Communism, in turn equated with the nation's security. Could the public be induced, in the shadow of Vietnam, to support a military intervention that bore no apparent or tangible relation to the containment of Communism, itself a factor of diminishing importance in determining the public's disposition? No one can say. Put in the abstract, the question itself may be rather meaningless. It would take on meaning only after a concerted effort had been made to persuade the public that the alternatives to intervention were laden with dangers to the nation's well-being. Even then it remains an open question whether an administration could obtain public support, or tolerance, for intervention in the absence of events at home that, once plainly visible, would require little further effort in persuasion. In this instance, the choice might well be between a public that would oppose intervention so long as the interests at stake were not clear, and could not readily be made clear, and a public that would support intervention only when these interests had unfortunately become only too clear.

The point is worth emphasis that we simply do not know what might bring the public to support intervention in the Persian Gulf. If the public viewed such intervention as another Vietnam, they would most assuredly oppose it. But if intervention were to promise success at relatively modest cost, opinion might well move in the direction of support, and particularly if unemployment were to rise to 8 or 9 per cent. Moreover, in this instance, by contrast to Vietnam, the existence of an all-volunteer military force would preclude the painful issues once raised by the draft. Nor is it at all clear that the Left would take the same position toward intervention in the present case as it

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did toward Vietnam. For the effects of the current oil price on many poor countries do not endear the major oil producers to much of the Left. The relative ease with which Vietnam could be depicted as an attempt to preserve American domination over the developing states, a domination alleged to serve only American interests, would be difficult to repeat today, and this despite the inadequately perceived effects of the oil crisis.

VIII

It is instructive that on the few occasions military intervention has been discussed in the context of the oil crisis, such discussion has almost invariably proceeded by making what are very close to worst-case assumptions. The outcome of the exercise is thus all but foreclosed, particularly once Russian counter-intervention is assumed. This insistance upon finding catastrophe in every corner if military intervention were undertaken affords a striking contrast to past behavior. It is surely not to be decried for that reason; a greater concern for the liabilities attending the use of force would have served us well in the last decade. Even so, a virtual obsession with worst-case assumptions has its own pathology of inaction. In this instance, it suggests that when men do not wish to undertake a certain course of action, they will find any number of reasons for not doing so.

A plausible case for rejecting intervention out of hand cannot be made to rest upon the argument no one would care to deny—that the successful use of force in the Persian Gulf depends upon our having the answers to many questions which we simply cannot answer with assurance. The evident implication of the argument is that in the absence of these answers we are far better advised to continue on the present and presumably the known course. But the present course also has its uncertainties, and by this time we have little excuse for not appreciating how numerous and potentially serious they may be. It is a sobering exercise to review the record of the very recent past and to find how badly off the mark almost all predictions of the nature and magnitude of the oil crisis have been. Even those who seemed at the time Cassandras, in retrospect appear as unguarded optimists. In dizzying succession one demand has led almost as soon as it was made to yet another. As a result, little confidence is left in the stability of a situation that has already brought us to an impasse which presently affords no politically discernible way out. In these circumstances it is excessive, to say the least, to insist that the many uncertainties admittedly attending intervention be answered with assurance before the use of force can be seriously considered. Equally, it is excessive to insist that before using force one must exhaust all other remedies, when the exhaustion of all other remedies is little more than the functional equivalent of accepting chaos. What may be reasonably demanded is a critical weighing—however rough and approximate it must necessarily be—of the uncertainties and dangers attending military intervention as opposed to the hazards of continuing along the present course. Those who dismiss intervention refuse even to make the effort.

Instead, we are almost daily subjected to speculation about the more profound dimensions of our predicament. Confronted with "impossible alternatives," many find an apparent solace in substituting philosophy for policy. Europeans are heard to argue that the West is now paying the price for the past century or more. In America, there is the now fashionable theme—naturally enough yesterday's heresy—that we have reached the outer edges of our power and that we must learn to accommodate ourselves to events and trends we may comprehend but cannot alter. A supposedly deeper historical understanding—the new maturity, as it were—thus leads to a kind of quietism. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* The dilemmas of action are thereby overcome by denying their reality. This detached wisdom of passivity has no doubt its proper place. It may even express the truth about our present plight, though if it does, the more practical conclusions that should be drawn from it are scarcely the conclusions which are commonly drawn. It is equally plausible to surmise, however, that the obsession with the West's past sins, and the sudden attraction to events and trends beyond our control to alter, are often little more than rationalizations of political incompetence and the failure of will.

At the same time, an apparent pessimism and resignation before the inevitable may, and often does, conceal an optimism that takes for granted that we will somehow have our way in the end. If force is ruled out, it is in part because we assume, whether consciously or unconsciously, that the Arabs are, after all, still only Arabs, and that in the deadly game we are now playing with them, generations of political superiority and economic supremacy must count for something. To this assumption is added the belief that we still do hold the trumps when all is said and done. No longer able to comfort ourselves with yesterday's thought that the Arabs cannot drink their oil, we have been able to find a serviceable substitute in today's thought that the Arabs cannot bury their dollars. The hostages thereby turn out to be the hostage-holders, since foreign debt can always be wiped out through default and foreign investment can always be redeemed through expropriation. One can only hope that this latest argument designed to reassure us that all will end well enjoys a better fate than its predecessor.

There is much more than this in the explanation of the refusal seriously to consider force as an alternative in the oil crisis.

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It has been said many times, though it bears repeating, that we are confronted here with a special case in that it involves actions which have long been regarded as within the sovereign prerogatives of states. The exclusive control a state may exercise over its natural resources implies the power, or license, to take such action as has resulted in the present crisis. To this must be added the legacy of Vietnam which evidently weighs heavily upon those who in the broadest sense managed the war, and probably much more so than it weighs upon the public at large. Finally, there is the pervasive and still growing conviction among the foreign-policy elites, a conviction clearly related to though not identifiable with the Vietnam experience, that military power has lost most of its former utility. The concomitant of this conviction is that force has also lost its legitimacy, save in the most restrictively defined circumstances.

These considerations round out, in all likelihood, the explanation for the current rejection of force as a real option in the Middle East. To treat them with the care they deserve would carry us far beyond the confines of this essay. Here it must suffice to point out that it is almost always the "special cases" which constitute the classic dilemmas of statecraft. It may be true that although the price set by the oil cartel constitutes very injurious action toward consumer states, there is little in international law that forbids such behavior. But in this sense, the Cuban missile crisis also was a special case, since there was little, if anything, in international law and practice that forbade the Soviet Union from sending nuclear missiles to Cuba or Cuba from accepting them. The critical issue at stake in the Cuban missile crisis was not whether the actions precipitating the crisis were within the sovereign prerogatives of states, but whether in the exercise of those prerogatives, the vital interests of other states were placed in jeopardy. It is the same issue that is in question in the oil crisis, however one cares to answer this question. Moreover, the same issue would remain if the Arab states were to impose an embargo, and this time a serious embargo. In imposing an embargo, no less than in imposing an unsupportable oil price, the Arab states would be exercising their sovereign rights over the disposal of their natural resources. There are those who nevertheless are now prepared to draw a line here and to insist that an embargo would be a just cause for force. But if the price for oil promises the same effects ultimately as an embargo, it is not easy to see the legal or moral basis for the distinction thereby drawn.

There is little to be served by making once again the already well-worn and unavoidably abrasive observations on the legacy of Vietnam. But it is important to address, however briefly, the broad conviction that armed force has lost most of its former utility and legitimacy. If this conviction is well-founded, then those who hold it should draw the appropriate conclusions for American foreign policy. The principal conclusion to be drawn—that the present structure of American interests in the world must change, and radically so—may be avoided only by assuming that in place of an obsolete policy of power and intervention we may substitute a policy of pacific interdependence rather than one that clearly points toward isolationism. The oil crisis is providing us with a supreme object lesson in the politics of interdependence, though, and to date the lesson is not very reassuring. If there is a moral to be drawn from the crisis that bears on the new interdependence, it is that interdependence is all too likely a prelude to a new autarchy—at least for those who can afford it. That, after all, is the meaning of "Project Independence."

In truth, however, the oil crisis is not a manifestation of interdependence in the sense that proponents of interdependence have in mind when using the term. Nor is it, clearly, a manifestation of the "old politics." Instead, it is the latest manifestation—though by far the most spectacular to date—of an egalitarianism which, if permitted to run its logical course, is likely to result first in chaos and then in an international system far harsher than today's, or even yesterday's, system.

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The Palestinians and the PLO

A Historical Approach

Bernard Lewis

THE name "Palestine" is first attested in the history of Herodotus, and appears in the works of later Greek and Latin writers. At first it was commonly used as an adjective, not a noun, in apposition to Syria. In normal classical usage Palestine Syria *(Syria Palaistinê)* seems to have meant the coastline formerly inhabited by the Philistines. It was occasionally extended to include territories further east, but did not, however, include the land of Judea, which was usually and officially known in Roman times by that name.

The word Palestine does not occur in the Old Testament. It appears twice in the English authorized version, and in both places is a mistranslation for Philistia. This error is corrected in the New English Bible. Palestine does not occur in the New Testament at all.

The official adoption of the name Palestine in Roman usage to designate the territories of the former Jewish principality of Judea seems to date from after the suppression of the great Jewish revolt of Bar-Kokhba in the year 135 C.E. After this revolt, which caused great trouble to the Roman Empire, the Emperor Hadrian made a determined attempt to stamp out the embers not only of the revolt but of Jewish nationhood and statehood. The city of Jerusalem was destroyed and then rebuilt with a new name, as Aelia Capitolina; it would seem that the name Judea was abolished at the same time as Jerusalem and the country renamed Palestina or Syria Palestina, with the same intention—of obliterating its historic Jewish identity. The earlier name did not entirely disappear, and as late as the 4th century C.E. we still find a Christian author, Epiphanius, referring to "Palestina, that is, Judea." It had, however, ceased to be the official designation of the country.

Precisely demarcated frontiers, with lines on a map, are a modern idea, and with few exceptions were unknown to antiquity or the Middle Ages, when "frontiers" meant the range of armed power on the one hand and the reach of tax collection on the other. Closer definition was usually the expression of natural features and lines of fortifications. From the end of the Jewish state in antiquity to the beginning of British rule, the area now designated by the name Palestine was not a country and had no frontiers, only administrative boundaries; it was a group of provincial subdivisions, by no means always the same, within a larger entity.

It is no doubt for this reason that the Palestine Liberation Organization, in Article 2 of its "National Charter," first adopted in Jerusalem in May 1964 at the time of its foundation, lays down that "Palestine with the boundaries it had during the British Mandate is an indivisible territorial unit." This may seem a surprising choice of authority for a movement which is at once nationalist and revolutionary, since the British Mandate would surely be regarded as an imperialist definition*—an entity defined by agreements between imperial powers in the partition of the Arab lands which followed the defeat of the Ottoman Empire at the end of World War I. But given that a definition of Palestine was needed, there was no other available, since it was only with the British Mandate that, apart from the brief and obviously unsuitable interval of the Crusades, Palestine reappeared on the stage of history as a separate political entity.

There was a further advantage from the point of view of the PLO in this definition, and the phrase "indivisible territorial unit" shows an awareness of it. The Palestine Mandate as originally established included both banks of the Jordan, and it was not until 1921-22 that the East Bank, by British decision with League of Nations approval, was separated and designated Transjordan, later simply Jordan, while the name Palestine was restricted to the West Bank only. Article 2 of the Charter therefore contains a useful and, for the

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* "In the guise of a mandate, British imperialism was cruelly and directly imposed upon us," Yasir Arafat, speech to the United Nations General Assembly, November 13, 1974, as reported in the New York *Times,* November 14, 1974.

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Hashemite Kingdom, potentially ominous ambiguity.

With the British conquest in 1917-18 and the subsequent establishment of a mandated territory in the conquered areas, Palestine became the official name of a definite territory for the first time since the Middle Ages. To begin with, this designation was acceptable neither to Jews nor to Arabs. From the Jewish point of view it restored a name associated in the Jewish historic memory with the largely successful Roman attempt to destroy and obliterate the Jewish identity of the land of Israel. It was a name which had never been used in Jewish history or literature, and the very associations of which were hateful. From the outset, Jews living under the Mandate refused to use this name in Hebrew but instead used what had become the common Jewish designation of the county—*Eretz Yisrael,* the land of Israel. After a long battle it was agreed that the official designation of the country in Hebrew on postage stamps, coins, etc., would be Palestina, transcribed into Hebrew letters but followed by the abbreviation *aleph yod.* For Jews, this was a common abbreviation for *Eretz Yisrael.* To Arabs it could be presented as standing for *Eretz Ishmael,* the land of Ishmael.

For Arabs, too, the term Palestine was unacceptable, though for other reasons. For Muslims it was alien and irrelevant but not abhorrent in the same way as it was to Jews. The main objection for them was that it seemed to assert a separate entity which politically conscious Arabs in Palestine and elsewhere denied. For them there was no such thing as a country called Palestine. The region which the British called Palestine was merely a separated part of a larger whole. For a long time organized and articulate Arab political opinion was virtually unanimous on this point.

At first, the country of which Palestine was a part was felt to be Syria. In Ottoman times, that is, immediately before the coming of the British, Palestine had indeed been a part of a larger Syrian whole from which it was in no way distinguished whether by language, culture, education, administration, political allegiance, or any other significant respect. The dividing line between British-mandated Palestine and French-mandated Syria-Lebanon was an entirely new one and for the people of the area was wholly artificial. It was therefore natural that the nationalist leadership when it first appeared should think in Syrian terms and describe Palestine as southern Syria.

This phase was, however, of brief duration. With the rise and spread of pan-Arab ideologies it was as Arabs, not as south Syrians, that the Palestinians began to assert themselves. For the rest of the period of the British Mandate, and for many years after that, their organizations described themselves as Arab and expressed their national identity in Arab rather than in Palestinian or even in Syrian terms.

The emergence of a distinctive Palestinian entity is thus a product of the last decades and may be seen as the joint creation of Israel and the Arab states—the one by extruding the Arabs of Palestine, the others by refusing to accept them. According to pan-Arab or even pan-Syrian ideologies, Palestinian Arabs moving to Lebanon, Syria, or Jordan should still have been men in their own country, moving from one province to another. The bitter experience of the past twenty-seven years has shown that this is not so and, as so often before, deprivation has created a new sense of identity based on shared experience, desperation, and aspiration.

DURING the period from the close of the Middle Ages to the present day, a pattern of political organization evolved in Western Europe which, in the past century, has been extended to virtually the whole world. In this pattern mankind is divided into nations or countries, each having its own state or government, ruling over a well-defined territory which is the homeland or fatherland. At first, these states were primarily dynastic; later, with the triumph of the idea of nationality, it came to be accepted that the basis of statehood is the nation, and that states which do not conform to this pattern must be reshaped and, if necessary, disrupted until they do. In the restructuring of allegiances, a new political pattern of organization emerged, corresponding more closely to ethnic, linguistic, and cultural nations.

This was, however, the local practice of Western Europe. Its introduction to the countries of the Middle East is recent, and it is still recognizably alien and imperfectly assimilated. Until World War I, the greater part of the Middle East was divided between two great traditional monarchies, those of Turkey and of Iran, with most of the Arab world coming under the former. After the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, a series of new states was established, mostly through the decisions and actions of Britain and France. These were designated by names of various kinds, some based on geographical features like Lebanon, some names revived from classical antiquity like Syria and Libya, some the names of medieval provinces like Jordan and Iraq. Almost all were new, and at first meant little to their inhabitants.

In a time of trouble and uncertainty following the impact of the outside world and the resulting internal transformations, three basic loyalties have emerged and survived. The first of these is to the state: not the nation or the country—alien and imported political concepts—but to the state in the strictest sense, that is, the ganglion of interrelated interests, careers, and loyalties that constitutes the organized, coercive power in society. The states established in this way have shown a remarkable power of survival despite attempts by some of their own people, and to some extent by their own leaders, to merge them into broader groupings.

The second basic loyalty is to Islam—not in the

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limited Western sense of religion, a system of belief and worship, but rather as a social and cultural community to which the great majority of the inhabitants of the area belong. This was, and to a remarkable extent has remained even now, in the present age of unbelief, the ultimate determining loyalty of most Muslims.

The third is the local loyalty—to kin, sect, or region. This is a major factor in internal political struggles and is often the only reality concealed beneath such borrowed terminology as Left and Right, progressive and reactionary, and their equivalents.

Until the very end of the Ottoman Empire the great majority of the inhabitants of Palestine, as of the neighboring countries, remained loyal subjects of the Ottoman Sultan, whom they saw not as the representative of an alien Turkish domination over Arabs—this was a reading back into the past of later ideologies—but as the legitimate Muslim sovereign of a Muslim state in which Arab, Turkish, and other Muslims were equal citizens. The famous Arab revolt was largely an affair of the Hejaz, with some support from small groups of Syrian, Lebanese, and Iraqi intellectuals and officers. The Arabs of Palestine were hardly affected at all, and the rebels advanced from Arabia through Transjordan toward Damascus without touching the West Bank.

After the end of the Ottoman Empire and the establishment of the mandated territories, the political protest of the inhabitants of these territories against foreign rule and in Palestine against Jewish immigration and aspirations was expressed partly through Islamic religious organizations—the Supreme Muslim Council with its leader, the chief Mufti—and partly through nationalist ideologies sometimes expressed in Syrian but more commonly in Arab terms. The focus of loyalty was not Palestine but a larger entity of which the country defined and ruled by the British was seen to be a part. This remained true right through the period of the Mandate despite a number of changes, and the idea of a separate Palestinian state won little support among Palestinians who saw in this an imperialist device to divide the Arabs and thus preserve British power.

The change came in the aftermath of World War II, when the neighboring states achieved independence, with all the advantages which this conferred upon those responsible for the conduct of affairs, and the Arabs of Palestine found themselves still without a political organ of their own.

The Arab states may, in the forms in which they came into being, have been artificial, foreign creations, but they had acquired reality. Each of them developed its own complex of interests and purposes; each produced a governing elite unwilling to surrender or even share control of the country which it governed. The Palestinian elite—in many ways better educated and equipped than some of their neighbors, saw their contemporaries exercising rights and powers which were beyond their reach, because they neither possessed a state of their own nor were admitted to full citizenship of the countries in which they found refuge. Some of them, notably in Beirut and in the Persian Gulf states, prospered, and were able to establish comfortable homes and make successful careers in commerce and in the professions. But, with few exceptions,* they were denied citizenship, and the political opportunities and satisfactions for which citizenship is a prerequisite.† For a while, it seemed that Jordan, the one state which admitted them as full citizens, might provide the answer to this problem, but the existence of large numbers of Palestinians outside the Jordanian framework, aggravated by the loss of the West Bank in 1967, led to tension and conflict, and with the emergence of the PLO and the bloody clashes in Jordan in 1970 and after, this possibility ended for the time being. Even if a solution for the refugee problem could be found, the problem of the frustrated Palestinian elite would remain.

According to the United Nations resolution of 1947, the territory of Palestine west of the Jordan was to be divided into three entities, a Jewish state, an Arab state, and an International Zone. The refusal of the Palestinian Arabs and of the neighboring Arab states to recognize the partition resolution and the war which ensued prevented the carrying out of this resolution. In fact, only the Jewish state came into being, while the remainder of Arab Palestine passed into the possession of three neighboring Arab countries. Gaza and the Gaza Strip were held and administered by Egypt, the little town of Al-Hamma on the Sea of Galilee by Syria, and the West Bank by Jordan. While the Egyptians did not annex the Gaza Strip but administered it as occupied Palestine and even experimented briefly with a Palestinian government based in Gaza, the Jordanian government formally annexed the territories under its rule and conferred equal citizenship upon their inhabitants, who were declared to be Jordanians. Al-Hamma was treated as part of Syria. This gave all three governments a motive to play down the Palestinian theme, since the constitution of a separate Palestine would have involved their relinquishing the territories which they had acquired in the course of the war.

Between 1947 and 1949 a large part of the Arab inhabitants of the territories included in the new state of Israel left their homes and took refuge on the West Bank, in the Gaza Strip, and in the

* Some Palestinian Christians, for example, were able to prove Lebanese descent and thus acquire Lebanese citizenship.

† Muslim refugees from India have held the highest offices in Pakistan; German refugees from Communist-ruled countries, despite the obvious security risks, have equal rights in the Federal Republic. Except in Jordan, Palestinian Arabs in other Arab countries had no such welcome.

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neighboring countries. The Israelis claim that they left at the instigation of their own leaders, who told them to go so as not to interfere with the movements of troops, and promised them that they would return in the wake of the triumphant Arab armies very shortly. The Arabs maintain that they were driven out by the Israelis. Both arguments are true; both are false. Some were undoubtedly told to go by their own leaders; some, notably in the strategically vital corridor between Jerusalem and the coast, were ordered to leave by the advancing Israeli troops. The great majority, like countless millions of refugees elsewhere, left their homes amid the confusion and panic of invasion and war—one more unhappy part of the vast movement of populations which occurred in the aftermath of World War II. As the Poles fled from the eastern areas seized by the Russians, as the Germans fled from East German territories annexed by the Poles, as millions of Muslims and Hindus fled from India to Pakistan and from Pakistan to India, so too did great numbers of Arabs flee from Palestine to the neighboring Arab states while large numbers of Jews, most of them previously unaffected by Zionist ideology, fled from the tensions which had arisen in the Arab states to the relative safety of Israel. At the time it was hoped that this problem would be resolved, like the refugee problems in Eastern Europe and in the Indian subcontinent, and that the Arab refugees would be partly resettled in the Arab countries, partly returned to their homes. This did not happen, and with the exception of Jordan, the Arab governments made a point of not according citizenship to the refugees and of opposing their resettlement.

After the signing of the armistice agreements at Rhodes in 1949, the UN set up a Conciliation Commission for Palestine, with the U.S., France, and Turkey as members, and with the task of helping the parties to the conflict to advance from armistice to peace. The Commission failed in its task, but its activities throw an interesting light on the relations between the Israeli and Arab governments on the one hand and the Palestinian Arabs on the other. To judge from its reports to the UN, and from some subsequent publications, the Commission dealt only with governmental delegations, and had no truck with non-governmental representatives—the only kind that the Palestinians were able to send.

There were several of these. The Arab Higher Committee, which, under the direction of the Grand Mufti Haj Amin al-Husseini and the Husseini clan, had for long constituted the extreme and dominant wing of the Palestine Arabs in their struggle against the Jewish national home, demanded recognition as the representatives of all Palestinian Arabs and claimed the right to be treated as a government. When this was refused, the Committee decided to boycott the Commission, but sent observers to its hearings. By this time the Arab Higher Committee was operating in close association with the Egyptians, and was concerned with the abortive "Government of all Palestine" set up under Egyptian protection in Gaza. This won little support, and gradually petered out after the formal annexation of the West Bank to Jordan in the spring of 1950, and the departure of some of its members to work for King Abdullah.

There were, however, other delegations, sent by refugees, and one in particular which represented a substantial number of Arabs on the West Bank and in Transjordan. The refugee delegations were concerned, naturally enough, with immediate practical issues—the care of neglected Arab lands in Israel, and especially orange groves, the release of frozen assets, and the repatriation of at least some of the refugees. To this end they entered into discussions with the Israeli delegation, and, according to the evidence of one of their leaders, asked the Arab government representatives whether they were prepared either to resume the fighting or, failing that, to make peace on the basis of a solution of the refugee problem, securing their return home and the recovery of their property.* The attitudes of the Israeli and Arab governments have been described by a UN official who was principal secretary of the Commission:

> . . . this good will and spirit of cooperation was conspicuous by its absence both in the Israeli government and the Arab states. The former can hardly be blamed for this, since, when all is said and done, it was the one called upon to make concessions; but the indifference of the Arab governments, except when they were exploiting the theme in their constant diatribes and invectives against the State of Israel before the Assembly of the United Nations, was incomprehensible and inexcusable. This attitude, more than anything else, convinced me that the interest which the Arab governments appeared to take in the refugees was mainly political and polemical in character and that they regarded them chiefly as a platform from which to launch accusation after accusation against the government of Israel for its refusal to carry out the Assembly's resolutions. It must be admitted that the Israeli government's obstinate rejection of any concession in favor of the refugees, whatever the justification, played straight into the hands of the Arabs.†

Though the subject has been curiously glossed over, there are some other indications of the clash between the refugee interest in returning home and in any settlement which might secure this, and the Arab government interest in political warfare against Israel, regardless of the

* Muhammad Nimr al-Hawari, *Sirr al-Nakba* (no place of publication indicated [Nazareth?]), 1955, p. 359. Cf. R. E. Gabbay, *A Political Study of the Arab-Jewish Conflict: The Arab Refugee Problem—A Case Study*, Droz (Geneva) and Minard (Paris), 1959, pp. 265-66.

† Pablo de Azcarate, *Mission in Palestine 1948-1952*, Middle East Institute, 1966, p. 153.

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immediate needs of the refugees. A report from Lausanne published in the New York *Times* of August 20, 1949 speaks of the Arab refugee representatives as " 'boiling mad' " over treatment they are getting both from the United Nations Palestine Conciliation Commission and from Arab government representatives. Muhammad Nimr al-Hawari, quoted in the New York *Times* of May 7, had been even more explicit:

> "Unless this conference [the discussions of Arab and Israeli governments with the Conciliation Commission] produces agreement on the refugees' future," Mr. Hawari, who is himself a refugee, told this correspondent, "there will be explosions such as the Middle East has not yet seen. We will attack the Jews; we will attack the Arab Government [*sic*]; we will attack the British and we will attack the Americans. Our people are not interested in awaiting frontier or political settlements. No Arab Government speaks for us or represents us." Mr. Hawari emphasized that the refugees considered its [*sic*] Arab Governments only slightly less guilty than they considered the Israeli Government to be of using the refugees as pawns in a political game.*

It was not, initially, a sense of separate nationality or identity which kept the Palestinians apart and in being as a separate entity. This was insured by three factors. One was the refusal of the governments and to some extent even the peoples of the neighboring countries to absorb and assimilate them. With the exception of Jordan, the Arab host countries treated the Palestinians for the most part as visitors and foreigners, at times subjecting them to serious disabilities. In Lebanon, to which a very large part of the Palestinian refugees had gone, there was the special complication of the delicate balance of religious communities on which the whole Lebanese political system rested. The acceptance of large numbers of predominantly Muslim Palestinians would have disrupted this balance.

The second reason was the deliberate decision by the Arab governments to maintain the refugees in camps for use as a weapon against Israel, immediately in the propaganda sense and potentially in the military sense.

The third reason, and a very powerful one, was the strong sense of local identity retained by the great majority of the refugees—not as Palestinians, but rather as inhabitants of Haifa, Acre, Jaffa, and the other towns and villages from which they came. Much has been written about the profound differences between East Bankers and West Bankers, who are said to be of different stocks and of different nations and between whom there are many deep-rooted disagreements within the Hashemite Kingdom. But this is not because some are Palestinians and some are Jordanians. The difference is regional, and similar regional differences exist between the inhabitants of North Jordan and South Jordan and in Palestine proper between the inhabitants of the hills and of the coastal plain. It is in this sense that a Palestinian notable in the interior, criticizing the PLO, once remarked that they do not represent "us," meaning the people of the West Bank. "If they represent anyone," he said, "they represent Israel, since most of them have come from the coastal lands." This is a real problem and a real difficulty.

The war of 1967 created a new situation. In the first place, it brought the whole of mandatory Western Palestine with some additional territory under Israeli rule. In the second place, it created a new group of refugees, most of whom fled across the river into Transjordan. Interestingly, the Jordanians use two different words for the refugees of 1948 and those of 1967, the first of which means refugee in the proper sense while the second could be better translated as migrant.

The Palestine Liberation Organization was founded by decision of the Arab Summit Conference held in Cairo in January 1964, and in its early years often served as an arena of inter-Arab rivalries. The different Arab states—apart from Jordan—sponsored different groups within the common organization and were then more concerned with their struggles against one another than with the struggle against Israel. This changed after the 1967 war when the PLO suddenly acquired a new importance. One factor was the effective unification of the whole of Western Palestine under a single authority and the consequent change in the attitudes of the Arab governments which had previously held parts of it. A second change resulted from the defeat of the Arab armies in the war and the need for a new image. This was provided by the guerrilla fighter, an image already becoming popular in other parts of the world, and did much to restore the shattered self-respect of the Arab peoples.

It was during the 60's that the name Palestine was taken up again and acquired a new content and significance. The Palestine conflict has now returned to where it began, with the struggle between two peoples for the possession of the same country. Now that Egypt and Syria have been expelled from the territories of Palestine and are primarily concerned with recovering their own lost lands, it is the Palestinians themselves who are the primary group—the most concerned, the most important, and yet the most difficult to define, identify, or even meet.

THERE are three groups who in recent years have claimed to represent the Palestinian people in their struggle against Israel. The first of these is the Palestine Liberation Organization with its center in Beirut, and its support chiefly among Palestinians now living in Lebanon, although with an extensive following also among Palestinians elsewhere. The PLO group in-

* For an Israeli account, see Walter Eytan, *The First Ten Years: A Diplomatic History of Israel,* Simon & Schuster, 1958, pp. 56-59.

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cludes a number of organizations, and is headed by an Executive Committee; this is elected by the Palestine National Council, which holds meetings once or twice a year in Cairo. The last meeting was in June 1974. Its first leader was Ahmad Shukeiry, who held office until 1967, when he was succeeded by Yahya Hamuda. Yasir Arafat took over from him in 1970. Its oldest and largest component is the Fatah, predominantly Muslim, with part of its leadership having links with such extremist religious bodies as the Muslim brothers. It has supporters all over the Palestinian diaspora, but its main strength is among the refugees in camps in Lebanon and Syria.

Another group, the Sa'iqa, was founded in 1968 under the auspices of the Syrian Ba'ath party, and it is generally regarded as an agency of the Syrian government. It works in close liaison with the Syrian army, from which some of its officers and men are drawn. The much smaller Arab Liberation Front stands in a similar relationship to Iraq. Two more radical groups, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) and its offshoot, the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PDFLP), are opposed to the policies of Arafat, and claim to represent a Marxist revolutionary ideology. The founders of both, George Habash and Nayif Hawatmeh, as well as a fair proportion of their followers, are Christians. The appearance in such a role of members of minority communities is neither unusual nor surprising, since the secular and radical ideology which they express offers greater attractions to them than the predominantly Muslim majority organizations, and promises them a better chance of participating as full equals in the utopia which they will create after the revolution. The Jewish Bolsheviks who played so prominent a role in the Russian revolution were no doubt encouraged by similar hopes; the Arab revolutionaries will no doubt suffer a similar disappointment if the Arab revolution succeeds.

Two smaller but very active radical groups are the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine General Command, and the Palestine National Front, the last with strong Communist connections. Apart from those who have recently withdrawn,* all these groups, as well as various other bodies, share in the central organs of the PLO and its military arm, the Palestine Liberation Army, and subscribe to the Palestine National Charter, adopted in 1964 and amended in 1968.†

The second candidate has been the Jordanian monarchy, which held most of what remained of Arab Palestine between 1949 and 1967, and, until the recent Rabat decisions, claimed to speak for the inhabitants of the whole of Palestine and more particularly the area formerly under Jordanian rule. While no exact information is or could be available, it would seem that until 1967 Jordanian rule on the West Bank was as well accepted as any other government in the area, and that its Arab inhabitants were content to think of themselves as Jordanians. The Israeli occupation changed all this, and the subsequent rapid growth and radicalization of the Palestine movement led to an armed confrontation between the PLO and the monarchy, culminating in the bloody fighting of September 1970 and the elimination of the PLO bases in Jordan.

The third group is the local leadership in the occupied areas. This has at all times enjoyed considerable authority over the people and has provided effective leadership under Israeli, Jordanian, British, and even Ottoman rule. At one time it seemed that the Israelis might be able to solve the problem of the West Bank by creating, or permitting the creation of, a local West Bank leadership which would ultimately take over the government of the country on a basis of friendly cooperation with Israel. After some cautious initial experiments, the Israelis abandoned the attempt, and have been criticized for missing an opportunity which is unlikely to recur. There were always two difficulties in the way of such a solution. One was that an Arab leadership which emerged under Israeli auspices would thereby automatically be discredited. The other was that even if a moderate leadership did emerge in this way, it would always be in danger of overthrow by more radical and militant elements.

How far effective support among the inhabitants of Palestine is assigned to any one of these three groups is very difficult to ascertain. The evidence suggests that there is considerable fluctuation, with attitudes changing according to the play of political power.

WHO are the Palestinians? They may be divided into six groups. First are those who remained in Israel when the state was established and have been there ever since. These are Israeli citizens and enjoy, in theory, all and, in practice, many though not all, of the rights of citizenship. The second group are those who live in the areas annexed by Jordan after the end of the Mandate and conquered by Israel in 1967. The third group are those in the Gaza Strip occupied and subsequently lost by Egypt. A fourth, and very important group, are those in Lebanon, whether inside or outside the camps, constituting the main support of the militant organizations. A fifth group is the Palestine diaspora in various Arab countries, especially in the countries of the Persian Gulf, and in other parts of the world. A

* On September 26, 1974 George Habash's deputy announced at a news conference in Beirut that the PFLP had withdrawn from the PLO Executive Committee but would retain membership in the Palestine National Council and other organizations. He also stated that the PFLP General Command and the ALF would join in the decision to withdraw from the Executive Committee but would put their decision into effect in their own time (New York *Times*, September 27, 1974).

† See Appendix I, p. 46, for the full text of the 1968 Charter.

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sixth group, not often mentioned, but of considerable significance, is constituted by the inhabitants of the East Bank. These include a fairly high proportion of people of West Bank origin, either recent or remote. In a sense, all the inhabitants of the East Bank may be regarded as Palestinians just as all the inhabitants of the West Bank may be regarded as Jordanians. Basically, the difference between the two names is ideological and programmatic rather than national or even geographical.

Among the three groups who claim to represent the Palestinians there are a number of different views. The ruling establishment on the East Bank has been sharply divided. One position, which was until recently held by the King and by many senior officers and ministers, demanded the return of the West Bank and Jerusalem to the Hashemite Kingdom, if necessary on a basis of federal autonomy. They had several arguments in putting forth this claim. Security Council Resolution 242, calling for the restoration of territories conquered in 1967, by implication to the previous owners, was interpreted by the Jordanian government as providing it with a juridical basis for its claim, and as meaning that just as the Golan Heights were to be returned to Syria and the Sinai Desert to Egypt, so the West Bank was to be returned to Jordan: i.e., a restoration of the situation which existed before the '67 war. This view was tacitly and indirectly supported by the Israelis, who administered the West Bank as occupied Jordanian territory, using Jordanian currency, collecting Jordanian taxes, applying Jordanian law, and conducting local government, education, and public services in accordance with Jordanian practice. They even continued to refer many questions to Amman for approval or decision, thus moving toward a kind of condominium. In addition to the juridical and political arguments, there was a powerful psychological motive. Military self-respect required that the Jordanian monarchy recover what it had lost in '67. This was seen as a debt of honor and also as a duty to Arabism before history.

There has for some time, however, been another and probably larger group within the East Bank establishment who saw the West Bank and, indeed, the whole Palestinian problem as a burden and a danger to the Hashemite Kingdom. In their view Jordan would be better off without the West Bank, the reincorporation of which could well disrupt the monarchy and bring it down in civil war. Supporters of this view reject the commonly asserted opinion that the West Bank is the richest and most prosperous part of the kingdom. On the contrary, they say, the East Bank has greater potential and the Jordanian government would be well advised to concentrate on the development of the East Bank, leaving the fate of the West Bank to be settled among the Israelis, the local leaders, and the PLO.

Some Jordanians have put forward another argument for washing their hands of this question. If there is to be any kind of negotiation with Israel, it will have to include some elements of compromise. Somebody, that is to say, speaking for the Arabs, will have to make territorial concessions along the border and perhaps also in Jerusalem. Why should the Jordanian monarchy saddle itself with the responsibility for making these concessions? Would it not be wiser to leave it to the PLO, which claims to speak for the Palestinian people, either to carry on the struggle or to make the necessary concessions, whichever it may be? The Jordanian monarchy, according to this argument, is safer avoiding both. In accepting the decisions of the Arab summit conference, held in Rabat at the end of October 1974, to leave the Palestine cause to the PLO, King Hussein was thus complying with the wishes of an important group in his own country, which, for quite different reasons, had come to the same conclusion.

The local leadership probably commands more real support among those Palestinians who have remained in Palestine than does either the monarchy or the PLO. One of them remarked in conversation: "We are the Palestinians, we who stayed. We are represented neither by Bedouins in Amman nor by gangsters in Beirut." Their problem is that while on the one hand they have been unable to form a coherent general leadership or to formulate a decisive policy while the Israeli occupation continues, on the other hand, if the Israelis depart before any such leadership or policy has emerged, the local leadership would certainly be overwhelmed in a clash among the rival contenders. The behavior of the population on the West Bank reflects very closely their varying—often inaccurate—assessment of the immediate prospects of the Hashemites, the PLO, and the Israelis. They will, after all, have to go on living under whichever force prevails.

Yet the local leadership probably constitutes the best hope for a peaceful solution in any agreement between the two neighboring states, Israel and Jordan.

The PLO, in the past, has made no secret of its refusal to consider any compromise involving the continued existence of Israel. While PLO leaders no longer speak in public of "driving the Jews into the sea,"* their formula of a secular, democratic republic of Palestine allows no place for the continued existence of a separate Jewish state or national identity. This formula has won considerable support in the West and has also aroused considerable criticism. It raises a number of questions, for some of which the literature of the PLO itself provides answers. Some critics

* As a contribution toward the new image, Mr. Shukeiry explained that all that he had meant was that the Jews had come by sea and would return the same way (Fuad A. Jabber, *International Documents on Palestine 1967*, Beirut, 1970, p. 571). "Driving the Jews into the sea" thus merely denoted a form of embarkation.

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have questioned the precise meaning of the words "secular" and "democratic" in this context and have asked in what way this state will differ from the nineteen Arab states already in existence.*

There is no need to look into a hypothetical future to see the difficulties embodied in the PLO formula. The Palestinian National Charter makes it quite clear that the secular, democratic Palestinian republic which is envisaged is an Arab state. Article 1 of the Charter states that "Palestine is the homeland of the Arab Palestinian people; it is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland, and the Palestinian people are an integral part of the Arab nation." This reproduces in a modified and somewhat strengthened form a clause to be found at the present time in the constitutions of most of the Arab states.

Western writers about the PLO—for example in *Time* magazine, November 11, 1974 and the New York *Times Magazine,* December 8, 1974—describe the objective of the PLO as a Palestine republic in which "Arabs and Jews" would live side by side. The PLO in its literature never uses the expression "Arabs and Jews," for to do so would be to admit the existence of a Jewish nation and it is cardinal to PLO ideology that there is no such thing. The formula which they use is "Muslims, Christians, and Jews." The Jews, in their view, are purely a religious minority who possess no separate national identity and have no right to a separate state. They would have a place in the Palestine republic as a minority within the Palestinian Arab nation and it is only to "Palestinian Jews" that this measure of recognition is accorded. This is explained in Article 6 of the Charter, which states that "The Jews who had normally resided in Palestine until the beginning of the Zionist invasion will be considered Palestinians." The Charter does not date the "beginning of the Zionist invasion," but other documents have dated it, at different times, from the creation of the state of Israel in 1948 and, in a later decision, from the publication of the Balfour Declaration in 1917. In his United Nations speech of November 13, 1974, Mr. Arafat went even further. "The Jewish invasion of Palestine began in 1881." The implication, spelled out in some of the literature, is that those Jews who cannot be classified as Palestinian and therefore Arab would leave and return to their places of origin or to the places of origin of their parents.

THEORETICALLY, there are three possible types of solution to the Palestine problem. The first of these is that put forward by the PLO and its apologists—the creation of a secular, democratic republic of Palestine. This might be confined to Western Palestine or part of it, or might include the East Bank too, which would of course involve the liquidation of the Jordanian monarchy.†

This would not be a bi-national state, a proposal for which there is no significant group of support on either side—the only supporters are some minor Jewish left-wing groups in Israel and some Western sympathizers of the PLO who either misunderstand or misinterpret its purposes. Even if attempted, a bi-national state would almost certainly be unworkable. The experience of bi-national states in such relatively peaceful countries as Belgium and Canada offers no encouragement for the prospects of a union of two peoples divided by decades of strife and separated by wide disparities.

Since no state will negotiate or cooperate on the basis of its own liquidation, it may be taken as axiomatic that Israel will resist any such solution, if necessary by war. This danger is aggravated by the fact that if the Arabs seemed to be within sight of gaining their objective, the Israelis would almost certainly resort to the nuclear option, thereby confronting the world with new and grave problems.

A second solution is that which has been propounded for some time past by King Hussein—a restoration of Jordanian sovereignty on the West Bank, where necessary with some territorial adjustments, and possibly with a large measure of autonomy for the West Bank under the common Jordanian crown. This in many ways once seemed to offer the best hope for a peaceful solution of the problem, and the Israeli government has been severely criticized, both at home and abroad, for

* The following are excerpts from Arab constitutions:

Algeria, September 8, 1963, Article 4: "Islam is the religion of the State."

Egypt, September 11, 1971, Article 2: "Islam is the State religion and Arabic its official language. Islamic jurisprudence is a chief source for legislation."

Iraq, July 16, 1970 (Provisional), Article 4: "Islam is the religion of the State."

Jordan, January 8, 1952, Article 2: "Islam is the religion of the State."

Kuwait, November 11, 1962, Article 2: "The religion of the State is Islam, and Islamic jurisprudence shall be a chief source for legislation."

Libya, December 11, 1969 (Provisional), Article 2: "Islam is the religion of the State."

Mauritania, May 20, 1961, Article 2: "Islam is the religion of the Mauritanian people."

Morocco, March 10, 1972, Article 6: "Islam is the religion of the State."

Qatar, April 2, 1970 (Provisional), Article 7: "The State shall endeavor to instill proper Islamic religious principles in society."

Sudan, April 14, 1973, Article 16: "In the Democratic Republic of Sudan there is the Islamic religion. Society is rightly guided by Islam, the religion of the Majority. The State tries to express its values."

Syria, March 12, 1973, Article 3: "Islamic jurisprudence is a chief source for legislation."

Tunisia, June 1, 1959, Article 1: "Islam is the religion of the State."

United Arab Emirates, December 2, 1971, Article 6: "Islam is the religion of the State and Islamic jurisprudence is a chief source for legislation."

† Maps which appear in emblems of the PLO and of some of its constituent groups show Western Palestine only; on the other hand, the decisions of the Palestine National Council (see below p. 48) indicate an intention of establishing and joining forces with a similar regime on the East Bank.

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having missed the opportunity while it existed. Israeli objections to such a solution were of several kinds. The least important was that of the nationalist and religious fanatics, who refuse to give up any part of the territory promised to the Children of Israel in the Bible—though parliamentary or electoral considerations may give them a prominence out of all proportion to their real strength. A second objection, in left-wing and "progressive" circles, was that no solution could be reached with a reactionary monarch and that the Israelis should try to reach some kind of understanding with the Palestinians themselves. A third and more practical argument—probably the decisive one with successive Israeli governments—was that King Hussein lacked the necessary strength to sustain such an agreement even if it were possible to reach it. Since the Rabat decisions, such a possibility, for the time being at least, would seem to have lapsed.

The third possibility, now the only one under consideration, is the creation of an Arab Palestinian state in those parts of Mandatory Palestine to be relinquished by Israel. There are objections to such a state from both the Arab and the Israeli points of view. The argument that it would not be economically or politically viable is not in itself an overwhelming one—there are many sovereign states now in existence which are poorer in population or resources or both than the proposed Arab state on the West Bank. A more serious objection from the Arab point of view is that such a state would inevitably become an Israeli Bantustan, a puppet state nominally independent but effectively dominated by Israel. This, from the Arab point of view, would carry the further danger that such a state could serve as a means of Israeli penetration economically and perhaps even by other means into the Arab hinterland. To some extent, through the economic relations between Israel and the occupied West Bank and between the occupied West Bank and the East Bank, such economic penetration already exists.

From the Israeli and perhaps also from the Jordanian point of view, the danger of such a state is that far from becoming an Israeli Bantustan it would become a nest of terrorists and a launching pad for attacks on both its neighbors. Those Jordanians who favor this solution discount the danger. Even the most ferocious of terrorists, they argue, once in control of a state organism, are inevitably transformed into politicians governed by normal political criteria and restraints, and the leaders of the PLO would be no exception once they found themselves actually responsible for the administration of a territory. Nor, according to this view, would the sobering effect of power and responsibility be the only restraint. Even if the rulers of this West Bank state showed a disposition to threaten either Israel or Jordan, both governments possess the means to protect themselves. Eventually, it is argued, such a state would be bound to turn to Jordan for acceptance, since there is nowhere else for it to go. An alternative possibility, however, is that such a state might take over Jordan, by overthrowing the Hashemite monarchy.

IF THE Arab-Israeli conflict had been a purely local one, it would almost certainly have been solved long since or, at least, have dwindled into insignificance. Neither side is able, unaided, to impose its will by force on the other, and both have come to understand this as a result of a series of inconclusive conflicts. Left to themselves, they would sooner or later have settled down to some kind of arrangement based on mutual tolerance which might, with the passage of time, have given way to something better. Arabs and Israelis alike are weary of the endless, futile, and costly struggle, of the strains imposed on their economies and societies by the need for a permanent state of readiness for war, and by the wasteful deflection to military purposes of human and material resources in short supply and urgently needed for internal reconstruction. On both sides there is a growing disillusionment with ideological mystiques and growing doubt about the attainability or even the desirability of some of the purposes which their leaders have put before them. If left alone, they would probably in time have come to one or other of two results. Either they would have evolved some compromise solution satisfactory to neither side but acceptable to both, or else the issue would have gone on smoldering as a minor local conflict, troublesome but not crucial to those directly involved and a minor nuisance to the rest of the world. The Arab refugees would have been in part resettled, in part returned without international aid or intervention, as were the many millions who fled or were driven from their homes in Asia, Europe, and Africa when the world was reshaped in the upheavals that followed World War II.

Even if there had been no earlier settlement, the war in October 1973 might well have resolved the issue. On this occasion, the Arab states attacking Israel did so with the maximum advantage of tactical and strategic surprise and at a time when Israel was riven by domestic difficulties and isolated internationally. In spite of this, the Arabs were unable to gain a decisive military victory and were saved by an internationally imposed cease-fire from what might well have been a military disaster.

Unfortunately for both parties, their dispute is not a purely local one, but is complicated by a number of regional and external factors. One of these is the United Nations, which has been involved in the Palestine dispute from the moment when the British government announced that it was giving up its Mandate and returning the responsibility to the United Nations, as the legitimate successor of the League of Nations which had conferred the Mandate on Britain in the first place. The role of the United Nations in the

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whole Palestine dispute has been, to say the least, ambiguous. The UN was once defined by the late Tibor Szamuely as "an organization for the conservation of conflict." This is perhaps overstated but contains some element of truth. At times, the UN in dealing with international conflicts seems to act rather like some branches of modern medicine in dealing with what used to be fatal diseases. It has made sufficient progress to prevent the patient from dying but not enough to cure him, and instead keeps him in a state of permanent invalidism. In the meantime, the UN, immobilized or deflected by the politics and interests of its members, and increasingly weighed down by its own professionalism, tends, all too often, to conserve what it cannot resolve.

One of the reasons for the ineffectiveness of the UN in finding a solution to the Palestine problem is that the area has itself become a battleground for rival great powers. The role of the powers is not new. For a long time the Arab-Jewish conflict in Palestine was exacerbated by involvement of the European great powers, Britain and France not wholly in agreement on the one hand, Germany and Italy not wholly in agreement on the other. These four have now withdrawn from direct political concern. They have, however, been replaced. The West is now represented by the United States, the East by the Soviet Union which in many ways has taken over, far more successfully, the role formerly played by Nazi Germany.

At first the Soviet attitude to the Palestine movement and organizations was a rather negative one. The Soviet Union favors the maintenance of the political status quo in regions where it exercises influence. It preferred to deal with Arab governments, and won a considerable measure of success with several of them. The Palestine movement as a radical force not controlled from Moscow aroused its mistrust and misgiving, and was seen as a danger to the existing governments and to the relationship which they had established with the Soviet Union. As Soviet influence with Arab governments has weakened, Soviet interest in Arab radicals has grown. During the past year or two the Soviet government has paid increasing attention to the PLO and has cultivated relations with at least some of its leaders. The Soviets were visibly less than delighted with the progress toward disengagement and negotiation secured by Henry Kissinger during his travels in the first half of 1974. The PLO serves a useful function as part of the political minefield which the Soviets have thought it expedient to lay across the road to peace, and which they can detonate as and when there seems to be a serious danger of settlement not under their auspices and not in accordance with their interests.

There have been several indications of Soviet interest in the PLO—visits and meetings, supply of weapons, and, most significantly, the passage through Czechoslovakia of the Arab operatives whose attack in Vienna in September 1973 ended the use of Schönau as a transit center for Soviet Jewish emigrants.* It is difficult to believe that armed men could have crossed a Communist country by train without the connivance of the authorities.

Even more striking was Andrei Gromyko's support for the Palestinians at the time of the Syrian disengagement agreement in May 1974. In the Egyptian disengagement agreement, a clause had applied the cease-fire to "military and paramilitary actions." The Syrians refused to include the reference to paramilitary actions, and had their way. Mr. Gromyko did not conceal his direct interest in retaining this option of paramilitary warfare.

A second complicating factor is that of oil. In one sense this is a straightforward commercial problem—the normal desire of a producer to get as much money as he can for his product while the demand for it lasts and while the supply is still available. One may dispute the wisdom or even the morality of the policies pursued by the oil-producing countries, but one cannot deny their short-term effectiveness. The desire to secure as great as possible a return from the sale of oil is a rational motivation, and the actions which it inspires are therefore predictable, discussible, and negotiable. At least, they would be if it were a purely commercial question; but it is not. The attitude of the oil producers, Arab and other, toward the Western consumer countries must be seen in a somewhat larger context, as part of a broader issue of which it is, in a sense, an expression. This is not the Arab-Israel conflict nor yet the confrontation of great powers or superpowers but another and older confrontation which has variously been depicted as between rich and poor, between developed and developing, between the industrial powers and the suppliers of raw materials, or between the West and the Third World. For many of the inhabitants of the Third, or poorer, World, this confrontation is far more significant and has a far profounder impact than the remote and, to them, largely irrelevant rivalries between the superpowers. It may seem strange to use such words as poor in speaking of the newly rich oil-producing countries of the Middle East. Yet despite the immense wealth accruing to them, poverty remains the basic condition of most of their population and still colors their national and especially their social and political attitudes.

This confrontation is the culmination of a long process which has been going on for centuries. It began with the expansion of Europe from both ends in the late 15th century, the Russians from the East, the Portuguese and other maritime na-

* Some observers regard the Schönau operation, carried out on the eve of the October war, as a diversionary tactic forming part of the preparations for the surprise attack, and see the Soviet complicity in the raid as evidence of Soviet involvement in the planning of the war.

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tions from the West. This expansion, and the ascendancy to which it gave rise, eventually affected the whole world. It took different forms in different places. In some areas it led to direct colonial rule. In the Middle East this only happened in a few places and for relatively brief periods. In most of the countries of the Middle East, the impact of Western domination was indirect but, nevertheless, powerful enough to shatter the old society beyond repair and to initiate a process of violent social, economic, and political change which disrupted the traditional order, destroyed traditional loyalties and relationships, and engendered a deep resentment against the Western standard-bearers of the civilization from which these changes originated.

Muslims are the bearers of an old and proud tradition. Their growing awareness during the past century that they had been relegated in the world to a subordinate and imitative role was hard to bear. For some time now there has been a mood of revulsion in these countries against the civilization of the West and against the characteristic institutions associated with it, such as liberal democracy and free enterprise. In this mood of revulsion any opportunity to show and use strength against the West is a source of deep satisfaction. The mood was not created by the Soviets, but has on several occasions been effectively used by them. An early indication was the response of public opinion in even the conservative and pro-Western Arab states to the first Soviet-Egyptian arms deal in 1955, the announcement of which was greeted with enthusiasm and congratulation all over the Arab world. What gave so much pleasure was not the spread of Soviet influence, which caused deep concern to many, but rather the slap in the face administered to the West. There have been some other occasions since, but none as effective or as gratifying as the use of the oil weapon. This gave a sense of power and elation to those who used it, a feeling which must certainly be gratifying but is at the same time very dangerous. A few months ago, I was discussing with a Palestinian Arab leader the situation of his people after the October war. His general mood was an unhappy one. He took the view that the governments of Egypt, Jordan, and Syria were concerned chiefly with recovering the territories which they had lost and in serving their own separate interests, and he had little doubt that they would betray the Palestinians if they had the chance. He even went so far as to express the opinion that the Palestinians should take care not to be represented at all in the Geneva talks, then in preparation, neither by the PLO nor by the King nor by any combination of the two. "We are going to be betrayed anyway," he said, "why should we underwrite our own betrayal by our presence?" When, however, we started speaking of oil, his eyes lit up and his manner changed. "We have the world by the throat," he said. The idea of having the world at their mercy was widespread, and brought solace to a people smarting under the long domination of alien powers and cultures.

This mood, which is not new, has in the past made the Arabs ready victims of any force opposing the West and prepared to challenge both Western power and Western values. For example, it enabled the Nazis in the 30's and early 40's, while in fact offering the Arabs very little even in the form of promises, nevertheless to win extensive support in Arab countries. It now enables the Russians to do the same—often the same support, from the same quarters. The Russians have succeeded where the Nazis failed and have established themselves in the Middle East, thereby initiating a process of disillusionment which has since gone very far. But they have been and still are able on occasion to use and exploit the anti-Western mood, and in this they have been greatly helped by the acquiescence of Europe.

The mood is a dangerous one, and could lead to dangerous miscalculations. In the meantime, the oil weapon remains powerful, but with the disadvantage, from the Arab point of view, of pointing in the wrong direction. Its effect when last used was to cause inconvenience in America, hardship in Europe, and suffering in the countries of Asia and Africa: i.e., in inverse proportion to the degree of support for the Arabs. It is true that inconvenience in the United States may be politically more effective than hardship in Europe or suffering in Asia and Africa, but the price and the risk are both high.

Whatever the ultimate result may be, the immediate effect of the oil weapon is to give Arab leaders a sense of power which is by no means ungrounded, and therefore to encourage those who stand for more militant and less moderate policies. This could mean a renewed danger of war in the winter months, when the oil weapon will be most effective, and when weather conditions will favor the Arabs, who rely more on missiles and guns, and hamper the Israelis, who rely more on airpower.

FINALLY, the issue has been complicated by a whole series of local divergences and divisions of a number of different types. There are rivalries or, more, clashes of interest among the different Arab states, which have now developed to the point of view of pursuing specific national policies, national in the sense of Egyptian, Iraqi, Jordanian, etc., rather than Arab or pan-Arab—and these are often in conflict.

The decline of pan-Arabism has been an important element in the rise of a separate Palestinian identity. Several factors have contributed to this process. One of them is the Arab-Israel conflict itself. The conspicuous failure of the Arab League and of the Arab states to prevent the formation of Israel or to secure its dissolution was seen as a failure of pan-Arabism; so too was their

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inability either to concert effective action against Israel or to find effective help for the Palestinians, whether by returning them to their homes or by resettling them elsewhere. Arab spokesmen were also becoming aware of a certain propaganda weakness in the pan-Arab position affecting their case against Israel. If, as the pan-Arabs argued, the Arabs were indeed one single nation and the Arab countries one single, vast homeland, then they had suffered the loss only of a province and of a very small one at that compared with the enormous area of the greater Arab fatherland stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic. The loss of territory involved, the numbers of people displaced, were far smaller and less important than those endured by various nations in Europe, Asia, and Africa in the period immediately preceding the first Arab-Israel war. This made their problem seem relatively insignificant, their grievance disproportionate.

If, on the other hand, Palestine was seen not as a province but as a nation, then the position of the Palestinians against Israel was substantially different. As members of a nation that had lost its homeland, instead of an additional and troublesome item on the long and dreary list of refugees, their posture before world opinion was much more favorable. Human tragedy becomes a bore; politics can always be made exciting.

Another factor working against pan-Arabism was the growing solidity of the individual states. This was already clear in the rivalries which divided the Arab states invading Palestine in 1948, even at the moment of danger. It has become much clearer since, particularly after the political and social changes which have created differences of regime and ideology as well as conflicts of state interest among them.

The role of Egypt has been of special importance in this process. Egypt was a latecomer to pan-Arabism, and for some time was interested in it only as a possible adjunct to her own national policies. It was an adjunct that did little good for Egypt, involving her in a disastrous war in the Yemen, an ill-starred union with Syria, and a succession of other misadventures. Worst of all, it led to humiliating defeats at the hands of the Israelis. As a result, Egyptian pan-Arabism was attacked both at home and abroad. While many Arabs saw Egyptian policy as an attempt to exploit the Arab cause for Egyptian imperial purposes, in Egypt, on the other hand, there were many who saw in Egyptian pan-Arabism a subordination of Egyptian national interests to pan-Arab fantasies and the squandering of Egyptian lives and resources in a cause not their own. This view was put with dramatic force by an Egyptian journalist who said (but did not write), "Egypt has for long enough been the blood bank of the Arab world."

Pan-Arabism was also adversely affected by the growth and spread of Soviet influence in the Arab world. The Soviets do not like supranational or interstate ideologies other than those which they direct and control, and they discouraged pan-Arabism among their own followers, preferring to deal separately with individual Arab governments.

Most significant of all in this respect is the changing attitude of the Palestinians themselves. At one time they were among the most enthusiastic supporters of pan-Arabism and the most prominent exponents of its ideology. But they met bitter disappointments and in recent years have begun to think less of pan-Arabism and more of their own concerns.

BEFORE a solution between the Israelis and the Arabs becomes remotely possible, the history of the conflict has to pass through two phases. In the first phase, the issue at stake is the very existence of Israel, which in the past the Arab states and the Arab leaders as well as the Palestinians steadfastly refused to recognize. In this phase any agreement or even negotiation is clearly impossible, since there can be no compromise, no midway point between existing and not existing. On the Arab side negotiation was clearly not possible with a state whose very right to exist the Arabs did not recognize. Even to enter into such negotiation would be to give away the point which they regarded as fundamental in the whole conflict. For the Israelis, equally, no negotiation or discussion was possible in the absence of a willingness on the other side to recognize them. No state would connive at its own dismemberment; any state would seek maximum protection against political and, perhaps, physical extinction. It was in this period that the question of direct negotiation became crucial for both sides. By entering into direct negotiations with Israel, the Arab states would be giving her a vital token of recognition. By refusing to negotiate they were maintaining their refusal to recognize her existence. For Arabs and Israelis alike the question of direct negotiation thus acquired a symbolic significance which it has retained for both sides ever since.

Then came an intermediate phase in the dispute. With some Arab states, notably Egypt and Jordan, there was a gradual acceptance of the existence of Israel and a willingness to formalize that acceptance in diplomatic statements and even negotiations short of agreement. Progress was still hindered, however, by the basic Arab unwillingness to abandon the hope that Israel would somehow finally disappear and by the corresponding Israeli unwillingness to cast aside fears of the same thing. Israeli leaders are keenly aware of the Arab rhetoric of destruction which as the responsible leaders of a threatened nation they cannot dismiss with the same ease as Western journalists and commentators. Their fears are reinforced by recent examples of the horrors of warfare in Biafra and East Pakistan, and by the terrible memory of the Holocaust in Europe which is and still remains the dominant experience in

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the lifetime of the senior generation of Israelis.

Nevertheless there has been some progress. There is a growing awareness among Arabs that they are not able and will not be permitted to destroy Israel in the foreseeable future and that they must therefore, however reluctantly, come to terms with her existence. Similarly, there is a new and keener awareness among Israelis of the Palestinians, and of the need to find an answer to their problems.

With Israel's existence accepted as axiomatic, the Israel-Arab conflict could move into a new phase in which the issue is no longer the existence or non-existence of the state, a problem by its very nature insoluble, but its size—a diplomatic and political problem of a more traditional type, a dispute about borders.

Several Arab leaders have already indicated their readiness, even if in carefully indirect terms, to accept the continuance of Israel as a state and even to enter into direct negotiations under suitable conditions. This acceptance, if conveyed convincingly, could achieve the indispensable normalization of the conflict, making it a "normal" political dispute about frontiers with issues which can be formulated, discussed, and eventually resolved. Legally Israel has never had frontiers, only cease-fire lines; this is the status even of the former international border between Mandatory Palestine and Egypt, which by the Egyptian-Israeli armistice agreement of February 24, 1949 was established as a cease-fire line "not to be construed in any sense as a political or territorial boundary."

Many difficulties still remain. From time to time Arab statements, including even some fairly recent speeches by President Sadat, revive the deepest Israeli fears of Arab intentions. One of the most unfortunate consequences of the Iron Curtain that separates Arabs and Israelis is almost total lack of understanding on both sides. On the Arab side there is little or no perception of the meaning of the Holocaust for Jews in Israel and elsewhere in the 20th century and of the searing impact this experience has left on the Jewish consciousness. Some Arab comment on the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem is instructive in this respect—with its lack of sensitivity and, at times, even its strong expressions of approval for Eichmann's achievement and regret that he left it unfinished. The same is true of some of President Sadat's remarks—for example, his praise of Hitler and his promise to reduce the Jews to their proper state of abjectness. Even more disturbing, to a nation of survivors, is the Arab fondness for open-ended formulas, such as "the removal of the consequences of aggression," "the recovery of Arab lands," and "the restoration of the rights of the Palestinians." From an Arab viewpoint, the very existence of Israel, as the late President Nasser put it, is an aggression,* and all its territory is usurped Arab land, while the restoration of rights of the Palestinians, as interpreted by those now recognized as their sole legitimate spokesmen, would require the disappearance of Israel and the departure of most of its inhabitants—necessarily so, since otherwise the proposed republic of Palestine would have a Jewish majority. Israelis are acutely conscious of this—and Arabs seem to have little awareness of Israeli fears.

Similarly, on the Israeli side there has until recently been little awareness of the sense of outrage that colors Arab reactions to the fate of the Palestinians and the creation of a Jewish state and, coupled with this, Arab fears of what they regard as Israeli expansionism. These fears derive some color from the successive stages in which the territorial limits of Israel were set further and further from the original partition lines. The Israelis can find good reasons for these successive territorial advances, but the Arab fears which they arouse are, from time to time, reinforced by the intemperate utterances of Israeli extremists, and need to be allayed before real progress is possible.

The Arabs still find themselves basically confronted with a choice between two objectives: either to accept the existence of Israel and try to reach a settlement by negotiation on the best terms available to them, or to pursue their original objective of unraveling the past, a part at a time—first the 1973 war, then the 1967 war, then the 1948 war, and so ultimately to undo what they regard as the great injustice constituted by the very existence of Israel. This option is explicitly retained, even by moderates, by the common use of the open-ended formulas cited above. While there are certainly many Arab leaders willing to seek peace by negotiation, it would be foolish to overlook the fact that there are others who are still firmly determined to destroy Israel and who regard any settlement after the October war as merely a first step toward that end. In the West, the continued existence of Israel is now generally taken for granted, even among those who at the time deplored the birth of the Jewish state. They would have approved contraception, and perhaps condoned infanticide, but balk at murder. It is thus difficult for Westerners, unmarked either by Arab bitterness or Jewish experience, to realize to what extent the survival of Israel is still an issue for both.

BETWEEN Israel and the neighboring states it is at least theoretically possible for negotiations to begin and for agreements to be reached. Is there such a possibility between Israel and the PLO?

The PLO is a comparatively new force in Middle Eastern politics, but it represents an old one. Basically, it is a continuation of the Arab Higher Committee which, under the leadership of the Grand Mufti Haj Amin al-Husseini, directed the destinies of the Arab population of Palestine

* Press conference of May 28, 1967.

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through most of the Mandatory period, and finally led them to disaster. Their most consistent and characteristic feature was their maximalism —their unwillingness to compromise at any point. From the start, they refused to recognize or negotiate with the Jewish Agency, and maintained this refusal up to the end. Thus, at the St. James's Palace conference of February 1939, at which the Arab governments were for the first time invited to participate in the discussion of the Palestine problem, all the Arab delegations followed the lead of the Arab Higher Committee and refused to meet the Jewish delegation face to face in direct negotiation, so that the conference really consisted of two separate and parallel conferences, one British-Arab, the other British-Jewish. The British Colonial Office punctiliously designated the meetings "the Palestine Conferences"—in the plural. It is hardly surprising that no agreement was reached at this or any other stage. Arab moderates who opposed the Mufti's line were eliminated or terrorized into acquiescence, and every attempt at a compromise proposed by the Mandatory power was rejected—in every case with results ultimately harmful to the Arab cause. Their refusal of the small Jewish state proposed by the Peel Commission in 1937 prepared the way for the somewhat larger Jewish state recommended by the United Nations in 1947—and the refusal of that by force of arms resulted in the substantially larger Jewish state defined by the armistice agreements in 1949. The same policy again produced the same results, and led to further conflict, and still larger areas of Israeli rule.

Other Arabs, both in Palestine and in the neighboring states, may have decided to call a halt and seek a compromise—but not the PLO. They have, however, adopted a change of tactics, and put it into effect with considerable success, through a really superb use of the techniques of public relations. Without in any way compromising their basic positions, they have managed, to many observers, to convey an impression of moderation and reasonableness. While on the one hand appearing, where appropriate, as liberal patriots of a somewhat conservative disposition, they have on the other hand contrived to maintain close links with the international radical guerrilla and terrorist movements. Their spokesmen can address the General Assembly of the UN, call on Castro, be received in audience by the Pope, and engage in private conversations with Moscow, Paris, and perhaps Washington.*

One method of achieving this result is to maintain simultaneously several different levels of discourse. The statements of the PLO in its Arabic publications are modified or even suppressed in their statements in English—and these in turn are often further modified for publication in the Western press. A good example of this may be seen in the debates which followed the disengagement agreements signed in the first half of 1974. Under strong pressure from some Arab governments, discussions began in the PLO on the question of participation in the Geneva negotiations then contemplated, and on the possibility of setting up a Palestinian state on the West Bank. Both of these would involve some measure of recognition of Israel, and even, if successful, some form of cooperation, and therefore run entirely contrary to PLO ideology. The issue was hotly debated, and an agreed on position set forth in a series of resolutions adopted in a meeting of the Palestine National Council held in Cairo in the first week of June 1974.† These make it clear that the PLO was not prepared to renounce any of its maximalist positions, that it would regard any such state merely as a first step toward its ultimate aim of an all-Palestine state, and that the struggle to attain this end would continue. The text of these resolutions was published in full in the Arabic press, and in a slightly abridged version in *Le Monde,* but was not published in either the London *Times,* or in the New York *Times,* the latter of which contented itself with discussing, without citing, the decisions under the heading "Palestinian Moderates on Council Gain."**

The same process can be seen in the reporting of the Rabat summit conference. According to the New York *Times,* in a Reuters report from Rabat datelined October 29, the Arab summit decided, *inter alia,* "to affirm the rights of the Palestinian people to establish an independent national authority, under Palestine Liberation Organization leadership, as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people on any liberated Palestinian territory." The Arabic text, as published in the Arabic press, "affirms that any Palestinian land that is liberated through the pursuit of the struggle in its different forms will return to its lawful Palestinian owner, under the leadership of the PLO, and affirms the right to set up an independent national authority on the liberated land." Here there is a clear reference to the decisions taken in June.

Sometimes these feats of public relations can be dangerous or even disastrous to those who perform them. By the summer of 1970 the Arab guerrillas had won enormous successes, when they took the world press by storm and captured the television screens of most Western nations with clips of guerrilla fighters in camouflage suits leaping across the barriers of an assault course and explaining their cause in terms that won them widespread sympathy. The recognition and acclaim which they achieved at that time must have led them grossly to overestimate their own real strength. Only this can account for their readiness to flout and challenge the Jordanian king and army by bringing hijacked aircraft within

* These successes have no doubt been helped by the oil-rich Arab kings and presidents whose largesse has made the PLO the wealthiest revolutionary movement in history.

† See Appendix II, p. 48.

** New York *Times,* June 10, 1974.

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sight of the capital. The resulting civil war showed that the guerrillas were no match for disciplined regular troops.

Now the PLO has again won a great propaganda victory. It is unlikely to bring much benefit to anyone. The General Assembly has set a precedent, and may now expect applications from Kurdish, Naga, Greek, Irish, Puerto Rican, South American, and other resistance movements, and perhaps even from opponents of Soviet domination in Europe or Asia—though these will be last in the line. The PLO will be encouraged in its maximalist positions, and may bring the Middle East problem back to a state of deadlock or even war. The Arabs on the West Bank will be even more confused and uncertain about their future and unwilling to take risks, so that the feasible solutions of the problem—through the West Bank leadership, or the King, or the two together, are for the time being impossible.

Israeli spokesmen usually justify their refusal to deal with the PLO by describing that organization as a band of terrorists and murderers. This is basically irrelevant, and shows a degree of fastidiousness that is out of accord with the realities of the modern world. More than half the members of the United Nations are governed by regimes that use murder and terror as normal instruments of administration and policy. Many respected members of the comity of statesmen rose to power by murder and terror, and many others who obtained and retain power by more conventional procedures have no compunction in dealing with them. The standards of political conduct set in the 1930's have in general been respected, and whatever views one may have about the effect of these standards on the present state of the world and the future of civilization, a government and a member of the UN is bound to take cognizance of this fact. The real obstacle to Israel's negotiating with the PLO is not that they are terrorists, nor is it their method, unusual even among terrorists, of choosing the sites and objects of their endeavors. It is the simple fact that the PLO refuses to recognize the existence of Israel, and makes little serious attempt to disguise its intention of using any West Bank state of which it may obtain control as a first step toward the realization of its aim—the liquidation of Israel, and its replacement by a Palestine state in which those Israelis who could establish their Palestinian Arab identity would be allowed to remain as a religious minority, in accordance with the rules and practices of the secular, democratic republic which the PLO would inaugurate.

No Israeli government could conceivably negotiate on this basis. Israel might, however, find it wise to test the willingness or ability of the PLO to negotiate on any other.

It may be that such a test would confirm the views of those who argue that unlike other people, Arabs do not mean what they say, and that their most carefully drafted programs and decisions are nothing but empty rhetoric which will fade away at the first glimpse of a real state of their own. It is unlikely, but it is worth trying. And if it fails, one false trail can be abandoned, and the search for the right one resumed.

Meanwhile, with the expulsion of the Arab states from the soil of Palestine and the decline in pan-Arab commitment, the problem has returned to where it began. Sooner or later, a solution must be found, which will provide a home for the Palestinian refugees and an outlet for the Palestinian political elite. Both are needed. They may be achieved either by the destruction of Israel, or in a state, however named, that is willing to live at peace with her. As long as there is neither the power for the one nor the will for the other, there can be no end, and the Arab-Israel problem will continue to plague the Arabs, the Jews, and the world. Palestine is a historical memory, an ideological figment, which may, like others of the same kind, become a political reality, or may slip back into the oblivion from which it was rescued; the issue is not yet clear. The Palestinians, however, are real people, with a real problem, the solution of which is long overdue. It is often said that there can be no solution of the Arab-Israel conflict until the Palestine refugee problem is solved. This is arguable. What is lamentably clear is that there can be no solution of the refugee problem until the Arab-Israel problem is solved.

Appendix I
The Palestinian National Charter

(Palestine Liberation Organization) *

1. Palestine is the homeland of the Arab Palestinian people; it is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland, and the Palestinian people are an integral part of the Arab nation.

2. Palestine, with the boundaries it had during the British Mandate, is an indivisible territorial unit.

3. The Palestinian Arab people possess the legal right to their homeland and have the right to determine their destiny after achieving the liberation of their country in accordance with their wishes and entirely of their own accord and will.

4. The Palestinian identity is a genuine, essential, and inherent characteristic; it is transmitted from parents to children. The Zionist occupation and the dispersal of the Palestinian Arab people, through the disasters which befell them, do not make them lose their Palestinian identity and their membership in the Palestinian community, nor do they negate them.

5. The Palestinians are those Arab nationals who, until 1947, normally resided in Palestine regardless of whether

* Decisions of the National Congress of the Palestine Liberation Organization held in Cairo July 1-17, 1968.

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they were evicted from it or have stayed there. Anyone born, after that date, of a Palestinian father—whether inside Palestine or outside it—is also a Palestinian.

6. The Jews who had normally resided in Palestine until the beginning of the Zionist invasion will be considered Palestinians.

7. That there is a Palestinian community and that it has material, spiritual, and historical connection with Palestine are indisputable facts. It is a national duty to bring up individual Palestinians in an Arab revolutionary manner. All means of information and education must be adopted in order to acquaint the Palestinian with his country in the most profound manner, both spiritual and material, that is possible. He must be prepared for the armed struggle and ready to sacrifice his wealth and his life in order to win back his homeland and bring about its liberation.

8. The phase in their history, through which the Palestinian people are now living, is that of national struggle for the liberation of Palestine. Thus the conflicts among the Palestinian national forces are secondary, and should be ended for the sake of the basic conflict that exists between the forces of Zionism and of imperialism on the one hand, and the Palestinian Arab people on the other. On this basis the Palestinian masses, regardless of whether they are residing in the national homeland or in diaspora, constitute —both their organizations and the individuals—one national front working for the retrieval of Palestine and its liberation through armed struggle.

9. Armed struggle is the only way to liberate Palestine. Thus it is the overall strategy, not merely a tactical phase. The Palestinian Arab people assert their absolute determination and firm resolution to continue their armed struggle and to work for an armed popular revolution for the liberation of their country and their return to it. They also assert their right to normal life in Palestine and to exercise their right to self-determination and sovereignty over it.

10. Commando action constitutes the nucleus of the Palestinian popular liberation war. This requires its escalation, comprehensiveness, and the mobilization of all the Palestinian popular and educational efforts and their organization and involvement in the armed Palestinian revolution. It also requires the achieving of unity for the national struggle among the different groupings of the Palestinian people, and between the Palestinian people and the Arab masses, so as to secure the continuation of the revolution, its escalation, and victory.

11. The Palestinians will have three mottoes: national unity, national mobilization, and liberation.

12. The Palestinian people believe in Arab unity. In order to contribute their share toward the attainment of that objective, however, they must, at the present stage of their struggle, safeguard their Palestinian identity and develop their consciousness of that identity, and oppose any plan that may dissolve or impair it.

13. Arab unity and the liberation of Palestine are two complementary objectives, the attainment of either of which facilitates the attainment of the other. Thus, Arab unity leads to the liberation of Palestine, the liberation of Palestine leads to Arab unity; and work toward the realization of one objective proceeds side by side with work toward the realization of the other.

14. The destiny of the Arab nation, and indeed Arab existence itself, depend upon the destiny of the Palestine cause. From this interdependence spring the Arab nation's pursuit of, and striving for, the liberation of Palestine. The people of Palestine play the role of the vanguard in the realization of this sacred national goal.

15. The liberation of Palestine, from an Arab viewpoint, is a national duty and it attempts to repel the Zionist and imperialist aggression against the Arab homeland, and aims at the elimination of Zionism in Palestine. Absolute responsibility for this falls upon the Arab nation—peoples and governments—with the Arab people of Palestine in the vanguard. Accordingly, the Arab nation must mobilize all its military, human, moral, and spiritual capabilities to participate actively with the Palestinian people in the liberation of Palestine. It must, particularly in the phase of the armed Palestinian revolution, offer and furnish the Palestinian people with all possible help, and material and human support, and make available to them the means and opportunities that will enable them to continue to carry out their leading role in the armed revolution, until they liberate their homeland.

16. The liberation of Palestine, from a spiritual point of view, will provide the Holy Land with an atmosphere of safety and tranquility, which in turn will safeguard the country's religious sanctuaries and guarantee freedom of worship and of visit to all, without discrimination of race, color, language, or religion. Accordingly, the people of Palestine look to all spiritual forces in the world for support.

17. The liberation of Palestine, from a human point of view, will restore to the Palestinian individual his dignity, pride, and freedom. Accordingly the Palestinian Arab people look forward to the support of all those who believe in the dignity of man and his freedom in the world.

18. The liberation of Palestine, from an international point of view, is a defensive action necessitated by the demands of self-defense. Accordingly, the Palestinian people, desirous as they are of the friendship of all people, look to freedom-loving, justice-loving, and peace-loving states for support in order to restore their legitimate rights in Palestine, to re-establish peace and security in the country, and to enable its people to exercise national sovereignty and freedom.

19. The partition of Palestine in 1947 and the establishment of the state of Israel are entirely illegal, regardless of the passage of time, because they were contrary to the will of the Palestinian people and to their natural right in their homeland, and inconsistent with the principles embodied in the Charter of the United Nations, particularly the right to self-determination.

20. The Balfour Declaration, the Mandate for Palestine, and everything that has been based upon them, are deemed null and void. Claims of historical or religious ties of Jews with Palestine are incompatible with the facts of history and the true conception of what constitutes statehood. Judaism, being a religion, is not an independent nationality. Nor do Jews constitute a single nation with an identity of its own; they are citizens of the states to which they belong.

21. The Arab Palestinian people, expressing themselves by the armed Palestinian revolution, reject all solutions which are substitutes for the total liberation of Palestine and reject all proposals aiming at the liquidation of the Palestinian problem, or its internationalization.

22. Zionism is a political movement organically associated with international imperialism and antagonistic to all action for liberation and to progressive movements in the world. It is racist and fanatic in its nature, aggressive, expansionist, and colonial in its aims, and fascist in its methods. Israel is the instrument of the Zionist movement, and a geographical base for world imperialism placed strategically in the midst of the Arab homeland to combat the hopes of the Arab nation for liberation, unity, and progress. Israel is a constant source of threat *vis-à-vis* peace in the Middle East and the whole world. Since the liberation of Palestine will destroy the Zionist and imperialist presence and will contribute to the establishment of peace in the Middle East, the Palestinian people look for the support of all the progressive and peaceful forces and urge them all, irrespective of their affiliations and beliefs, to offer the Palestinian people all aid and support in their just struggle for the liberation of their homeland.

23. The demands of security and peace, as well as the demands of right and justice, require all states to consider Zionism an illegitimate movement, to outlaw its existence, and to ban its operations, in order that friendly relations among peoples may be preserved, and the loyalty of citizens to their respective homelands safeguarded.

24. The Palestinian people believe in the principles of justice, freedom, sovereignty, self-determination, human dignity, and in the right of all peoples to exercise them.

25. For the realization of the goals of this Charter and

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its principles, the Palestine Liberation Organization will perform its role in the liberation of Palestine in accordance with the Constitution of this Organization.

26. The Palestine Liberation Organization, representative of the Palestinian revolutionary forces, is responsible for the Palestinian Arab people's movement in its struggle—to retrieve its homeland, liberate and return to it and exercise the right to self-determination in it—in all military, political, and financial fields and also for whatever may be required by the Palestine case on the inter-Arab and international levels.

27. The Palestine Liberation Organization shall cooperate with all Arab states, each according to its potentalities; and will adopt a neutral policy among them in the light of the requirements of the war of liberation; and on this basis it shall not interfere in the internal affairs of any Arab state.

28. The Palestinian Arab people assert the genuineness and independence of their national revolution and reject all forms of intervention, trusteeship, and subordination.

29. The Palestinian people possess the fundamental and genuine legal right to liberate and retrieve their homeland. The Palestinian people determine their attitude toward all states and forces on the basis of the stands they adopt *vis-à-vis* the Palestinian case and the extent of the support they offer to the Palestinian revolution to fulfill the aims of the Palestinian people.

30. Fighters and carriers of arms in the war of liberation are the nucleus of the popular army which will be the protective force for the gains of the Palestinian Arab people.

31. The Organization shall have a flag, an oath of allegiance, and an anthem. All this shall be decided upon in accordance with a special regulation.

32. Regulations, which shall be known as the Constitution of the Palestine Liberation Organization, shall be annexed to this Charter. It shall lay down the manner in which the Organization, and its organs and institutions, shall be constituted; the respective competence of each; and the requirements of its obligations under the Charter.

33. This Charter shall not be amended save by [vote of] a majority of two-thirds of the total membership of the National Congress of the Palestine Liberation Organization [taken] at a special session convened for that purpose.

SOURCE: *The Middle East and North Africa 1973-74*, 20th edition, Europa Publications (London), 1973, pp 61-62.

Appendix II

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PALESTINE NATIONAL COUNCIL, CAIRO, JUNE 1974

Resolutions adopted by the Palestine National Council at its meeting in Cairo and reported in the Arabic press on June 9, 1974. The text, prepared by a commission of seven formed by Mr. Yasir Arafat (Fatah), George Habash (PFLP), Zuhayr Mushin (Sa'iqa), Nayif Hawatmeh (PDFLP), Abd al-Wahhab Kayali (Arab Liberation Front), Ahmad Jebril (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, General Command) and 'Abd al-Mushsin Abu Mayzar (Palestine National Front for the Occupied Territories) was presented on Sunday, June 2, to the Council. A somewhat abridged version of the draft appeared in *Le Monde*, June 4, 1974.*

The ten points are as follows:

1. The PLO reaffirms its previous attitude concerning Security Council Resolution 242 which obliterates the patriotic and national rights of our people and treats our national cause as a refugee problem. It therefore refuses categorically any negotiations on the basis of this Resolution at any level of inter-Arab or international negotiation including the Geneva Conference.

2. The PLO will struggle by all possible means and foremost by means of armed struggle for the liberation of the Palestinian lands and the setting up of a patriotic, independent, fighting peoples' regime in every part of the Palestine territory which will be liberated. It affirms that this will only be accomplished through major changes in the balance of forces to the advantage of our people and their struggle.

3. The PLO will struggle against any proposal to set up a Palestine entity at the price of recognition, peace and secure boundaries, giving up the historic right and depriving our people of its right to return and to self-determination on its national soil.

4. The PLO will consider any step toward liberation which is accomplished as a stage in the pursuit of its strategy for the establishment of a democratic Palestinian state, as laid down in the decisions of previous National Council meetings.

5. The PLO will struggle together with patriotic Jordanian forces for the creation of a Jordanian-Palestinian patriotic front, the object of which will be the establishment of a patriotic, democratic regime in Jordan which will make common cause with the Palestinian entity which will arise as a result of struggle and conflict.

6. The PLO will struggle for the establishment of a fighting union between the Palestinian and Arab peoples and between all Arab liberation forces agreed on this program.

7. The Palestine national authority will strive to call on the Arab states in confrontation [with Israel] to complete the liberation of the whole of the soil of Palestine as a step on the way to comprehensive Arab unity.

8. The PLO will strive to strengthen its solidarity with the socialist countries and world forces of liberation and progress to thwart all Zionist, reactionary, and imperialist designs.

9. In the light of this program, the PLO will strive to strengthen patriotic unity and raise it to the level at which it will be able to fulfill its patriotic and national tasks and duties.

10. In the light of this program, the revolutionary command will prepare tactics which will serve and make possible the realization of these objectives.

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* *Le Monde* of June 11, 1974 reported that the Palestine National Council on June 9 added an eleventh point to the program stating that should a situation of decisive importance to the future of the Palestinian people arise, the Palestine National Council would convene an extraordinary session to discuss it.

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Driving Toward Jerusalem

A Sentimental Journey Through the West Bank

Hillel Halkin

1.

Haifa to Jenin: One hour

> From Samaria northward two routes of great interest and beauty lie before us. The one leads wesward through a line of valleys of extraordinary fertility, where in spite of the sparse population and the depredations of the Bedouin, large crops of wheat and barley meet the eye. . . . The town of Jenin, which lies at the juncture of several valleys and roads, is a place of considerable importance. Its Scripture name (En-Gannim), the fountain of the gardens, seems to be derived from a magnificent fountain of water which rises in the hills just behind the town, and irrigating the rich alluvial soil, turns it into a garden.
>
> —The Reverend Samuel Manning, *Those Holy Fields,* 1874

I HEAD out along the bay toward Acre rather than south along the road to Tel Aviv, turning inland at Nesher by the great four-chimneyed cement works. It's an unpromising beginning for a scenic route, a dismal industrial sink of smokestacks and foul tarns that could pass for New Jersey were it not for the occasional fronds of an asthmatic palm tree. Soon, though, I'm out of it, past suburban Tivon and skirting the western edge of the Valley of Jezreel. To one side is the well-watered valley, heroically green after six months of rainless summer, dotted with kibbutzim and moshavim, whose little red-roofed houses look requisitioned from a Monopoly set. Purple bougainvillea athletically scales their white walls. A combine is harvesting cotton in a field, elephantine, covered with white burrs. Sprinklers whir and jerk, their jets forming Gothic arches in the air. Visible in the distance are the gray mountains of Samaria, the heart of Arab Palestine, whose curving spine runs southward from Jenin, untouched by Jewish settlement to this day. It's a long-cut to Jerusalem, adding half an hour to the trip, but if one isn't in a hurry, the empty roads and mountain views redeem lost time.

If I haven't driven this way since the Yom Kippur War, though, it's not because I've been in any hurry. "I know," nodded an acquaintance sympathetically some time after the war, "I feel the same way. The less of them I have to see for a while, the happier I'll be." I shrugged: it wasn't an outrageous sentiment at the time, it just didn't happen to be mine. Fear, then? That *would* be absurd: if the criteria were actuarial, I'd rather take my chances any day on the highly infrequent grenade thrown at Israeli cars on the occupied West Bank than on the murderous traffic on Israel's coastal roads. A conqueror's qualms? But I don't *feel* like a conqueror—and if, objectively, as they say, I am one anyway, surely I was one before the last war too. Can I, as though by some precocious political dialectic of our times, have become more of one precisely when the conquest I represent seems more ephemeral than ever? It's not that either, then—and yet it is, too, only the opposite, the ephemerality of it, that is: a feeling more like relinquishment, that retrenchment of emotional interest that sometimes takes place when you know, or have reason to fear, that you are about to lose something precious, to ease the final wrench of which you begin to let go in advance. You do it in little ways, without really paying attention. Like driving to Jerusalem the old way, for instance, along the coast and up from the west. After all, it *is* quicker.

The road passes Megiddo, site of the once strategic pass where young King Josiah was killed by the Egyptians, trying vainly to stem the advance on Assyria of Pharaoh Necho, the pointless victim of his own foolish courage and the power politics of the day. It crosses the Hadera-Afula highway soon after, and several kilometers beyond that, the pre-1967 Israeli-Jordanian border, the "green line," as it is known in Israel today. (What a simple, complicated little phrase, half-cartographic, half-iconographic in its referents. An allusion to the color used on local maps to denote Israel's borders prior to the Six-Day War, it is at the same time a description, a metaphor, a

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challenge, a boast, a vindication, a tourist guide's cheap witticism, a fund-raising slogan, a title-claim to a country. Look! it says. The borders are gone now, see for yourselves. We, not they, have drained the swamps. We, not they, have made the desert bloom. We, not they, have reforested the mountainsides, dammed the wadis, diverted the rivers, raised the yields per dunam fivefold and ten. We, not they—and so it is our land, not theirs. Let the land speak!) All that still marks the old border is the remains of a smashed Jordanian tank barrier along the sides of the road, already weathered to look like something far older, the ruins of a Turkish aqueduct perhaps. Farther on a sign informs you that you have entered the occupied territories, and another, that the road has soft shoulders. The houses are built of stone now, flat-roofed, hiding behind dusty stone walls. A woman in a long cotton dress draws water from a well. Black Bedouin tents. Two barefoot boys on a donkey. The dun-colored fields are empty, abandoned. It is the dry, the dead time of year, in which the harvest is in and autumn planting has not yet begun, well past the season in which a shocked Ezekiel saw the women in the Temple mourning for the lovely Tammuz, whose willowy body perished with nature each summer. A peasant in the stubbly distance plows slowly behind a mule, turning up the dry earth to await the first autumn rains, after which he will sow. A field of beheaded sunflowers stands blindly in the morning heat, its pale stalks the color of raffia. A lone flowerhead, missed by the reapers, bows in final homage to the sun.

THE traffic coming against me is light: an old truck with its hood flaps removed in lieu of a cooling system, a shiny Mercedes taxi full of passengers from Jenin. A donkey trudges by with a load of firewood, its master nowhere in sight. A farmer stands barefoot in his yard, shoveling the last ears of a mound of yellow grain into a large gunnysack. Puddles of chaff still lie scattered about where the wind let them drop. . . . I think of another day, several years ago, when I saw grain being harvested at the other end of the West Bank. It was the holiday of Shavuot, the Feast of Weeks, and I had driven that morning with friends to visit the excavated old synagogue at biblical Eshtemoa, the Arab village of Sammu'a, which sits on a hilltop east of the Hebron-Beersheba road. *"Knees al-yahud, knees al-yahud!"*—the church of the Jews, the church of the Jews—shouted the band of boys who led us to the site, past the shells of several buildings that had been razed by an Israeli task force in 1966, in a raid that helped set the stage for the Six-Day War. What was left of the structure, whose fine, squared building blocks, with their raised Herodian borders reminiscent of the stones of the Wailing Wall, had been mostly carted away by the villagers over the centuries for cornerstones and lintels of their own, stood at the high point of the village across a narrow lane from the mosque. Over the remains of its northern wall, in which it was still possible to trace the outlines of the Ark that had been placed there to face the razed Temple mount in Jerusalem, there was a fine view of the mountains of Judea, already turned the dull tawn of the early Palestinian summer. *Judea capta*; yet here, hundreds of years after Titus's legions gutted the Sanctuary, Jews had still worshipped freely on the heights.

We were heading home, along a back road, when our car dipped down into a small, bowl-shaped valley in which our eyes were met by such a carnival of activity, a scene of such Breughellian proportions, that we could not take it in all at once. A whole village seemed to have turned out from somewhere in the hills to keep its yearly rendezvous with the valley. At the turn of the road was a field of full wheat in which a row of women in peasant embroidery was reaping, bending low to cut the high grain with the sickles in their right hands while they held its high spikes with their left: bending, cutting, and moving ahead, bending, cutting, and moving ahead, in a dancelike, repetitive two-step. After every few strokes they paused to gather the fallen wheat, binding it into sheaves with one of its own stalks. A round threshing floor had been laid out behind them to which these were removed. Tied to a pole, two yoked oxen orbited in a circle, crushing the grain beneath mindless, lumbering hooves. Windward of them the village men were winnowing, tossing the crushed wheat into the air with spread wooden fans. Caught by the breeze, the chaff streamed away like confetti to where sheep were being shorn at the other end of the valley. Two men pinned each squealing animal to the ground by its legs, its fat rump red with henna, while a third dodged expertly in and out with the shears. A stunned lamb lay unmoving for a while when released, then wandered off to eat back its pride in the fading grass. Peasant women were carding the fresh wool on the rocks. Where the road wound out of the valley an old crone, an ancient Lorelei, sat spinning by herself, rolling a little wooden distaff back and forth on her thigh. She giggled like a girl with mixed pleasure and embarrassment when we stopped the car to look. . . .

The road narrows, grows rutted, forcing the car to slow down. More houses, poorer ones, parts of them built of unplastered concrete blocks. Assorted bundles of things are drying on the roofs: wood, figs, almonds, dung, indistinct grasses or herbs. Two women walk wide-hipped down the road, one balancing a wicker basket on her head, the other a plastic jerrycan. A boy explores

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a hedge of ripe prickly pears, a tin bucket in one hand, a torn rubber glove on the other. The land has begun rolling now; the mountains loom closer, gray and bare. A flock of goats grazes by the roadside. They have picked the groundcover clean and are working on the scattered shrubs and small trees, standing on their hind legs in strangely humanoid postures to strip the leaves and bark. The goatherd sits on a rock, staff between his legs, unshaven, a dirty white rag wrapped turban-like around his head. Suddenly he bends to pick up a stone, hand scraping the ground in one motion, eyes fixed on a point on the road. One hand automatically comes off the driver's wheel to shield my face. He flings the stone ahead of me, at a goat that has strayed too near the road and now scrambles hurriedly back. I don't feel like a conqueror—but would my hand have come up just as fast, its own impulsive agent, if I weren't? It flutters awkwardly for a moment before the windshield, then transmutes itself into a wave. The goatherd waves back.

I THINK again of the unassuming pageantry of that morning near Sammu'a. "And you shall count from the morrow after the Sabbath, from the day you brought the sheaf of the wave offering, seven full weeks shall they be. . . . Then you shall present a cereal offering of new grain to the Lord." So biblical! In all the nightmarish blood feud between Arab and Jew, is there anything quite so ironic, so absurd, as this? The Jew goes into exile long ago, taking with him his books, his rituals, and his ancient way of life, which he struggles successfully to preserve in more or less the same order, that is, to the extent that they are detachable from the context of the everyday. He copies his books and recopies them, surrounds them with more and more books for protection. He codifies his rituals, embellishes them, adapts them to meet the changing times. But his Palestinian life is inexorably shattered, surviving only in bits, in isolated fragments encapsulated within the overlapping layers of the sacred that continue to accumulate around it, like fossil footprints in the not yet hardened stone. The flat, round bread he ate with every meal, dipping it in oil or vinegar when there was nothing else, is now eaten once a year in the form of the Passover matzah. The headcovering worn out-of-doors to protect himself from the blazing Palestinian sun, blackens, shrivels into the round little *yarmulke* of the synagogue; his flowing, toga-like robe becomes the fringed *tallit* or prayershawl. Once or twice a year, on Rosh Hashanah or Tu B'shvat, he spends extravagant sums to buy the exotic fruits of the Holy Land, dates and olives, almonds and figs. When the winter snows come in Europe he prays for rain, and when the summer rains come, he prays for dew, for such are the requirements of his ancestral soil. The Jew changes, yet remembers, turning his whole life into a mnemonic for a lost golden age—a mnemonic more intricate than the original itself. He remembers; yet when vertiginous generations later he returns to his native land, inspired equally by the promises of his books and the ideologies of modern Europe, whose despised, problematic, yet thoroughly authentic stepson he has become, he finds, lo and behold, the Arab, the usurper, living there in his place, eating round, flat bread with every meal, covering his head with an elegant *kaffia* against the sun, wearing a long, flowing robe that ripples when he walks, eating figs and olives, almonds and dates, for his daily fare, and living as a perfect matter of course the agricultural rhythms, the seedtimes and the harvests, of the Bible, Talmud, and prayerbook. An upside-down world!

The usurper? Or perhaps the lost brother, descendant of the descendants of the worshippers at Eshtemoa, who rather than stay a Jew and go into exile, chose with no less commendable stubbornness perhaps to become a Christian or Muslim and stay where he was, taking on the beliefs of his rulers as naturally as the Jews in exile took on the food and clothing of theirs, mixing with his neighbors like the peasantry of Judea after the first, Babylonian exile, as we hear from that troubled Zionist, Ezra the Scribe ("Now when these things were done, the princes came to me, saying, the people of Israel, and the priests, and the Levites, have not separated themselves from the peoples of the lands, doing according to their abominations, even of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Jebusites, the Ammonites, the Moabites, the Egyptians, and the Amorites. . . . And when I heard this thing, I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head and my beard, and sat down astonished"), keeping faith with mother-earth instead of father-God, the other half, as it were, of the tragically torn lottery ticket that fate dealt the Jews, illiterate, primitive, benighted, barely recognizable, yet still flesh of one's flesh, one's own kin. Could it be?

It would have been surprising had not at least a few Jewish romantics in modern Palestine thought that it could. One hears it sometimes asserted that Jews came to Palestine not knowing that the Arabs existed, and looked down on them when it was discovered that they did; yet the first part of this proposition is sheer nonsense, and the second at best a half-truth. What can be said of the attitude of early Zionist settlers toward the country's Arab inhabitants, of whose existence they were well aware in advance, is that it was an intensely ambivalent one, characterized not only by that confused complex of attraction and repulsion, admiration, fear, and disdain that has always been found in modern times whenever a colonizing, culturally "advanced" people has

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come in contact with a more "backward," pre-industrial one, but by a clear consciousness of the unique historical paradoxes involved. One has only to read the fiction of an early Palestinian Hebrew writer like Smilanski, or consider the Arabizing manners of the early *shomrim*, the first Palestinian Jewish self-defense units (organized, of course, to defend against the Arabs), to see what conflicting emotions the Arab brought out in the Jew. On the one hand, he was unwashed, ignorant, untrustworthy, treacherous, emotional, violent, temperamental; he stole Jewish crops and animals, waylaid Jewish travelers, harassed Jewish settlements when he could. On the other hand, he was bold, brave, graceful, spontaneous, and lived close to nature and the earth; he was the embodiment of that physicality, that closeness to the natural passions, that the Jew had lost in his exilic life; he was, in however fallen and degraded a state, a precious missing link with the Jews' own past, a living gloss on the imagery of the Bible, the stories of the Patriarchs, the books of Judges and Ruth. Was not the blood that flowed through his veins, informing his dark eyes and olive skin, more "Jewish" than that of many Jews? Was not he the true son of the lost tribes of Israel, to be sought not beyond the mountains of darkness or at the far ends of the earth, but right where they had vanished, beneath the returning Jew's very nose? Was not this an ample basis for Jew and Arab to live together, sharing, if not one identity, then still a blood brotherhood, each giving to and taking from the other, the Jew bringing the Arab the secrets of modern civilization, the Arab teaching the Jew to live on and with the land?

Clearly, we can see today with the benefit of hindsight, it was not. We all live in some sense mythical identities, it is true, but rarely, with the exception of those whom we consider seriously deluded, do we live by myths that are self-invented, much less imposed on unwilling others. Why should it have mattered to a Palestinian Arab to be told that he was a lost Jew any more than it should have, let us say, to a Jewish Zionist to be told that he was in fact a descendant of the Byzantine Khazars, whose ancestors never set foot in Palestine in their lives? What is true is not always relevant, and what is relevant is not always true. . . . And yet, I reflect, swerving my car to avoid a pothole on the road, if I share an oblique destiny with these people through whose fields I am driving, it is not just this outward one, this having been thrown together by history, or blind chance, to quarrel and kill each other over the same piece of land. It is all so terribly complicated. Something in me answers to the peasant certainties of their lives—yet across such a distance that I cannot possibly tell them what I know. They hate me for my alien power over them, mock the democratic barbarism of my manners—yet envy the freedom and wealth that accompany these. I covet their lands because they are promised me, biblical—but it is above all their presence that reminds me that this is so, informing a landscape so stripped to its barest essentials that every cloud throws a shadow with a tone that is stark and peremptory, like that of my ancestral book. Let the land speak! But once the land has spoken, what has it said?

JENIN. I pass in front of the open labor exchange outside of town where Arab workers board buses to be taken to their daily jobs in Israel, across the "green line," where they work in factories or the building trade. Outside of town stands the British-built police station, flying a blue-and-white flag. Jewish troops held this building in 1948 too, attacking from the direction of Afula, before being driven back by an Arab counterattack. I was nine years old at the time and remember hearing the news on the radio in New York. Jenin is ours, I ran to tell my father, who promptly got tears in his eyes, but it wasn't En-Gannim, city of fountains and gardens. It is a dingy-looking place. The main street is lined with little stalls, work shops, garages, from which come that steady sound of pounding that seems to give the beat to Arab life: of iron, of stone, of wood, of human hands. The fat green mosque points its erectile minaret at a cloudless sky. A month ago an Israeli shopper was shot to death here in the marketplace by a terrorist, who escaped. None of the local merchants reported hearing the shot, apparently, the police conjectured, because a silencer was used.

2.

Jenin to Nablus: 30 minutes

> Elsewhere in Palestine we are struck by the contrast between the grandeur of the history, and the unimpressive character of the scenery; but these noble and massive mountains form a fitting theater for the grandest events. They are Ebal and Gerizim. In the narrow valley between them was Shechem, where Abraham pitched his tent, and built his first altar, on his entrance into the Promised Land.
>
> —*Ibid.*

OUT of Jenin the road begins to climb, twist. I change gears frequently, like a musical scale: fourth, third, second, back to third. The earth is a rusty red now, the *terra rossa* of the Palestinian highlands. Forests of olive trees cover the terraced hillsides, split-trunked, as old as the stones. A row of dusty cypresses grasps the embankment above the road, roots in. A falcon sits motionless in the blue sky,

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its talons wrapped around an invisible branch. A woman on a donkey. A taxi coming from Nablus. A village schoolmaster, dressed like a wedding guest in a trim gray suit, resolutely sticks to the pavement as I pass to keep his shined shoes out of the dust. The villages are perched high on the mountaintops, dull outcrops of stone, reached by steep paths that look little better than ladders. When the road winds through one of them I am escorted in and out of it by knots of crop-headed boys, who pop up from around curves, from under trees, like targets at a carnival booth, waving little straw baskets of ripe figs, the last of the autumn, as though they were some sort of recognized distress signal. *Teen, teen!* they shout, each undaunted by the failure of the boy before him, each screwing his face into an expression of defiant hope that his figs—soft, purple, pulpy, tasting too much like sugared water—will bring me screeching to a halt. *Teen, teen!*—but the car speeds away, leaving the words like dead leaves on the wind.

These round, stoop-shouldered mountains, rising between the Jordan and the sea; used and re-used: in the endless struggle for Palestine they have always been the bastion of the technologically weaker, though not necessarily the more pacific, side. In Joshua's time the conquering Israelites could not break out of them onto the plains below, where the Canaanites had "chariots of iron," the tanks of ancient warfare that were at their deadliest on open terrain. Next the Philistines, Greeks, and Romans spilled forth on the coastal plain, founding their port cities of Ascalon and Gaza, Apollonia and Caesaria, whose encroachments on their highland kingdom the Jews struggled to prevent with sometimes more, sometimes less success, before finally, slowly, going under. Centuries later the Crusaders held this same coastal beachhead, where their heavily armored horsemen reigned supreme; inland, in the hills, where the light Arab bowmen could punish them brutally, their grip was never better than tenuous. And finally, in our own times, the Jews too, completing their arduous circumnavigation of the globe, have returned from the West, from the sea, by which they have clustered like the Philistines of old, building their ramshackle new cities on the beaches and dunes, the mountains to the east of them a gray line against the sky. Once again technology determined demography, though this time the plow's before the sword's. On the one hand, the modern agriculture that the Zionists brought from Europe could best be practiced along the sea plain and in the inland valleys; on the other hand, it was precisely these areas, once the bread-baskets of Palestine, that a primitive Arab agriculture had been unable to prevent from degenerating into sparsely settled dunelands and swamps, which absentee Arab landlords were glad to put up for sale. The more heavily settled highlands—with the significant exception of Jerusalem—remained solidly Arab, falling only to Jewish military might, first in 1948, with the capture of the Galilee, and then in 1967, with the conquest of the West Bank, the biblical Judea and Samaria.

Thus again we have the paradox, the strange reversal of roles. The Arab sits in the mountains where once the Jew sat, insular, conservative, while the Jew resides in the lowlands, the bearer of the culture of the West. No national movement of our times has been so ambiguous in its attitude toward history as Zionism—and history has repaid it in kind. What other nationalism has been so committed to history as to see in it its main moral legitimation, taking as its models events that occurred millennia ago and seeking to reenact them on their original geographical stage? Yet what other nationalism has been at the same time so defiant of history and the irreversible processes by which it works, insisting on breaking all rules of how nations are constituted, countries possessed, states established? And history? Look at the broad view, and it has rewarded the fealty paid it with a generous sweep of its hand. Examine the details, however, and it has gotten them fiendishly wrong.

THE air is hot and dusty; my throat aches for something to drink. I stop at a roadside café with faded posters that advertise Coca-Cola and Syrian Arab Airlines and sit on a patio overlooking the mountains. The only other customer is a striped tiger cat sleeping on one of the white tables. A passion-flower vine profuses over a trellis overhead, its starry flowers too gaudy to be real. A retouched color photograph of Nasser, his lips rouged, his cheeks green, adorns the wall. Near it hangs a map of the world in Arabic from which, I notice, the State of Israel has been omitted. The proprietor appears in a starched white shirt and black suspenders. "Yes?" he declares in so-far excellent English.

"Kafé turki, b'vakasha." Stubbornly. Illogically.

"I'm sorry. I don't understand Hebrew." But the tone is more in anger than in sorrow. He's lying, of course. What café owner on the West Bank doesn't know what *kafé turki* means after seven years of Israeli rule?

"I'd like some Turkish coffee, please."

He brings it on a copper tray with a glass of water by its side, and joins the sleeping cat at the table. We sit there, the occupier and the occupied, and stare gloomily out at the mountains. What's left to say, anyway? The cat opens a glowing eye to regard a waistcoated bumblebee that is busily courting a passion flower. The sweet grinds on my tongue are a sign that I have drunk my coffee too far. I empty the glass of water, ask for the bill in English, pay it, and leave.

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Back on the road I stop to pick up a hitchhiking soldier who falls asleep before he has settled back in his seat. Ahead of me rises Mount Ebal, a white quarried wound in its flank, the biblical mount of the curse on which Moses bade the Children of Israel to listen patiently to the imprecations of their God in a Hebrew so blunt that any schoolboy can understand it today. " 'Cursed be he who removes his neighbor's landmark,' and all the people shall say: Amen. . . . 'Cursed is he who misleads a blind man on the road,' and all the people shall say: Amen. . . ." Opposite it is the mount of the blessing, Mount Gerizim, the sacred site of the dwindled sect of Samaritans, once Jews themselves, whose temple was sacked by the Jewish king Alexander Janneus in 125 B.C.E. and never rebuilt. There are about five hundred of them left today, and their identity is precariously linked to this peak, which is, their scriptures assert, God's true chosen dwelling-place, for wherever the Pentateuch refers to Nablus, the Jews have cunningly convinced the world that it means Jerusalem instead.

Nablus, the Greek Neopolis, the biblical Shechem, still lies in the narrow valley between these twin peaks, the grand stone villas of the rich rising high on the mountainsides, the business and poorer sections down below. The main street runs the axis of the valley from north to south. Workshops. A restaurant. A grocery. Garages. Sounds of human pounding. Furtive Hebrew signs advise the conqueror that his business is welcome notwithstanding. The old stone Turkish railway station stands abandoned in the maze of its tracks, which today lead nowhere though once they wound down to Tulkarm near the coast, and from there to Alexandria, Beirut, Damascus, and the Hejaz. An Arab policeman and an Israeli soldier stand chatting with each other against a Jordanian military monument in the main traffic circle at the center of town. Signs point to Joseph's tomb, to Jacob's well, modest relics for the pilgrimage trade, but all Nablus has been left, as a poor relation is sometimes bequeathed an impractical heirloom of dubious sentimental value.

On my way out of town I pass the refugee camp, a sprawling tin shantytown such as is found outside every city on the West Bank. Children throw stones at one another in an alleyway. Stones lie scattered on the tin roofs of the huts, some no bigger than pebbles, others the size of human heads. They have been put there to keep the roofs from blowing away in the wind, but at first glance they seem to have rained down from above in a fit of absentminded wrath. The Palestinians have their refugees, their exile, and their diaspora; they contest every bit of Jewish ground; they are the Samaritans of our day. The soldier next to me stirs uneasily in his seat, then heaves himself back to sleep.

3.

Nablus to Ramallah: One hour

> The valley leading from Nablus . . . is one of great beauty. Dr. Porter says, with slight exaggeration, "it is the finest in Palestine—in fact, it is the only really beautiful site from Dan to Beersheba." Without the grandeur of the snow-crowned peaks of Switzerland, it yet reminded me of the Swiss-Italian valleys in its bright color and rich vegetation.
>
> —*Ibid.*

"YOU'RE unusually sentimental today," I remarked to myself when we were a few kilometers out of Nablus, curving among olive trees again.

"I tell you, it's these mountains. They speak to me. Just look at that fig tree over there, growing horizontally out of bare rock. What powers of tenacity! As a traveler, I'm sure I'd prefer the Alps. But these happen to be mine."

"Unfortunately, the Palestinian thinks that they're his."

"They are. There ought to be some way of sharing them."

"Just how do you propose to accomplish that?"

"I wish I knew. I've already told you that's why I've stopped driving through them. I can't bear the thought of losing them."

"At least you've become more realistic. When we once drove this way several years ago, if I remember correctly, you said the solution lay in us all becoming one people. The Jews should ride about on donkeys, and the Arabs should be made Jews at swordpoint, as the Edomites were by John Hyrcanus, whose descendants you seem to be convinced that they are in any case."

"I admit to a passion for donkeys, but you're misquoting me on John Hyrcanus. I actually said that there was no need to convert the Palestinians like the Edomites, who, by the way, became the most fanatical of Jews within a few generations. My proposal was that they simply be declared Jews by an order of the ministry of the interior and granted all the tax benefits due any new Jewish immigrant to Israel. As you say, though, that was a while ago. . . ."

"I hope you were joking even then."

"Of course. Even if the PLO had accepted, the rabbinate would have fought it tooth-and-nail."

"Where does that leave us?"

"With two peoples. But still in one land."

"To which objectively, you admit, each has an equally just claim?"

"To which objectively each has an equally just claim."

"Then why not divide the land up again?"

"You're referring, I suppose, to a Palestinian state."

"After Rabat what other alternative is there?"

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"With that enlightened humanist Mr. Arafat as its distinguished first President?"

"You needn't take that tone of voice with me. I didn't choose him. It's partly because of biblical sentimentalists like you that we're stuck with him now. If we had been willing in the immediate past to trade the West Bank for a peace settlement with Hussein, or with some moderate Palestinian element, we wouldn't be in the position we are today."

"That's a debatable proposition. In any case, I'm afraid that Israeli policy in those years was concerned a lot more with the question of defensible borders than with the Bible."

"You disapprove?"

"Not of defensible borders, though not even the generals seem to know what they are. But while the Palestinians have been telling the world that all the disputed territories should be theirs by virtue of elementary morality, because they belong to them, we have been saying that part of them should be ours by virtue of military security, because we'd feel safer in them. Of course the world has been more impressed by the claims of elementary morality. It's only natural."

"I should think that the world has been most impressed by the claims of Arab oil. When did it ever care about elementary morality? In any event, though, the Palestinians do have a case: we have a state and they don't."

"A state from which the very heartland of Jewish historical experience in this country has been excluded!"

"DON'T be so self-righteous. You *are* beginning to sound like one of our scriptural hawks who can't understand why it isn't clear to everyone that if we have a right to Tel Aviv and Haifa, we have one to Nablus and Jenin as well."

"Let's say if we don't have one to Nablus and Jenin, I'm not sure what ours is to Tel Aviv and Haifa, either."

"But we live in Tel Aviv and Haifa, and not in Nablus and Jenin! And the Palestinians do. Isn't that enough?"

"French Algerians lived in Algiers, and overseas Portuguese live in Angola."

"You're the last person I'd have expected to hear that comparison from. Surely the whole justification of Zionist settlement in Palestine lies precisely in Zionism's having been totally different in its behavior from European colonialisms—in its non-exploitation of native labor, for instance, or its legal purchase of all lands acquired, or its basic willingness to reach a political compromise with the other side. The very fact that the Jews have had nowhere else to go. . . ."

"Excuse me, but who's being self-righteous now? Except for the Hitler era, when not many of them got into Palestine either, Jews have had quite a few places to go to—and have generally gone to them. There have been periods of Jewish settlement in Palestine, including the present one, in which cheap Arab labor has been widely used; most of the land owned by Jews in Israel today is former Arab property abandoned by its owners without compensation during the 1948-49 war; and the Jewish side in Palestine has not always been so reasonable in its demands. I don't dispute with you for a moment Zionism's far superior record as a colonizing movement to any European colonialism, but I refuse to base its legitimacy on that fact. If we Jews have a right to this country only by virtue of our good behavior, then every time we behave badly—as we have on occasion behaved in the past, and will undoubtedly behave on occasion in the future—our right to be here diminishes. That's precisely the argument of our enemies, or at least of those of them who are hypocritical enough to call themselves our friends."

"Then our right to this country is. . . ."

". . . the same as the unconditional right of any people to its homeland, in this case one that was taken from us by force and that never ceased to play a central role in our national consciousness during our absence from it"

"How curious that that should be exactly how the Palestinians define their right to be here too. Isn't it awfully dangerous to ask the world to judge the merits of our territorial quarrel with them on the basis of religious and nationalistic constructions of history that are replete with ambiguities and double edges?"

"No doubt it is—though certainly no more dangerous than to be asked to be judged by the standards of *Realpolitik*, which are stacked against us now in a manner that can only grow worse. In any case, it's likely that the only dependable support for Israel in the future will more and more have to come from people whose construction of our history is sympathetic to our own."

"Is that your way of saying that ultimately, in your opinion, philo-Semitism and friendliness to Israel are the same?"

"Ultimately, I suppose it is."

"You seem to forget that the Palestinians have their history too—and one that differs considerably from our own."

"I don't forget it at all. In one respect, though, the two do agree, namely, in their insistence that the rights to Haifa and to Nablus are the same."

"Which is simply to say that in any conflict of this sort the extremists on either side tend to unite against the middle. How obvious, then, that the only way out of the impasse lies with the middle, that is, with the conclusion that the rights to Haifa and to Nablus not only are not the same, but must be separated from each other in practical political terms."

"You can partition a country, but how do you partition a right?"

"You're quibbling."

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"Not at all."

"We're going around in circles. Fine, to get on with the argument, I'll concede your point. You *do* have a historical right to Nablus, just as the Palestinian, and in a far more immediate sense, has one to Haifa. But for your own goods, as well as for the world's, each of you will have to renounce part of his right so that the other may retain part of his."

"I'm afraid that's impossible."

"Why?"

"I can't speak for the Palestinians, though I must say that their reluctance to part with their right to Haifa seems rather a point in their favor. Speaking as a Jew, though, what empowers me to renounce a right that is grounded in the historical consciousness of a people of which I, even all the Jews who are alive today, constitute only a part?"

"Good lord! When did the historical consciousness of the Jewish people, whatever *that* might be, ever agree on where the land of Israel lies? Abraham was promised the Euphrates and Ezra and Nehemiah were content with a few square miles around Jerusalem. You yourself were just saying that the areas of Israel most heavily settled by Jews today were traditionally not highly Jewish at all—which didn't prevent them from being considered both final and livable by most Jews in Israel and abroad until appetites were whetted by the Six-Day War."

"Centuries of Jewish literature and law define rather precisely where the land of Israel lies—and it certainly doesn't lie on the Euphrates, and does include the coastal plain of Palestine, and certainly, Judea and Samaria. As for what Jews were willing to consider final and livable before the Six-Day War, I should say this was part of a generalized repression of Jewish historical experience from the neurotic symptoms of which you, for instance, are still suffering today."

"Then you support the recent attempts at illegal settlement on the West Bank whose aim has been to force the Israeli government's hand into letting Jews settle freely there?"

"I support the position that any Jew who wishes to settle there, and can legally, and without coercion, acquire the land or property to do so, should be permitted. I find it scandalous that a Jewish government should take for granted the right of Jews today to live in Paris or New York, but not in parts of their own land."

"I find it scandalous that a Jewish government might give in to the pressures of religious and nationalist extremists to annex Palestinian territories and thereby permanently preclude the possibility of peace in the Middle East."

"Who said anything about annexing territories?"

"What difference does it make what you call it? You just said that a Jewish government had an unconditional right to rule in all of Palestine."

"I said that the Jewish *people* had an unconditional right to *live* in all of Palestine. I didn't say anything about ruling there."

"Now you're confusing me. You mean that Jews should live in the West Bank as part of. . . ."

"A Palestinian state? Why not? There are several hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs living in a Jewish state today, and we accept it as a matter of course."

"With the enlightened Mr. Arafat as their President? After all this circling, it seems to me we've changed sides."

"I'd prefer someone better-shaven and better-principled myself. But if he, or any other authorized Palestinian leader, should be willing to recognize the sovereignty of Israel within its pre-1967 borders, and the right of all Jews to live in those parts of their homeland that are not within those borders. . . ."

"What Jew would be willing to live in a Palestinian state run by the PLO?"

"Perhaps not many at first. If anything, that should reassure the Palestinians. But if Jews living in a Palestinian state could remain Israeli nationals, as an American living in Canada today, for example, can remain a national of the U.S., and given the proper safeguards—any Palestinian government would have to understand, of course, that violence against its Jewish residents, or infringements of their civil rights, would bring a forceful Israeli reaction—there would certainly be some who would. It's one of our peculiar blind spots, though one understandable on the basis of our past experience with the Arabs, that we find it impossible to conceive of a Jewish presence anywhere in this country apart from Jewish sovereignty. It's the common denominator of the annexationist Right, which insists on both sovereignty and presence, and the anti-annexationist Left, which insists on giving up both—to say nothing of the semi-annexationist Center, which is for and against everything at once. I'm simply proposing to cut the Gordian knot."

"But wouldn't a Jewish population living in a Palestinian state be in effect a permanent hostage to the potentially inflammable state of Israeli-Palestinian relations that is sure to prevail for at least the foreseeable future?"

"Of course it would—that's precisely one of its greatest advantages. The one crucial Israeli requirement of any Palestinian entity is that the borders with it remain absolutely open for all normal social and commercial movement. Short of physical annihilation, Israel's greatest fear must be of a return to the state of ghettoization that existed in its relations with its Arab neighbors, especially with Jordan and the West Bank,

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prior to 1967. What better guarantee that this will not occur, and that agreements between the two governments on these and other questions, such as demilitarization, will be respected, than the presence in the West Bank of a sizable population whose need for everyday contact with Israel, and for normal relations with it, will be obvious and undeniable?"

"And you would be willing for Israel to withdraw from the entire West Bank, without exception, in exchange?"

"If, and only if, Jews could live in the entire West Bank, without exception—yes."

"Arab Jerusalem included?"

"I know that returning Arab Jerusalem is a touchy issue in Israel, to put it mildly, even with most doves, with whom I don't really class myself, but personally, if I could remain free to live and move in it—why not?"

"I'm beginning to see a certain consistency to your inconsistency. But can you conceive of either a Palestinian or an Israeli leadership agreeing to it?"

"In their present form, hardly—but in their present form each doesn't recognize the existence of the other at all. Should the PLO eventually come around to accepting a pre-1967 Israel, however, in return for the right to establish a Palestinian state, Israel will have to respond somehow. The PLO has said itself that it's for a secular, democratic state in Palestine in which Jews and Muslims can live together. Why not make it prove it?"

"Because you're talking about Israelis and Zionists, not simply Jews. Even accepting your argument, though, at best there will have to be a long process of gradual reconciliation that will take several years. Shouldn't Israel stop all further settlement on the West Bank in the meantime, perhaps even evacuate some of its present outposts there, both in order to allay Arab fears of annexation, and to refrain from coming to the negotiating table with a *fait accompli*?"

"On the contrary. Why should Israel stop all Jewish settlement on the West Bank if one of its conditions for returning the area is that Jews be permitted to settle there? The more Jews are living there, in fact, before a settlement is reached—providing that neither they nor the Palestinians are misled into thinking that this entails Israeli sovereignty—the less weight can be given to any Palestinian demand that the area remain *Judenrein* in the future. Perhaps the first mistake made by Israel after the 1967 war was that it didn't simply say to both Jews and Arabs: 'Gentlemen, Palestine is one country once more, and regardless of whether political boundaries will ever run through it again, pales of settlement will not. Consider yourselves free to travel, work, live, or buy property anywhere in the country that you please, with the confidence that we will underwrite what you do.' Had Jews been allowed to settle freely on the West Bank as individuals, in fact, there might have been little need for the kind of massive settlement projects on expropriated Arab lands that have angered and aggravated the suspicions of the Arabs."

"I SEEM to remember such an approach being suggested at one time by certain Israeli politicians—Dayan, for example."

"Not really, because apart from Dayan's rejection of any form of Palestinian sovereignty, what was lacking in his approach was precisely the willingness to make such freedom of movement reciprocal, that is, open to Arabs as well as Jews."

"Which would mean. . . ."

". . . that just as any Jew has the right to travel, work, live, or buy property in Nablus or Jenin, though not to have a Jewish government there, so any Palestinian has the same right in Haifa or Tel Aviv, though not to have an Arab government there."

"Wouldn't the Palestinians justifiably live in fear under such an arrangement of having their state bought out from under them by the Jews—and the Jews of being swamped by an unwelcome flood of immigrant Palestinian labor? And what about the hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees claiming properties once owned by them that are now in Israeli hands?"

"Such claims would have to come up as part of any peace settlement, presumably to be dealt with by compensation—and who says Jews wouldn't have to fear Arab money, of which we are assured there is going to be more and more, buying them out? Still, the risks seem worth running, even of a flood of Palestinian laborers, who are already working, if not living, in Israel today anyway, and would in any case remain Palestinian nationals and constitute no political threat."

"So we're back to the old bi-national state idea of the 30's!"

"Not at all. The idea of a bi-national state was unworkable because it was based on the utopian expectation that Jews and Arabs could share one sovereignty and one set of political institutions. Now we're talking about two distinct sovereignties, each of which will have to make certain inviolable commitments to the citizens of the other. In other words, two peoples in two states. . . ."

". . . but still one land?"

"Exactly."

"And you really think it can work?"

THE soldier beside me awakes with a prescient sixth sense and asks to be let off at his army base. An Arab taxi coming from Nablus honks screamingly at him as he crosses the road. A minute later it overtakes me: the white *kaffias* of the men inside make them look from behind like a party of hefty nuns. A scarecrow stands in an empty field beneath the noonday sun: he is wearing sun-

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glasses, a trenchcoat with the collar turned up, and an old gray fedora with the brim turned down. One empty sleeve is stuck into the pocket of his coat, as though he were holding a gun. "Welcome To Ramallah, City On The Move," says an improbable sign, which explains in smaller letters below, "Courtesy of the Ramallah and el-Bireh Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce." A dog lies comfortably curled on the road, the red froth beneath its nose the only indication that it is dead.

"Don't be silly," I say to myself. "It's far too sensible for that."

4.

Ramallah to Jerusalem: 15 minutes

> For some miles along the road, or from the eminences which skirt it, Jerusalem is visible. Age after age, invading armies, or bands of pilgrims, approaching from the north, as they turned the crest of Scopus, have gained their first view of the city. . . . Here the first Crusaders halted at break of day, and as Jerusalem burst upon their view, they knelt, and with tears of gladness, kissed the sacred soil. Richard Coeur de Lion, leaving his camp at Ajalon, pressed forward alone, and as he ascended one of these hills, buried his face in his mailed hands, and exclaimed: "Oh! Lord God, I pray Thee that I may never look upon Thy Holy city, if so be that I rescue it not from Thine enemies."
>
> —*Ibid.*

Soon out of Ramallah one enters the long northern finger of the ex-Jordanian municipality of Jerusalem, which was annexed in its entirety by Israel after the Six-Day War. The Bible slams shut. Bulldozers are carving out a road heading off into nowhere, trimming and slicing the stony earth. Another road, showing no point of connection with the first, is being covered with a sleek new coat of asphalt. A small airplane takes off from the old Jordanian airport at Kalandia, which is being lengthened to accommodate big jets. New housing projects sit on hilltops that seem to wince beneath them, still unaccustomed to their weight. A sign pointing to a plateau of rocks proclaims that the Jerusalem industrial park is about to rise here. There is something intensely aimless-seeming about all this activity; one has the sense of a giant jigsaw puzzle to which each player has brought his own pieces. Presumably, it will all fit together in the end, and if it doesn't, no matter. You can't argue with the facts.

The newly-widened road passes through Shu'afat, the wealthy Arab suburb of Jerusalem in which King Hussein was building his summer hideaway, complete with swimming pool and heliport, when the 1967 war broke out. Obvious fortunes have gone into these pink stone houses with their porticoes, their archways, their paneled windows, their balconies and balustrades—yet something there is that gives the whole less the appearance of a wealthy residential quarter than of a peculiarly ornate slum. One gropes for it for a moment . . . the television aerials! They jostle one another for room, rising here with an even more frantic density than in Israel itself. Some have the shape of Eiffel towers, others of rapiers or broken umbrella frames; some stick out of the houses at odd angles, like darts in a gaming board, or lances in a bull. Some are double the height of the roofs that they stand on, as if the house underneath them were merely a platform for their launching into space. Higher is further. Two meters will fetch Amman; five, Beirut or Damascus; ten, Cairo; twenty, perhaps Baghdad. Who is playing this month in Shu'afat? Kissinger in Moscow. Hussein in London. Arafat in New York. Sadat in Rabat. About whom are they talking so much? They are talking about the people of Shu'afat, who fish for their faces and voices in Jerusalem's skies

Ah, Jerusalem! If ever a city has huckstered the world for a living with its mosques, churches, synagogues, crypts, caves, walls, tombs, stones, bones, and souvenirs, it is you. And the world will not admit it has been taken, and will not leave you alone. French Hill. Mount Scopus. Sheikh Jarrah. Outside the American Colony hotel a party of tourists is boarding a waiting bus. They are pink-faced, innocent of passion, and if the postcards they send home are to be believed, they are enjoying themselves. For a moment it almost seems to me that I hate them. Or is that warm flash of feeling rather an unreasonable burst of affection, call it love, for the little Arab boy, a hole in the knee of his pants and no laces in his shoes, who is trying to sell them some worthless wooden trinket? He badgers them; they retreat into the shadow of the bus. We are accomplices in this land, he and I, and will be here when they are gone. I stop at a red light, the first I've encountered since leaving Haifa, across from the Old City wall. A throng of shoppers heading home for lunch struggles through the Damascus Gate. For a moment it hangs there, as though held together by its own viscosity, then scatters quickly like smoke.

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The Communard

A Not Altogether Imaginary Portrait

Midge Decter

Had his world not promised to be a rather different place from the one they themselves had grown up in, they might have been extremely worried for their son. He was so sweet and gentle. There was not to be discerned in him a single drop of the kind of harshness or aggression that had once been thought necessary to the successful completion of the masculine character. All the fierce drive with which as a very little boy he had rollicked through the household had been tamed to some inner, higher purpose, had got relocated, as it were, from his limbs to the secret places of his soul. One simply could not imagine his pushing, pounding, scheming, racing anyone for anything, or offering a gratuitous cruelty. Since the onset of adolescence, he had barely even raised his voice.

There had of course been signs of this in him all along. As a small child, whenever he had been injured or done down in some way by one of his fellows, he had responded by weeping bitterly—more in shock and disappointment at the discovery that life held arbitrary suffering, his parents felt, than over the particular injury at hand—but he had rarely engaged in any form of retaliation. He had taken whatever comfort was to be had from his mother's repeated assertion that the little boy or little girl who had done ill by him was to be accounted far more unhappy, at bottom, than he. He had always hung back from playing games where there were winners and losers, finding it difficult to understand why an activity whose end was supposed to be the pleasure and entertainment of its participants should carry the built-in necessity of hurt feelings. And for the same reason, he had resisted taking part in competitions. Invidiousness of any kind had from the very first struck him as a form of outright cruelty to people. He himself, for example, showed a gift for drawing; sketches and cartoons dashed off by him dotted the walls of his house and elicited admiring comments from all visitors; but when one of his teachers had informed him that she meant to enter a couple of pieces of his work in a school contest, he had put away his crayons and papers for several years.

Most of all, however, the quality of tenderness—of quickened response to the possibility of hurt and suffering and determination to set all such possibility aside—had revealed itself to them in his relation to the issue of property. There was nothing he owned, with the possible exception of a ragged stuffed animal or two, that he would not after the first day's gusto for its newness happily hand over to a playmate. By the same token, he was utterly bewildered by anyone else's refusal to share on exactly the same basis with him. More than once they had noticed the uncomprehending stare with which he evinced his puzzlement as some angry child snatched a belonging from his hands. Now and then, for the sake of social peace, they were forced to admonish him not to lay hands on objects that did not belong to him. It sickened them to do this, for they knew how genuinely little he understood or credited the sanctity of property and how few rights in it he on his side ever wished to claim for himself. Nor was his attitude to money in any essential way different. Whatever money was given to him—and, with the presence in his life of doting grandparents and relatives, he was sometimes in possession of what were, for his age, fairly hefty sums—was quickly spent, a major part of it on his friends or even strangers who happened by.

All of it together—his gentleness, lack of violence, detestation of competition, unconcern for his possessions, incapacity to horde his money—spelled out the dynamics of a noble and loving nature. Any small annoyance they felt with him (for naturally, his easy indifference to property and money included their property and money as well) paled to less than nothing beside the recognition of his extraordinary, and extraordinarily precocious, spiritual gifts.

Such gifts, they believed, had at least in part to be a happy accident, a coming together of the right fundamental endowments with the right enabling circumstances. It seemed reasonable to them that something open and giving had been fixed in the boy's personality very early in his

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life, if not indeed in the womb. That this something had required the proper set of opportunities to come to full flower was only common sense. Had they for instance subjected him to cruelty of any kind, he would surely have learned the ways of cruelty. Had they pinched him with privations, he would no doubt have grown up with a far meaner spirit. Had they dealt with him violently, he would have had no model of behavior for his impulse of gentleness—the impulse itself would very likely have died aborning. And they had to admit, though by itself they regarded this as a minor and trivial point, that had they been less economically secure, some element of their own worry about money might have escaped into the atmosphere and put a crimp or damper to his largesse.

As it happened, they had never knowingly been cruel to him and never violent. Even in their worst states of annoyance or aggrievement with something he had done, they tried to keep in mind that they had the power to wound him far more than he to wound them, and to tread carefully lest some uncontrolled display of their emotions have deeper consequences than they intended. They had slapped him occasionally but only by the dictates of policy, having decided to reserve this extreme and unaccustomed measure for situations involving some danger to him. On each of these occasions, as soon as he appeared in no uncertain terms to have received their message, they hastened to take him in their arms and console him so that he should understand there was nothing personal in their anger.

And above all, they realized, they had enabled him to fulfill his own tendency toward generosity and selflessness by their behavior with respect to mere material things. They were not rich, at least not as that condition is reckoned by the really rich themselves, but they had, somewhat to their surprise, reached a point of prosperity where they need not feel that money was any sort of an issue except on the very highest levels. Certainly as far as the upbringing, education, and entertainment of their child were concerned, they could not imagine ever being faced with the decision that he would have to be deprived of anything he seriously wanted. This fact was not, of course, by itself so important: neither of them had grown up poor, and yet they had been brought up—as they were to discover only in adult life, far in excess of what had been dictated by the financial condition of their respective families—in the morality of self-denial. Somehow it had been considered "good" for one, good for one's character and grasp of life, to be left in a kind of steady state of yearning and wanting and wishing. The obverse consequence of this idea—only on the surface was it an ironic one—was that the things of this world purchasable with money took on an abiding, indeed an overriding, significance in the calculus of human happiness. It had taken them years of catching up on their unsated youthful appetites before they had been able to liberate themselves from the idea that there was any basic satisfaction to be had from the accumulation of money and the things money could buy.

Their son was certainly not growing up as they had in this regard. They saw no reason, on any particular occasion, to deny him what he asked for. No doubt they were moved by old memories of their own disappointments; no doubt somewhere inside them there lurked old resentments at the effort and importance they had been forced to attach to the most commonplace items of childish desire. In any case, they were not only willing but, they found, positively eager, to fill his requests—and grateful that they were in a position to do so without giving it any thought.

His response to all this, as might have been predicted, was an admirable unconcern for his possessions. They lay heaped about his room, in a cozy disarray that signalled his perfect ease in assimilating them to his life without the need for any careful inventory or stock-taking. Money itself, he had grasped with an instinctive sophistication that put him well ahead of even the wisest heads in the 19th century, was there to be used. Outside of what it could provide, money was mere garbage, an inhuman abstraction that, if taken seriously, atrophied the best part of the spirit. If they now and then wished on the one hand that he had somehow acquired a more reasoned sense of the connection between money and the future, they knew on the other hand that such a notion was precisely what impelled people to be mean and small in their dealings with others.

Thus it could be said that in some sense they had taught him to be open and generous—by actual precept as well as by an underlying attitude of refusal to uphold in any way the old morality of self-denial, which was in the end preeminently a morality of denying others. But he had also taught *them* something. For whereas beneath their intention to take as little notice as possible of the goods with which they had filled their life there still persisted some traces of their former nervousness about acquisition, his own indifference was genuine and totally without art or thought. He provided for them a model of what real transcendence looked like. Real transcendence was not the transcendence of desire—he wanted something new virtually every day—nor of the passion to possess—he could not rest until a request of his was fulfilled—but of the feeling that what one possessed was of any lasting importance. It was nothing for him to see his belongings destroyed or to give them away. Sometimes his mother felt herself to be the lowliest bourgeois money-grubber by comparison.

Taken all together, then, these qualities in their son—whatever might, from the point of view of his parent's own momentary convenience, be his shortcomings—promised a kind of new moral and social start for man-

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kind. Having no occasion for envy, and no natural inclination to it, he might grow up without the single most compelling basis for hostility to his fellows. Having no truck with violence, and no taste for it, he might also take part in constituting a more decent and civilized social order. Having no outer need, and clearly no inner pressure, to husband his stock of goods, he might learn to take true possession of the world instead of being possessed by it.

They did not, to be sure, often think about him in connection with so grand and large an issue as the future of society—especially when he was still a child. In the midst of their daily dealings and inevitable small troubles with him, they continued in an entirely private way to wonder at him and be gratified by him and to puzzle over the question of what would be the end translation, in practical terms, of the very special loveliness of his nature. But though they were for the most part too taken up with the particularities of his character to talk much about it, they were aware that he was living in a world significantly altered from the one in which they had first taken their bearings. If American society as a whole had from their point of view grown rather ugly in its piggish intoxication with new-found wealth, that unique and blessed corner of American society in which he was privileged to grow up seemed to be in the throes of a kind of spiritual revolution. Thus, some part of the happy influence on him was coming also, to a certain extent anyway, from his surroundings.

The ethic of violence, for example, of an eye for an eye, or, in the parlance of classroom and playground, of "hitting back," was quite as alien to his school and to the streets and backyards and homes where he played as it was to his own home. Disputes among the children were adjudicated by adults, parents, teachers, sometimes even passing strangers, always with appeals to reason and mutual understanding. Each altercation provided a fresh occasion for encouraging the children to discuss and define the course of justice, and was brought, wherever possible, satisfactorily to term by an exchange of apologies accompanied by a heightened appreciation of the feelings of all concerned.

The old principle of competition had been considerably vitiated: grades, contests, prizes for academic achievement had pretty much gone by the boards; the children tended to be praised and rewarded far more for effort than for outcome; even at birthday parties the traditional games of skill were generally concluded with the distribution of the same small favors to everyone who had participated. The petty triumphs and real heartbreaks of simple success and failure were being supplanted virtually everywhere in the children's special province by the far more kindly and humanizing standards of performance in relation only to individual capacities.

And finally, there had been the enthronement of the idea of sharing. This had no doubt always been paid lip-service as a nice and virtuous idea—certainly few educators or guardians of children could ever have been so philosophically rebellious as to preach the superiority of plain selfishness. But in their son's world sharing was no longer merely a pretty and harmless ideal; it had become an ironclad, enforceable rule of conduct. Gone was any of the virtue hitherto attached to the assertion, "This is *mine*." And gone with it was the whole ancient puritan structure of training and belief created to insure the sanctity of property: the idea that one worked alone—schoolwork was now conducted in group projects; the idea that one earned the rewards and punishments of one's conduct alone—rewards and punishments were also almost always meted out to groups or classes; and the idea that what belonged to one, in the way of goods or praise or even feelings, was a kind of sacred private trust. These ideas, it was now understood, had been at bottom nothing more than the old-fashioned capitalist property-worshipping ethos masked as a religion of private conscience. Sharing was more than a form of primitive Christian kindliness, then; it was a discipline for learning that one's responsibilities as well as one's advantages always implicated others.

Not all the children with whom he occupied his spiritually privileged corner of American society, of course, had responded to its prevailing influences as readily as their son had. But the influences were nevertheless there. His schools, his books, the conversation of the adults with whom he came most closely into contact, even the camps to which he had sometimes been sent to spend the summer, had all more or less reflected a new feeling that the highest virtues for him to attain to were the virtues of gentleness, sociability, and the spirit of cooperation.

By the time he reached college, everything they had seen developing in him had come to full flower. He cared very little for his possessions, with the exception of his record player, and even that he fussed over in an uncharacteristic way only for the fact that it brought music, rather than a sense of spreading ownership, into his life. He owned many things, and used them, lent them, or parted with them in a totally casual manner. The father had been impressed, indeed a little overwhelmed, by his relation to the car they had bought him for his high-school graduation gift. The boy thought nothing of making it available to his friends, or of using it for such potentially damaging purposes as hauling furniture, cartons, skiing equipment, or as many as a dozen people at a time; in a year's time, the vehicle had the cozy, used-up look of something very old that had been treated as a mere convenience. The father, remembering both the thrill and the leaden sense of

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responsibility he himself had experienced on the acquisition of his first car—an experience that had not to that day entirely departed from him—and the measures of painstaking care and worry it had led him to, found it almost incomprehensible how the boy could be so masterfully matter-of-fact about so major a species of owning. Like his wife, he too suffered many moments of shame mingled with pride in his son for this new and obviously proper and healthy *sang-froid* about the world's goods.

The boy cared, if anything, even less about his appearance. He dressed himself and groomed himself without the least consideration of all those issues of taste and ascriptive class status that had once, for his parents at his age, made the subject of clothes a sometimes painful one. As with everything else in his life, they had stinted on nothing in the area of clothing and personal equipment. When he was a little child, it had pleased them to see him moving about with perfect ease in the best that money could buy. It meant more than that he was making a showing to the world which would reflect credit on his home and background. It meant that he was growing up taking for granted all those graces, social and sartorial, that they had strained mightily to provide themselves. They were amused, therefore —and also, it must be admitted, sometimes considerably irritated—by the revelation vouchsafed to them in his adolescence that taking such things for granted ultimately meant wishing to divest oneself of them entirely. Both their amusement and their irritation, however, were superficial as compared with their deeper recognition that his appearance contained a sober and important message about himself: his values were such as to preclude any display of economic advantage or personal vanity. No matter how much they wished that he might pay just a tiny bit more attention to the conventional requirements of ordinary propriety, they would be the first to concede that his refusal to do so bespoke his commitment to the higher morality.

The most important evidence that his childhood sweetness and generosity had ripened into major features of his adult character, though, was to be found in his ideas about society and his own future role in it. He believed as fiercely as he had when he was four years old in the simple categories of fair and not fair. With each new step in the process of his coming to maturity these categories had expanded to include more of the world outside himself until, finally, he was able to apply them pointedly to the institutions, customs, and practices of the entire country and then the entire world. Just as certain things had self-evidently been unfair in the days of those earliest encounters with his own little universe of social action—that some child should have more than another, for instance, or go unpunished for a punishable misdeed or, obversely, suffer punishment for something of which he was innocent—so it was now with the affairs of society as a whole. For those with eyes to see, and hearts to feel, and spirits to care, the boy knew, injustices of every kind nakedly revealed themselves. They were injustices of a not very different order from the ones that had outraged his childish innocence, only writ much larger.

He spoke to his parents a great deal about all this, never, to their minds miraculously, allowing his passion to overcome his soft-tongued composure. They were not at all surprised to hear him inveighing against poverty, against the abominable condition of black people, against the rapacity and cruelty that permitted women and children to walk around starving in a land of unbelievable plenty, or of the cynicism that deprived young men of a decent chance to realize themselves and then slimily reproached them for being failures. None of this surprised them because it was so naturally a product of the concerned and loving nature they had long ago discerned in him.

How such commitment would actually be translated in his future life neither they nor, as it appeared, he could be quite sure. Through his first two or three years of college, when asked by their friends or relatives about his plans, he would reply that he meant to do something "for others." There was nothing surprising to them in this announcement, neither in its expressed determination to make some direct and palpable contribution to his fellow men nor in its implicit deemphasis of the whole issue of worldly ambition and wealth. That he refused to think of work in terms of private gain was of a piece with everything they most admired in him—his purity of heart and his freedom from that all-consuming love of vainglory which had driven so many of their own contemporaries to offer up their very lives in pursuit of a few paltry baubles of status. They could not deny themselves the satisfaction of feeling that at least some of this freedom was a product of their own teachings and values; for as Americans, the children and grandchildren of anxiety-filled immigrants, they too had taken part —rather successfully, they might say—in the mad scramble for success and money and had understood, in time to release their son from it, just how murderous and destructive that scramble was. And they were grateful to have been in the position to bring the boy up without any pressure from the dread of economic insecurity.

WHAT one did "for others," however, was not the easiest of questions to answer. In terms of the kinds of careers most familiar to them, one could be a doctor, for example, or a social worker or a psychologist or an engineer. None of these careers made much of an appeal to him, and they could not in all honesty say they blamed him. The benefits brought to people by a bold and imaginative engineer could be very great, but they were long-range and indirect benefits, so long-range that they could never

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satisfy an urge like their son's to touch actual people's lives in a personal way. And at the moment it was nearly impossible to imagine what kind of work an engineer might do that would not sooner or later be pressed into the service of society's more evil impulses, the making of war or the furthering of the intolerable dehumanizations of technology. Besides, he had never been particularly adept at mathematics or science, finding them too abstract for his kind of intelligence, which was essentially empathetic and emotive. Psychology, then, would have seemed to be a field far more congenial to him; but he could not convince himself—just as they were no longer convinced—that easing the strictly private pain of individuals, who were in any case more likely than not to be middle-class individuals, had much connection with the urgent problems of the people who were nowadays most in need. Besides, the road from where he was to becoming an accredited psychologist would be a dreary obstacle course of irrelevant experimentation, lengthy and demanding and mechanical research, and studies so remote from real people and the societies they lived in that one could, from sheer distraction, be carried far afield from one's original purpose.

Training to be a social worker or a teacher had these disadvantages and even more: far from opening the soul, or instructing it, in the ways of love and guidance, such training merely deadened. Besides, he had heard unpleasant things about the regimen and academic requirements of a post-graduate education in these fields and could not see himself devoting years to the acquisition of something he would then be obliged simply to throw off. Medicine, of course, was quite simply out of the question. In theory, doctors helped people; in practice, they only helped themselves—to heaps upon heaps of brutally and for the most part illegitimately gotten money. There was something else about the study of medicine: it was a form of insuring that one would be wealthy and respected which had been so ardently urged upon the members of their generation by ignorant and status-hungry parents that it had actually become a kind of inter-generational joke with them. They would no more have dreamed of suggesting to their son that he might one day become a doctor, even in the idleness of playing the old game of "What are you going to be?" when he was a very little boy, than they would have dreamed of giving him a shoeshine box and sending him out on the streets to bring home some contribution to the family finances. Besides, he had always been an unusually squeamish child—probably, they felt, as part of his keen and primitive hatred of violence. In high school, a special arrangement had been made with his biology teacher to have him excused from assignments involving dissection.

They knew that such a list of careers was in itself a symptom of their own limited and tradition-bound perception of the world's work. No doubt there were hundreds of different ways in which a young man might express his concern for and involvement in the condition of his fellow men. The very revolution in standards which had made it possible for their son to be gentle without shame must also have broadened, far beyond their own narrow ken, the possibilities for incorporating his extraordinary values at, so to speak, the workplace.

The trouble was that, for the time being anyway, he had so little margin for the slow but necessary process of finding himself in the world. He himself had frequently questioned the value of his even remaining in school at all, because it seemed to him so poignantly a waste of time to be fooling around with books and papers and examinations whose main purpose was to fit him for becoming part of the system it was his highest ambition to avoid. Under normal circumstances, they would have advised him to take time off and look around him a bit—travel around the world, say, or try his hand on an amateur basis at one thing or another—for they were aware of how special and meaningful would have to be his niche in life for him to be happy there. But the circumstances, alas, happened to be far from normal: it was a time when young men were being drafted into the army. In school, he was safe from conscription.

Staying out of the army had naturally become the very first item in the young man's order of priorities. There was a war on, a beastly war, an evil war, a war in which no man of conscience could serve. It was criminal for the government to imperil the lives of *any* young men in such a war, but in his case it somehow seemed even more so.

As THE years had worn on, the parents had found themselves agreeing with their son in most important things. True, they had struggled with him from time to time over the question of his appearance, but they did not, deep down, take that question very seriously. Had it been necessary to do so, they would have struggled with him fiercely about whether it was valuable for him to have a college degree; but as things were, he would have his degree and would one day, they knew, be grateful for it. They sometimes thought his views about how both society and the people living in it ought to be transformed were a bit excessive. But they chalked his excesses up to his youth and his bitterness over the war. Fundamentally, they were very proud of him for being the sort of person who held such views. In everything that counted, then, they felt themselves to be at one with him.

About nothing, however, did they agree with him more unreservedly then about the subject of his going into the army. They were not principled pacifists. In their own youth there had been a war which they had supported with their whole being; the father had himself served in that war, and while far from happy with the life of a sol-

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dier, had not suffered the least qualm of doubt that he was doing something good. But in the case of this particular war they shared their son's views wholeheartedly. It was a senseless bloodletting, based at best on an outmoded notion of the country's interest and at worst on the mere egomania of the country's President, and since it had no just cause, every single individual who fell in that war was as far as they were concerned the victim of plain murder. And beyond their staunch opposition to the government's Vietnam policy in general, there was the problem of their son in particular. Even in peacetime, it would have seemed to them quite out of the question that the boy be subjected to army life—a life so completely at odds with everything best in his temperament and feeling and upbringing. He was by nature totally unfitted for training in the arts of battle. He could no more learn to kill than he could fly. Not to mention the sheer brutality of the military ethos: how could so tender and spiritually open a creature survive in that world of brute, naked force? How could a child who had grown up with so delicately tuned a sense of right and so elegantly sensitive a system of human and social values be forced, now, to make his way, faceless and alone, in a jungle of ranking, bullying, and coercion? Their hearts ached merely for the fact that he had been confronted with such a possibility at all.

They were grateful at least that he had been allowed to seek protection in school. Yet the times were out of joint, for him no less than for the young men actually being marched off to war. He certainly did not feel grateful but rather raged at the thought that he and his friends and hundreds of thousands like them had been trapped between two unconditional alternatives; and while his parents did not at all share his views about his education, they sympathized with him. Even more than for his sense of entrapment, they pitied him for so shocking and brutal a discovery of the kind of evil that persisted in the world. He had been brought up to an altogether different vision of life from the one which greeted him daily in the newspaper and on the television screen. Until this dirty business could be settled, young men like him—the very flower of mankind's best enlightenment on the meaning of social existence—were bound to remain fretful and disoriented. Nor could they as the boy's parents offer him any of the kind of wisdom and consolation they had once been able to bring when he was a child facing some strictly local cruelty. The world he now reviled, they had to confess, was a world long accepted and acquiesced in by the members of their generation. About some things he had a wisdom far beyond their own.

So they were both shocked and not shocked when he announced to them a few days before his graduation from college that some people he knew had leased a farm where they were planning to retreat from society and live communally, subsisting on the labor of their own hands, and that he had made up his mind to join them. Everything among the members of the commune was to be shared equally—work, food, space, money—and each was to devote his life to a brotherly love and care for every other. They were shocked because while they admired and to some extent shared his view that the drive for worldly success and goods emptied people's lives and deadened their souls, and while they had always recognized how serious a person he was, they had nevertheless looked forward to his pursuing a respectable and comfortable career. Retreating from the ruthlessness and crudity of the cash nexus, of society's worship of commercialism and its attendant corruption of the order of human worth, was something they themselves had always attempted to practice. But to retreat bodily from the world itself, and to create a way of life directly contradictory to the way this world has forever been organized was, it seemed to them, an attempt to make a startlingly literal truth out of a purely figurative vision.

On the other hand, if anyone could be expected to take part in such an attempt, futile though they believed that attempt over the long haul to be, it would be their son. He knew no distinction—had never known a distinction—between thought and deed. They had been hearing for a few years now about young people banding together to form communes, making themselves into a kind of living embodiment of the principles of love and equality, of nonaggression and community. They ought to have known (perhaps, in talking it over later they agreed, they had really known) that their child was an obvious candidate for this sort of experiment.

The rules of the commune were simple, he told them. Everyone was to bring his relevant possessions and place them in the common pool. The work would be allotted on the basis of special skills or preferences, or failing that, by a system of rotation. They would grow food for themselves to eat and something extra to sell in order to keep themselves in incidentals, such as cigarettes, records, medical care, and so on. One of their number—he was in fact the original organizer of the project—knew something about farming and had volunteered to teach the others. The farm had been leased in the name of one of the young man's good friends, who was collecting the earnings from a sizable trust fund left him by his grandparents, so they had a possible line of credit until they should be self-supporting. The "farmer" among them happened, along with his "old lady," to be receiving a welfare stipend, and that, too, would be helpful.

Since they would have been willing to send him to graduate school if he had wanted to go, he said, he thought it would be all right for them to give him some of the money they would otherwise be spending. To begin with, there would

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be eight or nine on the commune, and before they got things organized, there might be something of a problem about supplying their table. None of the others was on good enough terms with his or her parents to ask for help.

At this last, the mother and father shuddered a little. The idea that there were contemporary parents, members of their own generation, so taken up with the issue of money that they would use it as a weapon of control over their children, never failed to chill them. By all accounts, there were children roaming throughout the country, footloose and unprotected, children of middle-class parents (they supposed it was mostly lower-middle-class parents) so embittered by the disappointments and failures of their own lives that they would allow their children to sink or swim as they had once been forced to do. How could people like the mother and father in this situation not take at least one minute off from their anxiety over what their son was about to do to taste the pleasure of his serene confidence in them?

They agreed on a sum to be their son's founding contribution to his community, amused by the innocence in him that made him think it would be enough to get along with. They did not mean to stint him but only to reinforce their unspoken hope that he would not long remain in his new-found life. There was also the draft. It no longer seemed likely that he would be called, but one could not tell about these things. They made him promise them, which was not all that difficult to do, that should there be even the faintest hint of a danger of his being drafted he would give up his plans and settle himself in graduate school.

And there was, in the end they had to face it, the possibility that these young people might truly be pointing the way for the future. Something was surely happening among the young these days—some higher demand from themselves and from life being made, some refusal to settle for or compromise with the way things were—that even sympathetic elders were too sunk in the past to take any measure of. They had seen it in their son from almost the outset of his existence. Did they imagine that children could be fashioned from so utterly new a mold and there would be no lifelong, perhaps humanly transforming, consequences from it? They had to consider the question: was it really concern for their son's welfare, or was it only an unconscious fealty to the worship of money and status, that had dictated all their old, conventional ambitions for him?

In any case, as much as they might have thought they understood about their son's extraordinary selflessness, they found themselves overwhelmed that a boy who had grown up in the kind of ease and comfort he had grown up in should even be willing to undertake a life of such hardship as he had described to them. Perhaps, as their son had so long given them reason to suspect, they really were standing at the brink of a new era.

II

THE young man himself, of course, would never have uttered such a phrase as "new era." For if any one thing could have been said to characterize both his speech and his demeanor, it was a marked loathing for pomposity of any kind. Nevertheless, driving through the countryside to his new home—blanket, knapsack, skis, stereo equipment, and several cartons of record albums crammed into the back of his car—he was taken with the sensation of moving into some new field of human possibility. His journey to the commune was not a journey to a farm but rather was a journey toward the two things people have always wanted and had never before found the real means of achieving: namely, love and freedom. In that farmhouse, with his fellow communitarians, he was about to find the realization of the only genuinely saving human ideals.

Love and freedom were forms of the social revolution upon which the highest accolades had been bestowed by everyone he had ever known and everything he had read and heard in the course of his entire life. They had been honored, however, as had most other ideals in a relentlessly materialist civilization, largely in the breach. For the secret of true love was that it was a relation which could obtain only in a condition of equality; it was nothing less than a full and honest and open acceptance of one another without extraneous demands, without conditions, without any elements of subordination and superordination. The model of love which had had the greatest influence over the traditional definition of the term, that is, the love between parent and child, had been a snare and a delusion, trapping people into habits of obedience and tyranny that had extended beyond the family into the whole of society. This relation of authority and dependency, traditionally deemed by mankind of all relations to be worthiest of the very name of love, had served as the model for many of society's most flagrant enactments of tyranny: boss and worker, government and people, black and white, husband and wife. The love of and for one's fellows, growing out of a situation in which there was no such thing as rank or distinction or ascription of roles, he visualized as a kind of "revolution backward into being." (He had read the phrase once—he could not remember where—and it had seemed to him the perfect name for his desire.)

And the secret of true freedom was that it was a relation which could obtain only in a condition of mere subsistence, of living without reference to money; for freedom was nothing less than the possibility of being oneself and only oneself, without handing over one's spirit as a hostage to some future promise of wealth or security. As

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with love, the traditionally defining model of freedom was a travesty of the very thing it presumed to bespeak. The so-called free man, granted just as much political liberty as was needed to make him a voluntary partner to the endless, mindless production of riches, was the very picture of enslavement. He was allowed to move about with the appearance of being unhampered only so that he might more effectively do exactly as society had decreed for him to do. The goods with which he surrounded himself he had been brainwashed to need and desire; the economic security he was so grateful to be allowed to procure for himself and his family was no more than the bait with which his oppressors had long laid their trap for him.

It was in the nature of both their enterprise and their feelings about it that he and his group should have little impulse to proselytize others. Love and freedom as they understood these terms pulled in precisely the opposite direction from zealotry—indeed, it was fundamental to the principles of the commune that its members should account themselves the kind of people who aspired only to live. This was another reason why he could never have dreamed of making so thunderous a proclamation as that he was the harbinger of a new era. Still and all, he was quietly convinced that his new commune, in concert with others like it, would in the long run have a decisive effect on American society.

There were members of his generation, some of them were friends and former close associates of his, who were calling for an actual armed revolution. They demanded the destruction of capitalism, dreamed of fomenting a massive insurrection in the armed forces, of opening the prisons, of taking over the universities in which they were being forced to serve time, of destroying the power of the police. They spoke salaciously of the time when blood might flow in the streets. They marched under a variety of flags, some of these actually the emblems of foreign powers, pledged their loyalty to this or that specific body of revolutionary doctrine, and worked feverishly to organize disciplined cadres of the faithful. He felt no stirring opposition to these revolutionaries —he was after all connected to them by the bond of their common refusal to countenance the prevailing sick and rotten values of society—but they had failed to ignite the least spark of real interest or commitment on his part. Their way was not his way; he had neither a personal taste for it nor faith in it. They wished to do, to act, to deal in categories of power. He wished only to be himself. They used the language of violence and claimed to be preparing themselves for violence. He could think of nothing which by his lights would make the risk of violence seem justified. Perhaps the recourse to force and terror was justified—he could see many of the arguments—but not for him.

In any case, he could think of no form of resistance so effective, so unanswerable, as that of passive resistance. This was not exactly a matter of doctrine, but rather more a translation of his private experience. Even as a small child, he had discovered that there was no way for those in authority to make him do what he simply and quietly refused to do. Imagine such a discovery acted upon *en masse*. If every young man in America of eligible age, for instance, had in the same immovable and quiet fashion simply not shown up to register for the draft, the entire history of the world might have been ineradicably altered.

The blood which according to his revolutionary friends was one day to flow in the streets, if it did—and while he was willing to make conversation about it, he could not actually imagine or believe that it would—was as likely to be revolutionary blood as capitalist blood. Aside from his revulsion at bloodshed, he could not see, then, what would be the purpose of such a conflagration. But the commune, or any similar declaration of non-participation in the system, could truly turn things around. For once people caught sight of the possibility of being loved without first submitting to authority, once they were forced to contemplate the vision of freedom that inheres in a life of being without doing, of thought and feeling untrammeled by the discipline and self-denial of the great race for wealth, the very fabric of their existence would be rent forever. They might rage for a time with envy and spite, as his parents had over his liberation from the imprisonment of attending to his personal appearance, but in the end their deathly habits of obedience and futile calculation for the future would be undermined beyond reinforcement.

His settlement in the large and shabby house belonging to the new commune's property was thus accomplished in a mood of high hope. The weather being warm, each day the group spent several pleasurable hours sitting in the meadow, passing around sprucely rolled sticks of marijuana, and discussing plans for how to make the place habitable.

In the course of one particularly giddy session, they took to rolling about in the unmown weeds, then splashing one another with the muddy water of a little cow-pond, finally to dousing one another with great handfuls of mud. They could not stand up to return to the house for their laughter. In his mind's eye, the young man could see the faces of middle-class America looking on, aghast and stricken with the recognition that life as they had lived it had been a waste.

His stereo, being the best of those possessed by the group, was given place of honor in the main parlor. His skis were stowed in the barn. And within the space of a couple of days, he and one of the young women in the group had arrived at an agreement to share a bedroom.

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He could almost physically feel himself uncoiling from the pressures of the past few years—school, the draft, the anxiety of his parents about what was to become of him; even he had not known how great those pressures had been.

Not that there were not tensions in his new community. Some of these were almost immediately apparent. Two of the young women, for instance, had undertaken to do the cooking. They had very strong convictions on the subject of eating, how it was related to everything in life, not only to bodily health but to temperament, intelligence, mood, and spiritual setting; it was vitally important to them that the commune should eat the right food prepared in the proper way. And he did not much care for the meals that resulted from such philosophy. They were composed largely of grain and fruits and vegetables and honey. In the first couple of weeks he had found numerous pretexts for going to the village and each time had headed straight for the general store where he stood at the back and wolfed down two or three candy bars, feeling dreadfully guilty. Moreover, the cooks themselves had begun to grumble and one night, no longer able to contain themselves, had burst upon the group with the loud complaint that after having completed the chore of preparing the meals, they had also been left to put the kitchen back in order. This complaint was apparently settled by a general agreement to include kitchen clean-up in the roster of rotating duties. That, however, also proved to be unsatisfactory because when the task fell to certain of the male members of the group—most notable among them the young man himself—the job was not done with sufficient care and had to be redone the next day.

It was too late in the year to attempt much more than cutting down the fields for the next spring's planting. Here the bulk of the task fell to the man who had taken it upon himself to be the commune's agricultural expert. Everyone was assigned some share in the mowing. A couple of people claimed to find the work rather soothing and enjoyable for an hour or two a day. The others found it quite tedious and invented certain small diversions—hay fights, for instance—in order to keep themselves mindful of the joys and glories of their new life. In the end, at the suggestion of the one whose income it was that for the time being was keeping them going, they hired a neighboring farmer to come in with his tractor for a few days. But before they had hit upon this expedient, the expert had grown ever so slightly irascible about getting them all down to serious work. The young man had not liked the tone in his voice that week. It carried, he thought, something of the melody of that will to subordinate, to be the acknowledged leader in a race for power, which the commune had been created precisely to eradicate. The man had after all *chosen* to be responsible for the group's efforts at farming. Others had made a different choice. Who was he to set his choice above theirs? The habits of the world Out There would clearly take a certain time to die among individuals less conscious and certain than the young idealist of their moral purpose.

Very quickly, two schools of thought developed about what to do with the house. One party recommendel that they should spend the slow winter months ahead in painting the place and fixing it up. The other party favored leaving the house as it was, a symbol of the group's determination to live without the intrusion of any bourgeois frivolities. The discussions on this point became rather acrimonious, the would-be decorators taking umbrage at the association of their wish to create an agreeable environment with mere middle-class convention. In the end it was settled, again by the man who was footing most of their bills, that a limited amount of shopping for amenities would be undertaken, but no more than would be enhancing to their physical comfort. The young man, who had no very strong feelings on either side, though he had looked with pleasure on the prospect of painting and mixing colors, was nevertheless disquieted by the weight that was being given to money, and particularly to the man who was dispensing the money, in so many of their deliberations. He and his girl discussed this several times in the privacy of their bedroom and came to the conclusion that in all future decisions of the group the man with the money should be given the least, not the most, attention, for his views were likely to be tainted.

As the cold weather set in, and they were drawn more and more to the comforts of long indoor afternoons around the stereo set, they ventured far into the intimacy that would finally seal their cohesion as a new and true family. They spoke of themselves and of one another, of their respective pasts, of their present pain and pleasure, of their ideas and of their feelings—passing from lips to lips the pipe filled with marijuana that was both the goad to, and totem of, their brotherhood. Their talk was unorganized and seemingly aimless—the final and most significant throwing off of the lonely privacy that lay at the heart of the ethic of selfish acquisition and property.

But by no one's express intention, these conversations began to take on a ritual aspect, a sort of prescribed and predictable back-and-forth that gave hint of a focused purpose. One of the members of the group would be reminded by something in the afternoon of a past experience, and the others would be prompted by his narrative to launch upon a gentle, loving, but instructive analysis of his character. From there they would somehow, imperceptibly but inevitably, move onto the subject of his relation to the group, his particular role therein, and especially the emotional difficulties he was having with that role.

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Sometimes there would be anger; sometimes, particularly if the elected center of these attentions happened to be one of the young women, there would be tears; but everyone agreed that talk of this kind was vitally important, indeed essential, to both the quality and survival of their community.

The young man had enjoyed these sessions enormously at first. He had much to say to his new-found brothers and sisters, so much that sometimes he was aware of a flood of words tumbling from his lips in no controllable order. But after the first rush of unburdening himself, he began to notice certain disparities and inequities in the group's conduct. His turn to be laid bare seemed to come around less often than those of others. Two or three people were subtly managing, by laying unspoken claim to problems and neurotic sensitivities greater than those of the rest of the group, to preempt the major part of their attentions. Moreover, on those few occasions when the group did appear to be willing to concern itself with him, he thought he detected a certain uncalled-for abruptness in their comments, a certain lack of sensitivity in the response to what he said, a certain implicit urging that he get done and move offstage.

By Christmas time, he and his girl were quarreling badly, at first exchanging tight-lipped, whispered reproaches behind closed doors and finally shouting at each other, stamping up and down in the cold, out behind the barn. She had acquired a peculiar habit of speaking of and to him contemptuously, even sneeringly, in the presence of the others. In the course of one particularly edgy circle-jerk (as he and she had come in private to call the daily sessions of the group), she had betrayed a confidence of their bed. He had never before in his life known the kind of violence she could inspire in him. When he had called her a cruel, selfish, murdering bitch, she had countered by heaping upon his head a veritable avalanche of scorn for being, as she put it, "a cowardly shit-eater." He had never once, she told him, defended her against the snide and nasty treatment she was forced to put up with every single day from the other girls in the house. He had come to her for comforting with every hurt, real or imagined, down to the tiniest splinter in his toe; and yet he had looked on passively while this one had hassled her, that one had spread ugly stories about her, and the other one had contrived to stick her with dirty jobs it was not her turn to do. He was like all the others, the ones she had come here to get away from, regarding her as just another sexual dumping-ground.

His girl was to leave the commune soon after, spending a long mysterious afternoon in the village making phone calls and being whisked away the following afternoon in a battered old car that had been dispatched to call for her. She barely said goodbye.

In late March or early April the group intended to do their planting. There was one small but contained battle over the issue of whether or not to use chemical fertilizer, but at the contemplation of how much work there was to be done, the general inclination was to abide by the judgment of their agricultural expert.

Who was once more, the young man noted, coming into his own. A further mental note was made to stay out of the fields. He had already had a sufficient foretaste of what could become of equality and brotherhood, even in a commune, under conditions where one man arrogated unto himself some special responsibility or expertise. So he set up a makeshift easel in a little-used back parlor, got himself some supplies, and set about busying himself with painting.

There were many other signs, besides the growing swagger of the self-styled expert, that things could never be quite as promised in this community. A certain acerbity had entered into their relations. Intimacy had not made them tenderer or freer with one another, but on the contrary had pushed them into assuming ever more rigid roles. The women had grown restive and touchy, watchful about a whole range of trivial issues of male-female manners and status. They refused duty in the kitchen and laundry.

He did not feel well, either. During that winter all of them had come down with some kind of flu that made their bones ache and left them debilitated for weeks. They were given a variety of herbal brews by the superintendents of the group's health—now quite enlivened at the prospect of so massive an opportunity to minister to the ailing—and endless lectures on the evils of antibiotics. Eventually he stopped aching but never seemed to enjoy a complete recovery.

By the time it was announced that they were ready to begin plowing, he was spending most of his time in hiding, shut up in his room with a book or buried behind his easel. He made one effort to join the group at work, breaking his resolution not to put himself at the mercy of their games of power. The sun was shining, and he was drawn by the loud voices and laughter he could hear through his window: the voices and laughter held out the promise that things would once more be the way they were in those first glorious weeks when they had rolled around in the grass easing the constriction and phony purposefulness of the city.

There was no doubt about it, his comrades were out that day to do him down. The agriculturist had become no more than a mere work boss, barking orders, making decisions, instructing everybody what he was to do, growing impatient with those who appeared to be lagging, raising his voice, shunting them all about. He began to suspect that the reason the group had been persuaded to take up farming in the first place was that they had been manipulated into doing so by

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someone just looking for a cheap shot at leadership. They had managed through the winter without this self-appointed dictator, buying their groceries in a grocery store; no doubt it was only because they were a bunch of blind sheep that they were being led into the pasture like this now that spring had come.

They were certainly an altered group from the one which had cavorted in the outdoors less than a year ago—altered perhaps most of all, he could not help feeling, bitterly, in their relations with him. For not only was the "boss" expressing annoyance with the inadequacy of his efforts, the whole group appeared to be following the leader and presuming to remark upon the young man's clumsiness, his failure to pull his fair share of the collective weight, the sloppiness of his results. His outrage at last found proper speech. He had volunteered for his work, he reminded them heatedly, or had they forgotten that they had come here originally to learn how to be free men? He returned to the house with aching back and scraped knuckles, ruing the impulse that had brought him out and anguished for the way his former friends were being contaminated by the same trivial morality they had once set out so bravely to destroy.

Some days after he had stormed back to the house from the fields he made one last-ditch effort to turn the group aside from its growing entrapment in the worldly order. While they were gathered at dinner, he proposed that they rethink their plan to become actual farmers. Planting was scheduled to begin any time now, and it would soon be too late for them to step back and consider what they were doing to themselves. He filled the pipe with marijuana, passed it around, and delivered a speech in which he painted for them the picture of the life they had set out here to find: a life lived in so pure, so insistent an ignorance of the trivia of getting and spending that they might become a kind of band of holy fools who could overturn the world. Instead they were opting for a life that would be nasty, brutish, and short—no less nasty, brutish, and short than the lives of any people organized into a community of production, with its overseers and underlings, leaders and led, its saving and scraping and planning and putting-off, its sacrifice of equality and the concern of every being for every other to the great chimera of security. There was to be a baby born in the commune in early autumn. A new generation. Did they not owe it to this baby to make something better of its community than a dingy, dreary version of the community they themselves had grown up in? Over the past several months they had talked for hours and hours and hours about their parents, about the pinched spirits and mean intentions of middle-class people who had sold themselves into the slavery of householding and job-holding and worry for the future. Was not the same thing happening to them now, and would not the nervous system of their own new generation be branded with the same repression and anxiety?

He could sense as he was speaking that some of the members of the group were being swayed by him. The smoke from the pipe was bringing back the old familiar odor of softening affection, eyes had grown wide, and the long-absent talk of dreams and ideals was warming some of the icy chill that had set in to a number of eager laboring-men's spines.

The mood was broken, however, when the man with the trust fund—the inevitable one, the young man told himself later, big daddy, the man who pays the bills—raised the question of how they would eat and meet the rent. He had been carrying them for nearly a year now, the man said; his bank account, one check from the young man's father, and a few welfare payments—stopped after a statewide investigation of welfare fraud—had put the food into all their mouths and kept a roof over all their heads (the young man laughed silently to himself at the way the issue of money always and inevitably bred the same rhetoric of food and shelter). He was willing to carry them further, had not dreamed of withdrawing his support or even keeping books about who was contributing how much. But he was after all not going to be some mere moneybags they had all got their hooks into. For his part, that was not *his* ideal of equality. He would not call that community or brotherhood. He would call that being played for a sucker. So now he wanted to know: was this group or was this group not aiming to live by the sweat of its own brow and to eat of the fruit of its own land and all that other stuff about which so many pretty speeches had been made? Or did they expect him merely to go on playing Sugar Daddy?

Thus diverted from the young man's visions and exhortations, the group proceeded to embark upon a discussion of just what each of them had done, had meant to do, had not meant to do, had fallen short of doing, or had succeeded in doing, for every other. The discussion went on far into the night. Never, they all agreed, had they attained to such heights of sincerity.

The young man himself took no part in this discussion, since at the conclusion of the attack upon him he had simply stood up and left the room. All night he lay on his bed seething, tossing from side to side, muttering, now and then weeping tears of rage. He felt as if he had been playing his best and hardest at a game whose rules had been changed in the middle without his having been told. Talk about having been taken! He tried to apply his mother's old suggestion, and imagine that the man with the money was more unhappy, more to be pitied, at this moment than he, but that only made him angry with his mother. The truth was—he had been working his way toward it for months but had till now kept turning it aside for the sake of his daily comfort and

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convenience—the truth was, that neither the commune nor the revolution it was supposed to be setting an example for would ever eradicate the power of wealth and ownership. These, he now knew, had been too deeply graven into the human psyche. His own pure-hearted refusal to stand watch over the boundaries of possession, to preserve the sanctity of what belonged to him and what to another, had brought him no freedom from the age-old need to compete for the rights of territory; it had brought him instead a . . . kick in the ass. There was a message to him in this, a message he would have once and for all to decipher if he were ever truly to become the master of his soul.

III

Two days later he set out from the commune, having reclaimed his car, his skis, and his stereo. He stopped off at home only long enough to collect some money and some camping equipment, and set off for a few weeks on a cross-country drive. He needed to look at the world again and to complete that first hesitant reassessment of his predicament. He drove to California and back, and by the time he returned, he had found the resolution he was seeking.

He knew that the decision he had taken on the trip would please his parents, for he had decided to return to school. Unaccountably—they at least would have found it unaccountable—the thought of their pleasure made him furious. They were bound to regard his new resolution as a kind of victory for their side, that is, for the side of all those who were content to pull themselves together neatly and offer up their lives to the system. It became critically important to him to make them understand and feel that his decision represented no victory for the kind of things they stood for. He had if anything less intention than ever before to step into his father's shoes.

He put off telling them of his plans for as long as possible. And then one night, because the school year was almost upon him, because they had so virtuously and so judiciously and so painfully refrained from asking him what was to come next, and because he needed their help, he laid before them his new vision of the future. As he spoke, he felt the urgency of his need to snuff out any stray spark of smugness or self-satisfaction that his words might be kindling in their hearts.

There was no decent way for a man to live within the system, he told them—no way to remain kind, sensitive, spiritually sound, at peace with oneself if one allowed "them" to own one's soul. In order to avoid this, he had taken so extreme a measure as going off to become a communitarian farmer. That measure had not worked. For the problem was not so much to take the boy out of the system as to take the system out of the boy, and he had discovered that even in so radically reorganized a community as he and his erstwhile friends had attempted to create, one did not necessarily escape the false values of the world around. A man could only be free to live as his own natural spirit and instinct told him, he now recognized, living by and for himself. He was going to law school not in order to become a better-tooled cog in the great social machine, as it would clearly give his parents so much joy to imagine, but because training in the law would offer him the widest possibility to use the system for his own purposes. With a law degree in hand, he would find himself a good spot in some firm or corporation, pull down his forty or fifty thousand a year (at this his father started a little, opened his mouth as if to speak, but remained silent), and reserve the living kernel of himself. The true revolution, he now saw, lay in taking hold of whatever benefits the system had to offer and secretly giving nothing of one's own substance in return. That way society could be made to be beneficent against its own knowledge or will. Any other method of capturing society's beneficence, or trying to force it, was childish.

Later, in a private conversation with his father, he spoke more to this matter. The men of his father's generation, he said, were little more than slaves, however well paid or well rewarded. For they had put not only their hands but their hearts and minds, their very private selves, at the service of their bosses or businesses. They not only worked as they were told to do, but thought as they were told to do and lived as they were told to do, only in order that they might work harder. Their notions of social and personal obligation, their standards and morals, their family lives, their pleasures, their desires, had all been dictated to them by a system whose real purpose was to keep them obediently and gratefully in harness until they got too old to be of any productive use. Whence it cast them out, grateful still, with a few junky baubles to their name and the illusion that they had enjoyed a life well and honorably spent. And in the meantime, they had been tricked into lending their best and most earnest efforts to such noble efforts as plundering the land, murdering the young, and ripping off the innocent.

In a way, he conceded, it was not altogether their fault. Those like his father, who were now in middle age, had been swindled into imagining that they were fortunate because they had been able to give their families nice houses and good food and the petty extra comforts they could buy with their hard-earned, their desperately hard-earned, life-sacrificing money. Whereas things like nice houses and good food and everyday comforts should not be seen as a species of good fortune but only as the minimal proper due of every single human at birth. One should not be grateful for them, one should regard them as the very least that one might expect out of life.

If he, for example, thought for one moment

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that he might end up living as his father had—working like a dog and spending his substance, giving up most of life's genuinely warm pleasures, taking for himself only a pittance of the wealth he was adding to the system, and proud of nothing more than having acquitted an obligation handsomely to support a wife and children—if he thought that he would one day be forced to sum up his own life in such terms, he would slit his throat then and there. He for one was never going to be grateful for so small a favor. He had rather better things in mind than that. Law school was not going to signify his surrender to any thin and paltry necessity; for him it would be a means only, a means precisely for living beyond the reach of necessity.

THE father was naturally somewhat upset by this conversation. It had never occurred to him that he might one day stand accused in this particular way. The description of his life stung him at first as a grave injustice, and defenses, denials, justifications rushed to his lips. The ideas and attitudes his son had charged him with holding—accurately characterized, he would agree, for most people—had not been his ideas and attitudes at all. Nor had it been in his own home that the young man had witnessed the kind of dreary accommodation to things of which he complained. On the contrary, it might somewhere along the line have come to the boy's attention that the thirsting after higher things for which he so highly regarded himself was more likely a product of his upbringing than of anything else. How many other young men did he imagine ran off to communes with the fervent prayers, albeit also the doubts and misgivings, of their fathers and mothers?

Still, as he continued to listen, the father's agitation gave way to a kind of deep and quiet melancholy. If the boy's tone and emphasis seemed needlessly harsh, much of what he said was nevertheless true. How sadly true, indeed, he himself had grown ever more aware in the past few years. He was, to be sure, though it never failed to startle him to hear the term being applied to himself, middle-aged. He had by now spent the vast proportion of the total of his waking hours in one way or another on the disciplines of his job, and the vast proportion of his inner life either stoking or attempting to bank the fires of his ambition. And what, the question had lately come to haunt him, could he really say he had to show for it? A lovely wife, a lovely home, and lovely children, he would answer in a tone that always echoed through his head as a mockery of the accents of *his* parents' generation; also two cars, a house at the beach, an annual trip to Europe, a carpeted office, a goodly quantity of the envy of his uncarpeted colleagues and one-car neighbors, a fat life-insurance policy, and enough both of power and responsibility to make it likely that his wife would not too many years from now collect on that policy. He *had* done what he was told all his life; he *had* been granted what had to be seen as only a derisory return—handsome as it might once have looked to him—on the amount of wealth he had produced for others; and like a beaten, timid old retainer, he *had*, at least until recently, been grateful for it.

But how much play, how much laughter, how much simple physical health, had it cost him? When his son had mentioned "life's genuinely warm pleasures," he could feel the flush rising to his cheeks. For such thoughts, too, had been prominent in his own reckonings. He felt as if the boy must at some time or other have been reading his mind. What of all the sweets he had denied himself to avoid the danger of being deflected from his appointed course—young girls not taken, interests not pursued, flights of escape canceled—and which he would now go to his grave without having tasted? The evenings of self-conscious over-age hijinks that he and his wife and many of his friends and their wives now and then indulged in, feasts of pot and pornographic movies and once even a timid little fiasco of an orgy, were no substitute for a life of love and freedom such as his son was now daring to make for himself.

The father did not throw himself to the floor or into his son's arms. He sat silent in his chair, unmoving, face fixed into what he hoped was a dignified and maybe even masterfully inscrutable expression. He said no more than that of course the young man could count on them in every possible way to see him through his schooling. He had no wish to discuss the old familiar feelings that his son had once more freshly roused in him—not so much for the boy's sake as for his own. He recognized the clutching sensation at the pit of his stomach and knew that it would be with him now for a whole day or two if he gave in too far to his emotions.

Afterward, the young man was under the impression that he had not been able to reach his father, that his ideas had made no dent in that great thick wall of conventional piety behind which the old man had always kept himself hidden and protected. And since the old man had absolutely refused to understand him, he shooed away all remaining pangs of guilt for having talked so brutally of his father's failed and wasted life.

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The "New History"

Gertrude Himmelfarb

A SOCIOLOGIST FRIEND recently complained to me of the amorphous state of his discipline. Sociology, he said, is totally undefined, both as to subject matter and methodology; no one knows what it is supposed to comprise or how it is supposed to do what it purports to do. He envied history its good fortune in having fixed boundaries and focal points—periods, countries, regimes, dramatic events, and great leaders. And he admired its clear and firm notions of scholarly procedure: how one inquires into a historical problem, how one presents and documents one's findings, what constitutes admissible evidence and adequate proof. I gently disabused him. Whatever advantages history may once have enjoyed, it is rapidly disburdening itself of them all. In fact, it seems bent upon transforming itself into something like sociology.

Anyone who has followed recent historical literature, watched the proliferation of new journals and the transformation of the old ones, served on panels for the distribution of research grants, or looked at the latest program for the annual meeting of the American Historical Association, can testify to the revolution that is taking place in historical studies. Where once the great masters of history were Gibbon, Macaulay, and Ranke, they now seem to be Durkheim, Weber, and Lévi-Strauss. The currently fashionable subjects come directly from the sociology catalogue: class, mobility, family, childhood, work, leisure, literacy, poverty, crime, violence, mobs, ethnicity, deviancy, sexuality. . . . And the new subjects are accompanied by new methods. Where history was once primarily (often entirely) narrative, now it is primarily (often entirely) analytic. The old questions, What happened? and How did it happen?, have given way to the question, why did it happen? And prominent among the methods used to answer the question of "Why" are psychoanalysis and quantitative measurement.

One may speculate whether these new subjects spawned the new methods or whether the new methods spawned the subjects appropriate to them. In any event, there is no question of the growing importance of both psychoanalytic history (psycho-history) and quantitative history (quanto-history, or, in its more elegant guise, cliometrics). Not so long ago every graduate student in history was required to take a course on Historical Method—the proper mode of inquiry, verification, and presentation. I know of no major university which now offers, let alone requires, such a course. What every self-respecting university does offer, however, is a course on New Methods in History. I have nothing against such a course; indeed I have given it myself (having also argued, in vain, for a course on Historical Method in the old sense). But all too often the course on New Methods is given in a missionary spirit that is uncritical and undiscriminating, as if the novelty of any new method is its own justification, as if it has to be tolerated on its own terms and judged by its own rules, and as if the occasional flaws of the old method—narrowness, triviality, lack of originality, and, above all, mindlessness—are no longer faults when they appear under the aegis of the new.

ONE of the few serious examinations of the assumptions and implications of the new methods can be found in Jacques Barzun's *Clio and the Doctors: Psycho-History, Quanto-History, and History.** Never one to shirk a good fight, Barzun has taken on two formidable adversaries. An attack on either one alone would have been sufficiently provocative in the present cultural climate; it might even have earned him the good will of the other. But Barzun is not interested in minor skirmishes or easy victories. He is intent not only upon destroying both flanks of the "new history" but in implicating each in the defeat of the other, in showing the common fallacy that makes them inimical to history as he understands it. His book contains few examples of the kinds of absurdities that psycho- and quanto-history abound in and that would have been easy game for his devastating wit. He is interested not in scoring points but in elucidating principles. And because he is concerned with principles, he spurns the strategy of compromise. He does not take refuge in the kind of latitudinarianism that is so com-

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mon in the profession today. He does not say that he will admit the new historians into the ranks if only they behave temperately, if only they give up their excessive claims to truth. He does not say that every historian can "do his thing" so long as he extends the same tolerance to others. He knows that this kind of tolerance trivializes their "thing" as it does his own. He does his opponents the honor of taking them seriously. If he has principles, so, he assumes, do they. And it is their principles that he finds incompatible with the traditional principles of the historian.

Psycho-history, Barzun insists, is not merely the use of psychological explanations in historical contexts. There would be nothing new in that. Historians have always used such explanations when they were appropriate to a particular problem and when there was sufficient evidence for them. But this kind of eclectic, pragmatic use of psychology is not at all what the psycho-historian intends. He is committed to a particular theory of psychology—psychoanalysis—and a particular school of psychoanalysis at that—Freudianism or neo-Freudianism. And this commitment precludes a commitment to history as historians have always understood it. Psycho-history derives its "facts" not from history but from psychoanalysis, and deduces its theories not from this or that instance but from a view of human nature that transcends history. It denies the basic criterion of historical evidence: that the evidence be publicly accessible to, and therefore assessable by, all historians. And it violates the basic tenet of historical method: that the historian be alert to the negative instances that would refute his thesis and to alternative explanations that would make his own more tenuous. The psycho-historian, convinced of the absolute rightness of his own theory, is also convinced that his is the "deepest" explanation of any event, that any other explanation falls short of the truth.

Above all, what Barzun objects to is that psycho-history, not content to violate history (in the sense of the proper mode of studying and writing about the past), also violates the past itself. It denies to the past an integrity and will of its own, in which people acted out of a variety of motives and in which events had a multiplicity of causes and effects. It imposes upon the past the same determinism that it imposes upon the present, thus robbing people and events of their individuality and of their complexity. Instead of respecting the particularity of the past, it assimilates all events, past and present, into a single deterministic schema which is presumed to be true at all times and in all circumstances.

It is this lack of respect for the individuality and complexity of history that Barzun takes to be the common denominator—and the common fallacy—of psycho-history and quanto-history. Where the psycho-historian looks for the psychic mechanism that will explain all, the quanto-historian looks for the behavioral pattern—expressed in figures, charts, tables, and graphs—that will reduce the multiplicity of instances into manipulable units. Again the fallacy is that of a simplistic, mechanistic determinism. If people and events can be described and explained quantitatively, it can only be because they are conceived as homogeneous, hence quantifiable, units. The population of a country, the number of books produced, the tons of corn exported—these, Barzun says, can be counted because the units, for these purposes, are identifiable and identical. But violence, revolution, slavery—the subjects to which quantifiers have tried to apply their techniques—are not homogeneous. They can be added up, measured, charted, only by violating the particularity of each episode (each outbreak of violence, for example), by ignoring the dissimilarities and attending only to the superficial similarities, by arbitrarily focusing upon some one characteristic that is specifiable and measurable—and for which, moreover, we happen to have quantitative evidence. The medium, Barzun suggests, has become the message. A mechanistic approach to history implies a mechanistic view of man.

Against both factions of the new history, Barzun unhesitatingly aligns himself with traditional, conventional history. It is a measure of the distance we have come that such words as traditional and conventional should now be used almost invariably in a pejorative sense, so that it seems a mark of boldness on Barzun's part to apply them to himself. Traditional history, however, as he conceives it, is by no means the narrowly political history that its detractors make of it. For Barzun it draws upon a variety of techniques, disciplines, and sources; it counts, psychologizes, analyzes, compares, reflects, and judges. But above all it narrates. Without that narrative, he insists, we may have a worthy biography or economic treatise or psychological study, but we do not have history*

One cannot repeat often enough that psycho-history is not the occasional use of psychology to illuminate a particular historical situation. It is not, for example, an exercise in psycho-history to say that Hitler had a personal obsession with Jews and that this was an important fact in the history of Nazism. Few historians would dispute this proposition, for

* In a footnote on Macaulay, Barzun illustrates what he takes to be the proper relationship of the narrative and analytic components in history. He commends Macaulay for the famous third chapter of the *History of England*, the chapter describing the social condition of England in 1685. What he especially likes is the fact that Macaulay deliberately placed it not at the opening of his work (where any modern historian would have put it) but after two chapters of "rapid storytelling." Those narrative chapters, Barzun says, built up the momentum and suspense that carried the work safely past the "necessarily static" third chapter.

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which there is ample evidence. It takes the psycho-historian, however, to go on to explain the precise psychic mechanism that caused that obsession and to make this psychic mechanism responsible for the precise nature of the historical events resulting from the obsession.

Thus, a recent article on Hitler traces not only the Holocaust but the specific use of gas chambers to the treatment administered to Hitler's mother by a Jewish doctor.* A Dr. Bloch had operated on her for breast cancer, removing the breast, and then, when the cancer recurred, had vainly tried to arrest its progress by the use of an iodine compound called iodoform. Hitler, who had "loved Bloch like a kind father," unconsciously blamed him for his mother's death, as well as for the "huge terminal bill paid on Christmas eve" —hence his later rage against "the Jewish cancer, the Jewish poison, the Jewish profiteer." When Hitler himself was hospitalized for gas poisoning in 1918, the gas burned through his skin "just like iodoform," and he naturally "associated" his own condition with his mother's. Shortly afterward, in a hysterical relapse, he experienced the hallucination in which he was called upon to undo Germany's defeat, the Germany he was going to avenge being "transparently his mother." The gas chambers of World War II, similarly "associated" with the iodoform episode and his own gas poisoning, completed Hitler's "psychological continuum": "the futile surgery performed on his mother's cancer (the expulsion program), yielding to the representation of her death as a mercy killing (the Euthanasia program), and this in turn to his retaliation against Bloch (the Final Solution)."

The precise correspondence that is being asserted between the psychic and the historical phenomenon may be seen more clearly in that part of Binion's article which purports to explain not only the Final Solution but the concept of *Lebensraum*. In appealing for living space for Germany, Hitler is said to have been re-experiencing his mother's trauma, a trauma induced by the death of three infants before Hitler was born and communicated to the infant Hitler literally at his mother's breast:

> That is, even as he spoke to Germany's emergent need to relive a traumatic experience, his message was shaped by his oral-aggressive fixation and by the traumatic experience that his mother was reliving as she fixated him. His major premise was strictly oral-aggressive: that all history was a fight for feeding ground. His minor premise, that Germany could not feed her children adequately, expressed his mother's maternal trauma as it had come through to him in her compensatory overfeeding of him. And his conclusion, the eastern land-grab, pointed beyond itself toward world conquest, which points back to that satiety at the breast when self and world were one.

THAT this article is typical of the genre may be demonstrated by any issue of the journal in which it appeared. The genre should, however, be judged not by the typical but by the best example. And the classic of the form is generally agreed to be Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* (1958). Erikson traces Luther's rebellion against the Pope (equated with a rebellion against God) to his initial rebellion against his father and the "identity crisis" of his youth. The best known part of Erikson's analysis is the role assigned to toilet training and "anal defiance" in this momentous rebellion:

> We must conclude that Luther's use of repudiative and anal patterns was an attempt to find a safety-valve when unrelenting inner pressure threatened to make devotion unbearable and sublimity hateful—that is, when he was again about to repudiate God in supreme rebellion, and himself in malignant melancholy. The regressive aspects of this pressure, and the resulting obsessive and paranoid focus on single figures such as the Pope and the Devil, leave little doubt that a transference had taken place from a parent figure to universal personages, and that a central theme in this transference was anal defiance.

The boldness of Erikson's thesis is matched by a methodological audacity that leaves the conventional historian breathless. Only certain minimal conditions have to be met for non-facts to acquire the same status as facts. "We are thus obliged," Erikson says, "to accept half-legend as half-history, provided only that a reported episode does not contradict other well-established facts; persists in having a ring of truth; and yields a meaning consistent with psychological theory." Moreover, the stock of facts and non-facts can come from any time or place in history, from any observer or experience, so that a theory about Jesus or an event in the life of Freud are as much the data of Luther's life as those facts (or legends or hypotheses) deriving from Luther's own childhood or career. A typical chapter of Erikson's book contains half-a-dozen pages on Hitler (this account itself based on various and conflicting sources), references to city gangs and Zen Buddhism, quotations from such diverse authorities as Crane Brinton, Nietzsche, William James, and Thomas Wolfe, and lengthy disquisitions on psychoanalytic theory and practice. And all of this is assumed to have an immediate bearing on the case of Luther. The facts are few, Erikson concedes. "But a clinician's training permits, and in fact forces, him to recognize major trends even where the facts are not all available." The analyst, he assures us, has learned to make

* Rudolph Binion, "Hitler's Concept of *Lebensraum*: The Psychological Basis," *History of Childhood Quarterly*, I (1973), pp. 187-215. Of the several comments appended to this article, the only one seriously critical of the method is that by George Mosse.

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"meaningful predictions as to what will prove to have happened," and to "sift even questionable sources" in order to produce those predictions. "The validity of this approach," he writes, "lies in everyday psychoanalytic work." The most critical historian could not have made the point better: whatever validity psycho-history may claim comes from psychoanalysis, not from history.*

It has been said that Erikson's books (on Gandhi as well as Luther) are contributions to psycho-biography rather than psycho-history, that psycho-history, properly speaking, concerns itself with collective entities—groups, classes, societies—rather than individuals. But Erkison himself has subtitled his book on Luther, *A Study in Psychoanalysis and History*. He draws freely (very freely) upon historical materials. And he purports to explain a historical event of the greatest magnitude—a reformation not only of the religious and political structure of Europe but of the "ethical and psychological awareness" of all mankind. It is surely a semantic quibble to deny to this work, and to the host of others for which it has served as inspiration and model, the character of psycho-history.

It has also been suggested that the term psycho-history should be reserved for subjects which have an obviously large psychological component—the history of childhood or the family, for example. But this is to confuse subject with method. As a subject, the history of childhood can be dealt with in the historian's usual eclectic, pragmatic manner. The historian might cite changes in technology and industry bringing about new patterns of work and family life, philosophical theories positing a novel view of human nature and therefore of socialization and education, the rise of the middle class, the development of political democracy—as well, of course, as changes in breast feeding, toilet training, or any other psychological data for which there is historical evidence. And he would be wary of attributing to the latter any necessary primacy or determinacy. The psycho-historian, by contrast, approaches the subject with a prior psychoanalytic commitment. He knows in advance what to look for. His "facts" are psychoanalytic constants. All he need do is to scour history—or "half-history," as Erikson put it so well—for manifestations of those facts. Thus, the *History of Childhood Quarterly* (in which the article on Hitler cited above appeared) is properly subtitled *The Journal of Psycho-history*, for there childhood functions not as a historical problem in its own right but as the occasion for an extended commentary on psychoanalytic theory.

Most conventional historians, priding themselves on being enlightened, progressive, broadminded, are disposed to be sympathetic to psycho-history. Even if they do not themselves feel competent to engage in it, they would like to be appreciative of the efforts of others. They would like to see psychoanalysis inform history as it has informed their own understanding of human nature and behavior—as it has, for many, intimately affected their own lives. But even these historians, who come to it with the best of will and the highest hopes, harbor grave doubts. They may question whether a method devised for a patient on the couch—and which requires, even in that situation, great subtlety and skill to elicit truths—can be applied to someone not personally available for analysis. The difficulty is obviously compounded when it is not a single person but an entire group or even society that is being analyzed. And it is compounded still more as the psycho-historian attempts to go further back in time, as he reaches a period when his knowledge of the simplest objective facts becomes sparse, let alone of the feelings, emotions, sentiments, and beliefs which are at the same time most obscure and most essential to his case. At some point the conventional historian is moved to wonder whether it is more presumptuous to profess to understand the most intimate secrets of the dead, or to profess to understand—and reveal—the most intimate secrets of the living.

Short of these ultimate questions, the ordinary historian is apt to become querulous when confronted with the typical products of psycho-history. Why, he asks, cannot psycho-history observe the rules of the historical craft? If the psycho-historian wants to analyze a politician (Nixon, in a recent instance†) on the basis of his writings and speeches, why does he not perform the preliminary chores the rest of us do: determine the authorship of the relevant passages and cite them accordingly (was it the politician or his ghost-writer who wrote them?), take account of the occasion for which they were intended (was the politician saying what he thought his audience wanted to hear?), establish the reliability of the secondary sources in which they appear, find out whether other politicians do not on similar occasions express similar sentiments, and so

* Rudoph Binion, replying to the comments on his article on Hitler, suggests an additional test of validity—"subjective assent" or "empathy": "We cannot empathize with prices in 16th-century Europe to feel whether the influx of bullion from America really did cause their rise; we can empathize with Hitler to feel whether Dr. Bloch really was 'the Jew' for him. A right reading in psycho-history is like a dead language deciphered or a code broken: it not only checks, but you *know* it is right."

I do not know whether other psycho-historians subscribe to Binion's "test of truth," or even whether cryptographers and paleographers do. But certainly other historians do not "know"—empathetically or otherwise—what Binion so confidently knows.

† Bruce Mazlish, "Toward a Psychohistorical Inquiry: The 'Real' Richard Nixon," *Journal of Interdisciplinary History*, I (1970), pp. 49-105; Mazlish, *In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Inquiry*, Basic Books (1972).

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on? It seems little enough to ask of a scholar who is advancing a theory of some consequence.

That psycho-historians—and not only the worst but also the best of them—repeatedly fail to observe these elementary rules of evidence should give the sympathetic reader pause. If an intelligent scholar flouts these conventions, it can only be because he is operating on a level that makes such mundane procedures irrelevant. The sociologist will recognize the phenomenon of the ideologue whose ideology is so total and compelling that it imposes itself on the most recalcitrant data. The theologian might see a resemblance to the gnostic in possession of truths not accessible to the ordinary man and not amenable to the ordinary canons of evidence. The conventional historian will simply conclude that the psycho-historian, however brilliant as a psychoanalyst, cannot be held responsible as a historian because he has transcended the realm of history.

QUANTO-HISTORY is the other "new method" that is enjoying a great vogue. And it is often praised, although not necessarily practiced, by the same people who are most enamored of psycho-history. The method may be illustrated by a recent article in *The Journal of Interdisciplinary History*.* The subject of the article is the "salient question," as the author rightly describes it, of the literacy of the English people in the period of their greatest political upheaval, the Cromwellian revolution. By the end of the first paragraph, that salient question is reduced to "the capacity to sign names"—for the simple reason that this is "nearly all we now know or indeed are ever likely to know in the future." A source of evidence is then selected which required signatures, the hearth-tax returns. After several pages of statistical analysis, the author arrives at one deduction which is as unexceptionable as it is predictable: that "ability to sign was positively correlated with wealth"; and with another which is seriously questionable: that "many ordinary workers and artisans must have had an ability to read fluently and write." It is not clear how the evidence of signatures can warrant any assertions about reading fluency. Nor is it clear how the author arrives at his final comment about the "submerged one-third" who probably could not read or write: "Perhaps it is no wonder that this latter group took so little interest in the fortunes of the Civil War." Even the most "impressionistic" historian (so the quanto-historian is apt to characterize his more conventional colleagues) might be moved to wonder whether the French and Russian peasants, who took a more lively interest in their respective civil wars, had a higher literacy rate.

Again, however, one should consider not only the typical example of this method but one of the best examples. For all the controversy it has provoked, *Time on the Cross,* by Robert W. Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman, is a serious and ambitious attempt to apply the quantitative method to one of the most important problems in American history, the problem of slavery.† The subtitle, *The Economics of American Negro Slavery,* suggests a more limited subject than is evident in the work itself, which is concerned as much with the social and psychological as with the economic character of slavery. And by relegating most of the supporting data to a separate volume, the authors avoid the conspicuous, visual evidence of their method. Yet that method is the basis for generalizations of the largest import about the quality of life as well as the material conditions that prevailed in the South. From data on the number of slaves bought and sold in the slave market, the number of families broken up by such sales, the average age of black women at the birth of their first child, and the like, the authors arrive at conclusions about such matters as the prevailing sexual mores of both blacks and whites, the stability of the black family, the dominance of the male within the black family, and the social ties between the races—to say nothing of the economic issues of the profitability of slavery and its viability as an economic system.

Time on the Cross has been criticized by some historians for being insufficiently rigorous in its use of quantitative data, by others for ignoring the literary evidence that might have made for a less agreeable picture of slavery. But most of the critics, one suspects, were provoked less by methodological scruples than by the authors' conclusions: that slavery was an economically viable system, that the material and moral conditions of the slaves were far better than has been thought, and that many of the more shocking abuses attributed to slavery (the "stud farms," for example, in which slaves were supposedly bred for the market) were myths. Yet the real problem posed by the book lies in its method. And not in the particular lapses that critics have fastened upon—imprecise and insufficient data, lack of analytic rigor—but in the assumption that quantitative data, however adequate and however skillfully used, can ever supply the answers to the larger questions raised. Had the authors confined themselves to the subject described in their subtitle, the economics of slavery, that assumption might have been justified. But the vital, and vulnerable, point of the book is contained in the title. *Time on the Cross* has a religious, at the very least a moral, dimension that defies measurement, however subtle or sophisticated the tools of measurement. It is not a ques-

* Richard T. Vann, "Literacy in Seventeenth-Century England: Some Hearth-Tax Evidence," *Journal of Interdisciplinary History,* V (1974), pp. 287-93.

† *Time on the Cross,* Little, Brown, Volume I: The Economics of American Negro Slavery, 286 pp., $8.95; Volume II: *Evidence and Methods—A Supplement,* 267 pp., $12.50. [Reviewed by Nathan Glazer in the August 1974 COMMENTARY.—ED.]

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tion, as some critics have suggested, of the authors' failure to pass judgment on slavery, their deficiency in moral fervor; Fogel and Engerman are as implacably opposed to slavery, as morally outraged by it, as any of their critics. What is at issue, and what is conveyed by the title, is the impact of slavery upon the slaves themselves and upon the entire society. Here no amount of statistical ingenuity will suffice. Here the historian must call upon every resource available to him, whether or not it can be fed into a computer.

Confronted with the quantifiers of his own day, Thomas Carlyle once pointed out that it was not enough to inquire into the "condition" of the working classes; it was even more necessary to inquire into their "disposition"—their thoughts, beliefs, and feelings, their sense of what was right and what was wrong. "It is not what a man outwardly has or wants that constitutes the happiness or misery of him. Nakedness, hunger, distress of all kinds, death itself would have been cheerfully suffered, when the heart was right. It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men." If Carlyle is correct, the historian is obliged to read books about ideas as well as books of accounts, to take as his data the perceptions and conceptions of contemporaries as well as statistics about production and consumption. How people think and feel is as much part of the reality as any measurable, quantifiable facts.

To BARZUN quanto-history is as insidious as psycho-history—and for much the same reason. He finds it to be deterministic and mechanistic, seeing only one dimension of reality and reducing all reality to that level. One may agree with him that this is a very real tendency in quanto-history, and yet question whether it is an irresistible tendency, whether it is as inherent in the method as it is, Barzun would also say, in psycho-history. The latter posits a theory of human nature which determines the fundamental structure of events and which makes of history a matter of "epiphenomena," the superficial expression or manifestation of reality. (The parallel to Marxism, with its "infrastructure" and "superstructure," is striking.) But quanto-history need not be —although it often is—deterministic in the same way. Quantitative evidence can be used selectively, eclectically, to illuminate only one part of the historical reality. Barzun might retort that just as psycho-history is not merely the occasional psychologizing about history, so quanto-history, in any serious sense, is not merely the occasional use of figures; it is the systematic, comprehensive use of figures in such a way as to exclude or belittle all other kinds of data. The point may be semantical. But it is important to notice that there are self-styled quantitative historians who do not make an ideology of the method. They use figures, charts, and models far more extensively and systematically than the conventional historian, but they also draw upon whatever other sources are available, including literary sources. And the best of them—Lawrence Stone, most notably—are themselves fine writers as well as sound craftsmen. Barzun might say that such historians are not, properly speaking, quantitative historians, that they are social historians, or perhaps historians *tout court*. But in these cases it would be more fruitful to distinguish between the good and the bad practitioners of the method, between those for whom it is a method and those for whom it is an ideology—an exclusive principle and a total explanation.

Another distinction may help clarify the status of quanto-history, and that is the distinction between a monograph and history proper. In an age when history, like everything else, has been democratized, this distinction may seem invidious. But if we can restore to the monograph the respect it once enjoyed, we might find that many works of quanto-history fall into this category. They are concerned not with the whole of a historical situation but with a part of it, a particular aspect or problem. Eventually they can expect to be assimilated into history proper, their quantitative findings absorbed into a larger context in which they can be seen in proper proportion and perspective. It is significant that some extremely valuable studies in quanto-history are entirely negative in their implications: they have the effect of disproving received opinion rather than advancing a new theory.* This is no mean accomplishment since they may bring about major reinterpretations of crucial events. But however consequential, they are essentially monographic in character. Regarded in this light, they can be accommodated in conventional history, subjected to the ordinary rules of evidence, made part of a larger historical enterprise.

SO FAR there has been little attempt at accommodation or moderation. The new methods have all the appeal, and much of the arrogance, of youth. And ours is a culture, as has often been observed, that has a high regard for youth. Some traditional historians take comfort in the thought that fashions come and go and that these too will pass. Our experience with previous historical fashions suggests that this may be too sanguine a view. We have never fully recovered from Beard's economic interpretation of history, however much his particular findings on the American Constitution have been discredited. And the Marxist theory has so deeply seared itself into our consciousness that it is only by the greatest effort of mind and will that we can resist it.

The current fashions appeal to equally strong impulses in ourselves and in our culture. They

* Examples of these are the work of William Aydelotte, correlating the economic interests and voting patterns of Members of Parliament in mid-19th-century England.

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seem to carry with them all the conviction and authority of science—quanto-history with its precise numbers and charts, psycho-history with its fixed categories and concepts.* And they profess to give direct and unambiguous answers to important questions. Conventional history, by contrast, seems unscientific and imprecise, diffident and oblique. If it does finally answer the "whys" of history, it does so only by way of a circuitous route that takes it through interminable detours into the "hows" of history. And the "why" answers it does finally emerge with are so complicated and tentative that they are difficult to formulate for oneself, let alone to communicate to others. As Nathan Glazer has recently observed, in another connection, one tends to remember the questions and forget the answers.

In the meantime, the new fashions are taking their human as well as their intellectual toll. In some circles they have generated an unfortunate cynicism, a transparent desire to cash in on a good thing. But even more distressing is the behavior of some of the true believers. I do not know which is more disturbing: the sight of young people callowly psychoanalyzing great thinkers and leaders, or the sight of mature scholars "retooling" themselves (so one put it to me) to avoid obsolescence. I am not suggesting that there is anything wrong with taking courses in "computer science" any more than there is anything wrong with studying Greek or any other subject in which one feels deficient. But I do think there is something terribly amiss when a serious historian feels that he can no longer do the kind of work he has done so admirably—and that is still eminently worth doing.

I also find it ironic that many historians should be redefining their traditionally humanistic discipline in "scientific" terms just when many young sociologists, disillusioned with "social science," are demanding that sociology assume a more humanistic aspect. It may turn out that the latest innovations in historical methods are already an anachronism.

* See, for example, Bruce Mazlish: "Nevertheless, while sharing many of the characteristics of history, psychoanalysis differs from history in one fundamental way. It claims to have a scientific system of concepts, based on clinical data. This claim I accept" (*In Search of Nixon*, p. 154).

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How Good is Alison Lurie?

John W. Aldridge

THERE is some firm evidence in the five novels she has so far published that Alison Lurie should be a better novelist than she is. Her reputation up to now does not indicate that she has been widely appreciated for the qualities she does possess, although she has acquired over the years a certain small cult following, and her latest novel, *The War Between the Tates,** appears to be winning her the kind of popular attention which may prove only that her limitations have at last begun to be recognized as seeming more attractive than her virtues. That novel, at any rate, represents a descent from some relatively serious level of intention into a flossiness which was only occasionally detectable in her before and which may well be attracting her natural public.

Yet from time to time even here and in the best of her earlier work Miss Lurie reveals qualities that merit—and have seldom been given—close critical consideration. She has a satirical edge which, when it is not employed in hacking away at the obvious, is often eviscerating. She writes a prose of great clarity and concision, an expository language that efficiently serves her subject but that does not stylize upon it. She has many true things to say about the various modes of self-deception and distraction by which we endure the passage of life in these peculiarly trivializing times, and she often says them in a manner she has earned entirely by herself and that represents an authentic fictional voice. Yet there is also something hobbled and hamstrung about her engagement of experience, something that causes her again and again to fall short of what one feels to be her full capacity to extract the truth of her materials. She seems regularly to be aware of more than she can imaginatively comprehend, to be able to describe more than she can make thematically significant. Above all, there is a lack in her of the kind of adventurousness usually associated with important talent, a conventionality or timidity that frequently causes her to make formulations of reality which in a part of her mind she must know to be clichés, and to pass over without examining certain possibilities for satire which a more radical talent would recognize as the most fertile possibilities to be found in her chosen subject.

These deficiencies manifest themselves perhaps most clearly in Miss Lurie's heavy dependence on sexual intrigue for the dramatic complication of her fiction. In all her novels except *Imaginary Friends,* which seems to have no recognizable place in her canon, there is a monotonous sameness of situation which might appear to represent a ringing of changes on, and a progressively deepening exploration of, an obsessive subject until one sees that really there is no changing or deepening. *Love and Friendship, The Nowhere City, Real People,* and *The War Between the Tates* all have to do with the experience of adultery, usually as enacted by academics or artists upon other academics and artists, or by academics upon academic wives and graduate students. The setting in each case is the university community or artist colony—in *Real People* it is a scarcely disguised Yaddo—and as a rule the sexual drama is given such force as it possesses through being played out against the background of the dreariest middle-class respectability, boredom, child-breeding, and generalized spiritual and material shabbiness. What usually happens is that as a result of having good sex with somebody not one's legal spouse, the errant husband or wife achieves some temporary sense of rejuvenated identity which may or may not be to the ultimate advantage of marriage and community.

It is one of the older saws of criticism that extramarital sex in literature is not of terribly much interest in itself, however graphically it may be described. Its value lies in the illumination it gives to character and in the extent to which it poses some fresh challenge to the always fragile balance of tensions existing between the erotic imperatives of the self and the official hypocrisies of the public world. The penetration of the illusion that snobbery generates is, in Lionel Trilling's excellent phrase, the proper aim of the social novel, and adultery is one of the traditional, if hackneyed, modes through which this aim is accomplished. But Miss Lurie seems never to grasp the implications of the melodrama around which four of her five novels are constructed, and there are insufficient moral prohibitions in the society she describes to give it the depth of implication she is unable to perceive within it. She appears to feel that it is enough if her characters dare to commit the heresy of climbing into bed with one another. That is enough to insure their meaning as characters and to justify their presence in her novels. Her treatment of adultery suffers, in short, from arbitrariness and inconsequence. The insight it affords us into the natures of the people who commit it is finally reducible to some idea of the beneficial or destructive effects of orgasmic liberation, which is repeatedly seen as in and for itself an apocalyptic experience. The academic husband in *The War Between the Tates* finds his graduate student a more imaginative and responsive lay than his timorous, rather frigid

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* Random House, 372 pp., $7.95.

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wife. The academic wife in *Love and Friendship* is sexually awakened by a professor of music, in *The Nowhere City* by a California psychiatrist. As a result, the lives of these people either do or do not undergo some important change—a sufficiency of meaning perhaps in the one-dimensional world of the soap-opera serial, where what happens next may finally be all that matters, but a gross insufficiency in novels that seem to promise some genuine revelation of character on a plane subtler and more complicated than that simply of the variety of sexual things one does to others or others do to one.

It may be just here that Miss Lurie can be seen to share the dilemma of any satirical novelist of manners whose work must depend for its vitality in some direct way upon the vitality of the life he is attempting to satirize. The dilemma is deepened, furthermore, when the novelist's subject is contemporary academic manners, for nothing is more obvious to anyone familiar with the university scene of the last twenty years than that the dramatic possibilities for a fiction dealing with academic life are not what they once were—nor has the gradual growth of an encrustation of cliché around some of its most typifying characters and situations made the problem any less difficult. It seems scarcely conceivable that a novelist of whatever degree of talent would be able to write academic fiction today without being obliged to write *through* the precedent established by such classic practitioners of the genre as Helen Howe, Mary McCarthy, Randall Jarrell, Robie Macauley, and Bernard Malamud, at the same time that he would necessarily be writing without most of the advantages which these writers possessed.

If it is true that effective satire depends on the disparity between pretense and practice, self-delusion and the reality which reveals it to be in fact self-delusion, then it is clear that these essential elements, while they obviously continue to exist in academic life, no longer exist in conditions that once caused them to seem respresentative of that life, nor are they embodied in personality types that once made them easily accessible to the satirist. The pompous and priggish or bumbling and generally ineffectual professor was a reality in American universities long before he became the paradigmatic buffoon figure in a hundred academic novels—and so too was the lecherous or the politically vicious professor through whom it was possible to dramatize the comic contrast between the principles of monastic dedication and intellectual disinterestedness normally attributed to the teaching profession and the prurience and petty-mindedness so often visible behind the pious façade. It is very much the sort of contrast so effectively dramatized in *M*A*S*H*, a film about a medical team assigned to a field hospital during the Korean war. Just as the academic novel typically exploits our expectation that professors are, or ought to be, Olympian, the film exploits our assumption that practitioners of medicine are at all times noble and heroic. The spectacle of doctors swapping dirty jokes while probing a battle casualty's viscera for shell fragments outrages our pieties and makes us laugh, not merely at the incongruity of the conduct but at pieties which have caused us to see the conduct as incongruous. And so, for similar reasons, we might laugh at the spectacle of academics sabotaging their colleagues in the committee room or copulating with their students on the committee room floor.

But all this is dependent upon traditional patterns of moral expectation and idealization inherited from the past and made habitual to us through our exposure to them in past literature, and they are coming to have less and less relation to the actualities of either the medical or the academic profession. In fact, most of the qualities we have traditionally attributed to social and occupational groups—primness in female school teachers, sanctimoniousness in clergymen, obsequiousness in salespeople, competitiveness in businessmen—no longer accurately characterize these groups and are therefore no longer valid as designations when used for the purposes of satire. What obviously has happened is that all these groups have come increasingly to resemble one another in their styles of behavior and personality. The new egalitarianism, which is a matter of both political and psychological orientation, has homogenized their characteristics, washed out such idiosyncrasies as they may once have possessed, and made it extremely difficult to distinguish among them. In academic life this has become particularly evident and is perhaps more striking than elsewhere, if only because the teaching profession, like the medical, has been among the most heavily burdened by moral idealizations projected by those who still take seriously the moral valuation academics once placed upon themselves. Hence, it is possible for large numbers of otherwise enlightened people to read novels featuring characters modeled on professors *as they used to be* and feel satisfied that they have been given a realistic view of academic life as it now is.

Yet the truth is that over the last twenty years the realities of academic life have drastically changed. Through a process of perhaps inevitable attrition, coupled with the damage done by the student-activist movement of the 60's, the self-esteem of professors has been eroded to the point where it is now a better subject for pathos than for satire. The typifying academic stance today is not self-importance but self-deprecation, not the severity that accompanies the effort to enforce intellectual standards, but the laxity that follows from the loss of a sense of standards and a fear that, if standards in fact do continue to exist, it would be in some way dangerous or undemocratic to enforce them. Particularly among younger faculty members it is possible to identify a new personality style characterized by a nervous, ingratiating geniality, a seemingly cultivated limpness of manner, a carelessness of speech and dress, an air of humility and apology, that inside or outside the classroom might identify them with equal justice as Madison Avenue executives, television newscasters, junior State Department officials, or, for that matter, junior shoe clerks. Their pretension is, if anything, their complete lack of pretension. Their self-delusion derives not from a

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belief that they are consecrated to a special calling and are therefore above the temptations that beset ordinary men, but rather that they are no different from anybody else, have no wish to be, and would be perfectly satisfied if they could be left alone to pursue the modest pleasures of being ordinary. Unfortunately for the satirist, this sense of ordinariness is, in the case of a great many academics, not in the least self-delusory but issues from an altogether sound assessment of the facts. Hence, there is no snobbery to be penetrated, no pomposity for the satirist to deflate.

Another feature of academic life made obsolete by the devolutionary processes of history is the experience, which until fairly recently most professors could take for granted, of inhabiting in the university a social organism that is parochial, intimate, restrictive, and closely monitory. Academic novelists of the past found their most dependable source of dramatic tension in the conflict between individual characters and the pressures of a society in which they felt confined or too much under scrutiny, so that if they misbehaved, they risked exposure, scandal, even the possibility of professional disaster. Such a society may still exist in some of the smaller academic communities, but it is no longer typical of the academic experience in general. What is much more common today is the abstracted and depersonalized situation of the multiversity, and it is extremely difficult to see how the kind of intrigue that interests Miss Lurie and has interested other novelists before her could have very much meaning or reality there. The members of a multiversity society are usually notable for the hypothetical nature of their sense of belonging to a society and by their merely propinquitous connection with one another. Human relations are tenuous at best or exclusively professional at worst, and it is entirely possible to exist for years in the multiversity complex without knowing or particularly caring to know what one's colleagues are doing in their extracurricular lives. There would, furthermore, be very little likelihood that they would be capable of committing any act heinous enough to bring down upon them collective censure or even collective notice, not only because academics are remarkable for their lack of daring but because the social and moral terms by which the conduct of others can be related significantly to oneself or judged in relation to the community have either broken down or never existed.

What one is finally forced to confront is the progressive trivialization of academic life in America, a process surely connected with the erosion of professorial self-esteem and the loss of a sense of existing among human realities in a real society. But the serious consequence not only for those who care personally about the quality of academic life but for a novelist committed, as Miss Lurie seems to be, to making literary use of that life is quite simply a diminution of dramatic possibility, the decline of specific experiences involving contingency and risk, the threat of exposure and the sacrifice of something precious, important, or necessary. Professors can scarcely be ridiculed by the satirist for sabotaging one another in the committee room if they assume that in so doing they are merely playing the customary dirty politics of academic life. There is very little drama left in student-faculty love affairs if they no longer carry the potential of having dire consequences. In these days they can so easily pass undetected; the girl can pass the course with high marks and unpregnant; the professor can keep the girl and his tenure.

In Miss Lurie's fiction of academic life a situation that may once have been crucial may seem to be of uncertain significance or to have a merely hoked-up significance just because the actualities of academic life have depleted it of drama. The student in *The War Between the Tates* will either marry the professor or she will not. If she gets pregnant, as she finally does, she will either have an abortion or she will run off, as she finally does, with an accommodating young man to a commune in California where she will give birth to what may or may not be the professor's child. Before the descent of this *deus ex machina,* the professor's wife has already seriously considered giving him a divorce so that he will be free to marry the girl. But since the girl decides to leave, that measure proves unnecessary, and at the end of the novel it appears that the professor either will or will not return to his wife. On the face of it, such problems would seem to be swollen with dramatic, not to say melodramatic, possibility. But they actually are not because we recognize that behind them there is absolutely nothing at stake—no risk, no threat, no anguish. The society in which they and the characters exist is much too limited, drab, and morally diffuse to give them consequence. In fact, the defining feature of that society is its power to draw all potential extremes of conduct and feeling into a dead middle, a deactivating nullity, to see to it that actions shall *have* no consequences, that nobody will have to suffer or pay or be put to any kind of serious inconvenience. It is a society made for and by the burgeoning new population of academic Babbitts, and it is the ideal medium for their relentlessly bourgeois pursuits.

There is evidence in Miss Lurie's novels that she has some awareness of this aspect of academic life, but she treats it as little more than stage-setting for her favorite drama of sexual intrigue. Perhaps it would require a talent the size of Mailer's or Bellow's to recognize that just here, in the contrast between the professional function of academics and their way of life, is to be found what little remains of interesting literary material in the university scene. These supposedly gifted and fearless seekers after truth, these staunch defenders of the things of the mind and the spirit, the best that has been thought and said, living out their days in complacent scruffiness—the incongruity is both ludicrous and rather frightening, and it could form the basis of a great subject. But Miss Lurie's novels do not engage it because her imagination remains trapped amid the clichés of academic life, in situations which history has rendered obsolete and crises which have lost their power, in both actuality and art, to matter very much.

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Four Europeans

William S. Pechter

CAVEAT EMPTOR. Around 1960, when the Bergman bandwagon was gathering full steam, this writer made room for one more convert to climb aboard by jumping off. Since then, I've admired some of Bergman's films, and loathed some others; and some (*The Touch,* for example, among a half-dozen others) I've deliberately not gone to see. I think this needs to be said at the outset. Criticism isn't written in unbiased objectivity, nor should it be; and to the discussion of Bergman's latest work I haul a heavy load of prejudice.

If this admission qualifies my inability to concur in the consensus that *Scenes from a Marriage* is yet another Bergman masterpiece, perhaps it also lends weight to my saying that I find much to admire in Bergman's new film. *Scenes from a Marriage,* a two-hour-and-forty-eight-minute condensation of a five-hour work Bergman originally filmed for television, is a study of a middle-class married couple in the throes of their marriage's coming apart, and, by implication, an examination of the institution of (middle-class) marriage itself. In the first of the film's six sections, we see husband and wife, Johan and Marianne, being interviewed by a magazine writer as an instance of the ideal married couple; afterward, we see them over dinner with some friends of theirs, another husband and wife, who are tearing each other apart with their rages and recriminations. In the second section, we see Johan and Marianne at their jobs (he's engaged in psychological research, she's a divorce lawyer), each with one other character. Thereafter, there are no other characters but Johan and Marianne on screen, and the drama emerges almost entirely from their dialogue, shot without frills or flourishes, much of it in close-up. This is a Bergman film without dreams (apart from one briefly described in conversation), Gothic horrors, or metaphysical mysteries. The effect of this radical paring down of cast and means is quite different, however, from the self-proclaimed "chamber" works which Bergman produced in the early 60's (*Through a Glass Darkly,* etc.) and which suffered, I think, from a textural thinness. It is, rather, to create the impression of an utterly unhistrionic naturalness and simplicity, of what seems, at least for a Bergman film, a hard-won and exceptional lucidity.

Yet if one has at every moment the impression of this extreme lucidity, of the truth of a marriage yielding itself to the film's compassionate but unblinking gaze, what is, in fact, the truth that is revealed? Why, exactly, does this marriage fail, and out of what need do its survivors continue to cling to one another: why are this man and woman both unable to live together and unwilling to let each other go? Though the opening interview scene seems to be setting us up for a doll's-house feminist tract (asked to describe themselves, he enumerates his many admirable qualities, while she says of herself merely that she's married to him), such signals soon prove deceptive. Indeed, it's he who leaves her, for another woman but chiefly claiming that their bondage to domestic routines and familial pieties is stifling him. Yet it's she we first hear complain of this, asking him if he wants their life to be like this, to which he replies that he does; and, at the moment of signing their divorce papers, it's he who balks, telling her he's bound to her in a deeper way than he knew, and is dependent on home and a family life. (In the opening interview, Johan itemizes the virtues of their marriage as security, order, comfort, and loyalty, an inventory almost identical to that given of her twenty-year, loveless marriage by a pathetic woman who later consults Marianne in seeking a divorce.) Nor, despite a spasm of physical violence at the moment of letting go, is there any sense of their marriage as the hellish Strindbergian battlefield one sees in the marriage of their savagely quarreling friends, who truly do seem bound to each other by the very compulsiveness of their need to flay one another alive. One looks to Johan's and Marianne's sexual relations in the search for some specificity, but here, too, one finds instead more vacillation, from her apparent indifference to her claims of intense sexual longings for him, and from his accusations of her unresponsiveness to what seem to be problems in his own performance. The criticism of marriage itself, at least, would seem to be clear and consistent, for it's only after their marriage is ended that Johan and Marianne, now remarried but back with each other in a long and perhaps permanent affair, seem truly able to unblock their feelings for one another (while their second marriages are, presumably, experiencing the same failures as their first). Yet are these failures inherent in the institution of marriage, or only the by-product of any attempt of two people to live together on a sustained and exclusive basis?

It's true, of course, that these seeming shifts and inconsistencies can be given various interpretations. As Johan at one point says (apropos of a letter his mistress has written to Marianne about him), "You can say anything about anyone. Somehow it always fits." But the case with Johan's and Marianne's relations is not so much that many interpretations seem at times to fit them, though it's this, I think, which chiefly accounts for the film's ability to connect emo-

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tionally with its audience: almost anyone who's married or been through a marriage can recognize some aspect of his or her own life in this couple's volatile ups and downs. Rather, it's that no interpretation seems really quite to fit. Nor is this what's meant, I think, by Johan (who seems rather to be referring to their marriage's mediocrity) when he says, "I can't get at the truth about us. There isn't any truth." Despite the strong and persuasive impression conveyed of a moment-to-moment truth in the depiction of these characters' relations, their relationship as a whole somehow doesn't parse. Though *Scenes from a Marriage* is blessedly free from the metaphysical murk which has marred a number of Bergman's films—most recently, *Cries and Whispers*—there is, beneath its deceptively lucid surface, a kind of murkiness nonetheless.

In writing about Bergman's *Cries and Whispers,* I borrowed someone's observation that what was ultimately wrong with the couple's marriage in Bresson's *Une Femme Douce* was that they had Bresson for a director, and, for all the roundedness with which Bergman has imagined his characters in *Scenes from a Marriage,* something akin to this, some sort of axiomatic unhappiness, seems to be at the heart of what's plaguing them. *Scenes from a Marriage* it is called, with a bid for the universal, though it might as well be called *Scenes from a Bergman Picture.* But the difference between this Bergman picture and one of the late Bressons is that, while Bresson's world has narrowed to that of spiritual essences, Bergman's at his best (and he's at his best, I think, in *Scenes from a Marriage*) is capacious enough to accommodate beer and sandwiches: to accommodate, that is to say, so much of the things of life, so many of its material and social constituents. In *The Passion of Anna,* there is, for instance, a scene of the characters exchanging profundities over dinner that is carried by a wonderful attentiveness to the social nuances of the occasion of conversation at the dinner table, an attentiveness one sees likewise in the scene at the dinner table with the two couples in *Scenes from a Marriage,* and throughout the film, despite its reduced cast of characters. And, in a way, despite one's lingering sense of the film's incompleteness, the open-endedness of these scenes from a marriage contributes to the sense of the work's spacious life. The perfected artfulness of *Cries and Whispers* is stifling in its airlessness. The pieces of *Scenes from a Marriage* may not quite fit, but, perhaps even because of this, there is air let in for the characters to breathe.

And if the work is, essentially, an anthology of scenes, it should be said that these scenes can be splendid; and, surely, it must be said that Bergman's celebrated flair for getting the most from his actors (and he's never gotten anything more marvelous than what's done by the virtuoso duet of Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson here) isn't attributable just to his gifts as a director of actors but also to his ability to write scenes that give actors the opportunities to get so much out of them. It's time for me to say also, however grudgingly, that anyone whose films are as filled as Bergman's with acting of such order is a more estimable filmmaker than my often temperamentally unsympathetic responses to his work have sometimes allowed. It says much about Bergman's strengths (and weaknesses), I think, that this new film, which is somewhat grainily blown-up from 16 mm. and focused almost entirely on the faces of its two leading characters is, at least to me, visually enthralling far beyond anything from Bergman's Gothic bag of tricks, no matter how more brilliantly photographed in the past than is anything here by his usual cameraman, Sven Nykvist.

But, finally, these *are* scenes, with the limitations that implies: parts that don't quite add up; and whatever opportunities they may provide the performers, there is something about them, as about Bergman's films generally, that seems, for all their artistry, artistically not fully worked out. Bergman gets closer, I think, to his sources of feeling, to the roots of that despair which underlies all his work, when he situates his work, as he does here, in the contemporary, everyday world, and comes at his subject without dreams or fantasies or other (as they are in his work) fancy trappings. And though *Scenes from a Marriage* ends on a note of (heavily moderated) hopefulness, the distinction between this and the despairing pessimism of a *Cries and Whispers* seems to me essentially arbitrary, rather like the difference between Anouilh's *pièces noires* and *pièces roses.* I am, however, rather more inclined than I once was to credit the seriousness of Bergman's darker feelings. Yet for all the ostentatiously tragic postures that Bergman's work has struck for the past fifteen years, there remains something about those darker feelings that is not yet fully articulated. To judge from what seems to me most powerfully affecting in Bergman's films, I suspect those feelings really have very little to do with the death of God and other such grandiose questions, and films like *The Silence* and *Cries and Whispers* strike me as elaborate edifices designed to keep a confrontation with the source of his feelings from him. Despite the occasional mellow lightness of *Scenes from a Marriage,* it seems to me much closer than Bergman's more openly despairing films to facing the trauma his work has been skirting. Had it come closer still, perhaps the pieces would fit.

Of course, critical objectivity can be as effectively warped by favorable predisposition as by the reverse. If I've found myself at times half-hoping that a new Bergman film be bad so as to confirm me in my would-be settled opinion of him, there are few things in films that I hope for more ardently than that each new Renoir and Buñuel film be great. Despite which, I'm obliged to say that the most recent films of each of them seem to me decidedly among their less important works. In the case of *Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir,* a collection of three short films plus a musical interlude which Renoir made for television some four years ago, one feels that, even if he'd realized in it everything he'd wished to, it would still be a minor work, a *divertissement.* Buñuel's *The Phantom of Liberté* is more of a puzzle, coming immediately after a master-

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work, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie,* to which it bears a considerable resemblance. But the *Phantom of Liberté* is like *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* without the sting, and, though its first sequences unfold with a lovely dreamlike fluidity (and Buñuel *is* an artist for whom dreams and fantasies aren't merely fancy trappings), it soon degenerates into what seems like a series of the less good skits left over from the earlier film. Just where this later film goes wrong I find it hard to pinpoint, though my guess would be that it has at least something to do with the absence in *The Phantom of Liberté* of an equivalent to the earlier film's cast of continuing characters, and the consequent lack of a unifying narrative thread (though, like the earlier film, the new one is full of structural symmetries, doublings, etc.). And it may well be that, without the dazzling example of the film which preceded it, *The Phantom of Liberté* would seem very much less of a disappointment than it now does.

By now, I hardly know what kind of predisposition I bring to a new Fellini film. The Fellini of *The White Sheik, I Vitelloni,* and *Il Bidone* is a filmmaker I admire enormously, and, as late as *8½,* there's a Fellini film which is of the caliber of those earlier works. Yet, for me, sitting through *Juliet of the Spirits* or *Fellini Satyricon* or *Fellini Roma* is a species of punishment. Perhaps one way of distinguishing between artists of the first rank and their inferiors is that, when the former fail, their failures never seem disgraceful. And that's just what most late Fellini films seem to me to be. Garish, orotund, overblown, Fellini's later work is, in the main, a shameless cannibalization and grotesque parody of the earlier. If hope for the best still mingles valiantly with expectation of the worst as one approaches each new Fellini film, it's little wonder that, by this time, expectation has the upper hand.

I suspect, then, it's a tribute to the power of goodwill that Fellini's *Amarcord* has been hailed as a triumphal return to form, and I'm truly sorry that I can't bring myself to assent to the general opinion. *Amarcord* isn't garish or orotund or overblown; rather, it's modestly proportioned, gently elegiac, and carefully tasteful. Above all, it's careful—stultifyingly careful. To the pathology of Fellini's deterioration, one must now add a further stage: from grandiloquent overreaching *(La Dolce Vita)* through flagrant repetition *(Juliet of the Spirits)* to the cautious attempt to recapture the moods and effects of those smaller scaled, early successes. Probably, one couldn't exactly say one had seen everything in *Amarcord* before, despite the numerous echoes in it of Fellini's early work (though Nino Rota's Fellini-movie music has certainly come to sound like a broken record), but the film does strike me as the sort of thing Fellini can spin out by the yard, endlessly, which probably amounts to the same thing, or at least has the same dampening effect. To be sure, there are some nice things in *Amarcord:* some comic memories of school; a family's frenzied dinner-table row, through which the mother's pampered brother sits, hair net in place, imperturbably gnawing his chicken; a priest's professionally undeceived ferreting out of "touchers" at confession; an outing in the country with a crazy uncle; a boating excursion to view a passing luxury liner. (Only two "stylized" sequences, having to do with how the town belle was given her nickname and with a harem-toting sheik, lapse into the old vulgarity.) Yet even the nice things are all curiously without the resonance such moments have in Fellini's early work. Partly, this is due, I think, to the fact that the film's dominant emotion—nostalgia for a lost innocence—is in itself stultifying, and even offensively frivolous given the social realities of emergent Fascism to which the film's account of provincial life in the 30's alludes. And partly it seems due to the fact that, though *Amarcord*'s discontinuous, mosaic effect has been likened to that of *8½,* the earlier film cohered around a fully formed character whose evolving crisis of identity gave it some sort of spine. I should confess it took a second viewing of *8½* for me fully to appreciate how little it was merely a stringing together of bits and pieces. But then another difference between *8½* and *Amarcord* is that, after seeing the earlier film for the first time, I wanted to see it again.

To go to a new film by Louis Malle is for me to attain a kind of objectivity by default: given a career so chameleonlike as Malle's, what expectations could one reasonably bring to a new Malle film? And if I don't care for the Malle who directed *Frantic* or *The Lovers* or *Zazie,* I can still find things to admire in the director of *The Thief of Paris* and *The Fire Within (Le Feu Follet)* and *Murmur of the Heart.* (I haven't seen Malle's *Vie Privée* and *Viva Maria!,* or his documentaries, *Calcutta* and the six-hour long *Phantom India.*) I say "things" to admire because even the two Malle films I like best seem to be deeply divided in themselves. Though *The Fire Within* intends a Bresson-like austerity (Malle at one stage served as Bresson's assistant), its actual effect owes far more to the glamorous performance of Maurice Ronet, one of the authentic star-aura performances of the past decade, in the lead. And for all its accomplishment, *Murmur of the Heart* seems unwilling or unable to decide whether its account of the bourgeoisie's ability to render even incest genteelly innocuous is up to anything more consequential than discreet charm. At the film's end, the uncertain laughter of its principal characters seems a reflection of the film upon itself, as it vainly tries to decide whether or not to take itself seriously.

Lacombe, Lucien takes itself seriously, though not at all solemnly, and knows precisely what it's up to in both intention and effect. That intelligence which one sees dispersed through Malle's previous films, and which one is inclined to characterize as either restless or dilettantish depending on one's opinion of them, coalesces here brilliantly; and if the artistic limits of *Lacombe, Lucien* are defined by what is implied by intelligence in the arts, the film is nevertheless a triumph within such limits. Indeed, it first appears the film may know its effects and intentions a

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little too well: the opening sequence of Lucien, its youthful protagonist (who will soon drift into becoming a Gestapo agent in Nazi-occupied France), felling a sparrow with a slingshot is, one fears, a heavy underlining of things to come. But what this sequence seems to reveal about the protagonist's brutality is called into question by its echo in another sequence later on, when Lucien, listlessly participating in an outdoor gunfight between the Gestapo and some Resistance members, suddenly spies a rabbit running across a field, and instinctively swerves to shoot at it.

"It's strange, but I can't seem to entirely dislike you." This line, spoken of Lucien by one of the film's characters, seems to express the attitude toward him of the film itself. Lucien is seen as a kind of premoral, natural being, a creature of impulse and instinct. Uprooted from the farm by his father's internment as a prisoner of war and the usurpation of his father's place with Lucien's mother by their landlord, and alienated by his job scrubbing hospital floors and emptying bedpans, he tries at first to join the Resistance, but is rejected as unreliable in his lack of commitment. He then doesn't so much join as get adopted by the French arm of the Gestapo, picked up and taken in, rather like a stray dog, when they recognize usefulness in his malleability. The character who makes the aforementioned comment about Lucien is an elegant Jewish tailor from Paris, living in hiding with his mother and daughter in the provincial town in which the film is set in the hope of fleeing to Spain. Lucien is introduced to the tailor by his tutor in Nazi intimidation, and, when this character departs, Lucien takes his place as the bullying protector of the tailor and his family. Attracted to the tailor's daughter, whose name is France, Lucien more or less takes her as his position's due, eventually moving in, uninvited, to the family's home; while, for her part, France, who finds her Jewishness an unwanted burden, seems fascinated, however ambivalent her feelings toward him, by Lucien's brash self-assertiveness. At last, unable to tolerate the humiliation of his situation any longer, the tailor (played by a Swedish stage actor, Holger Lowenadler, in a performance whose meticulous rightness would do credit to any Bergman film) turns himself in to the Gestapo in an act of desperate and thoroughly believable bravado. Lucien, now sought by both the Gestapo (one of whose agents he's killed) and the Resistance (in whose favor the war's tide is turning), flees with France and her grandmother in an attempt to reach Spain. But, as we learn from a closing title, he is captured by the Free French, and executed.

GIVEN what I'd heard in advance about *Lacombe, Lucien,* comparing it with *The Sorrow and the Pity* as a study of collaboration, the intense concentration of Malle's film on the particular situation of Lucien's relations with the family of the tailor was extremely surprising. Though the Jewishness of the tailor's family is very convincingly portrayed, it is seen chiefly in the aspect of a kind of fastidious hauteur and a clinging to culture (the daughter's piano lessons); and the gulf between Lucien and these people is less a matter of Jew and Gentile than of social class. Though he listens open-mindedly to the anti-Semitism of his Gestapo colleagues, the importance of these people's Jewishness to Lucien is simply that of its making them society's legitimately designated victims, a class even less privileged than his own, in whose presence he can act without inhibition. Lucien in the home of the tailor is rampant id invading the domicile of superego, and it is the collision between id and superego which underlies all the other colliding antinomies in the film (Gentile and Jew, peasant and aristocrat, etc.), and gives the scenes of Lucien in the tailor's household their multilayered, occasionally excruciating, ironies, and the film as a whole its peculiarly disturbing ambience. For one needn't be a Nazi to find something somehow gratifying as fantasy in seeing Lucien, whom these people would ordinarily disdain if they would deign even to give him that much notice, lording it over them. Nor can one help, given the narrative conventions, half-hoping for the improbable happiness of Lucien and France together when they finally go on the run, and their concluding idyll—living with France's grandmother in an abandoned farmhouse and eating what Lucien hunts and traps—is, in its precariousness, as anxiety-ridden as any such sequence I know. (One's hopes for the impossible happy ending crystallize in a stunning moment in which the grandmother, who has hitherto scorned Lucien totally, scrutinizes a lizard or insect as we sense her wonder-struck awakening to the strange beauty of that natural world into which Lucien has led them.)

One would be wrong, I think, to deny such feelings on account of one's moral aversion to Lucien. For it's precisely the measure of the film's success that, while one is never brought actually to like Lucien, we, too, can't seem entirely to dislike him: that we come to accept him as a fellow creature, and not even an innately evil creature despite his capacity for becoming an instrument of evil. Nor is he even an instance of the so-called "banality of evil" as he's been described, which, if it means anything, refers to the bureaucratization of evil, to the clerk's bottomless capacity for following orders. (One does see instances of this in the film, but not in Lucien, who isn't good at taking orders.) And though it's been complained that the words of Santayana which the film uses as an epigraph—"Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it"—do not apply, one would be wrong to dismiss Lucien's case, however extreme, as too special. How many like him are there waiting, how many of the dispossessed, having nothing and with nothing at stake, stray dogs ready to serve any master who will throw them a bone?

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Writing About Slavery

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL: THE WORLD THE SLAVES MADE. By EUGENE D. GENOVESE. *Pantheon. 823 pp. $17.95.*

Reviewed by
DAVID HERBERT DONALD

THE subject of Negro slavery exerts a peculiar fascination over contemporary American historians. During the past quarter of a century there has been hardly any other topic upon which they have written at such length and with such distinction. Since 1956, when Kenneth M. Stampp published *The Peculiar Institution*, scarcely a year has passed without the publication of a major book on slavery. A minimal list of significant studies would have to include Oscar Handlin's *Race and Nationality in American Life* (1957), Stanley M. Elkins's *Slavery: A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life* (1959), Leon Litwack's *North of Slavery* (1961), Joe Gray Taylor's *Negro Slavery in Louisiana* (1963), Richard C. Wade's *Slavery in the Cities* (1964), Eugene D. Genovese's *The Political Economy of Slavery* (1965), David B. Davis's *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* (1966), Herbert S. Klein's *Slavery in the Americas* (1967), Winthrop D. Jordan's *White Over Black* (1968), Philip D. Curtin's *The African Slave Trade* (1969), Robert Starobin's *Industrial Slavery in the Old South* (1970), Carl N. Degler's *Neither Black nor White* (1971), John W. Blassingame's *The Slave Community* (1972), and Edgar J. McManus's *Black Bondage in the North* (1973). During the present publishing season no fewer than three blockbusters on slavery have been scheduled: *Time on the Cross*, by Robert W. Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman, which has already become a topic of national interest and controversy; Genovese's enormous *Roll, Jordan, Roll;* and, announced for this month, *The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution*, the second volume in David Davis's trilogy.

There are complex reasons for this current interest in a topic that historians of a previous generation considered embarrassing or distasteful. To some extent at least the flood of recent writing reflects the introduction of new methods of historical analysis. Elkins's *Slavery*, for instance, was a pioneering attempt to apply sociological and psychoanalytical concepts in interpreting historical data. Fogel and Engerman have employed sophisticated quantitative techniques, previously used only by econometricians, to the study of slave society. In other cases books on slavery stem from the discovery of new, or little-used, sources. Blassingame's study rests principally upon the numerous autobiographies of fugitive slaves published before the Civil War. Though known to many previous historians, these documents had hitherto been heavily discounted as unreliable and unrepresentative, but Blassingame found them a fresh source for studying how slaves perceived their condition. *Roll, Jordan, Roll* also relies to a considerable extent upon another little-used body of source materials, the 2,000 interviews conducted by members of the Federal Writers' Project with former slaves in the 1930's. Though several previous students have explored the slave narratives for special topics in Southern history, Genovese is the first historian to make full and systematic use of them, a task that was no doubt facilitated by the recent publication of these documents (along with some other oral history material) in nineteen volumes under the title *The American Slave: A Composite Autobiography*, edited by George P. Rawick.

Many of the recent books on slavery are, directly or indirectly, products of the civil-rights movement, and some of them tell as much about changing views on racial problems since World War II as they do about life in the Old South. This is not to suggest, of course, that serious scholars have undertaken their laborious researches in order to capitalize upon a contemporary interest, for the relationship between the historian and public policy is much more complex. But historians do share the central concerns of their contemporaries, and present-day interests help shape the questions they ask of the past. Thus a book like Stampp's *The Peculiar Institution*, which was conceived not as a polemic for the 1950's but as an objective inquiry into the workings of the slave system, unconsciously incorporated the assumptions of liberal white Americans after World War II. Stampp's pronouncement that "innately Negroes *are*, after all, only white men with black skins, nothing more, nothing less," reveals much about the optimistic goals of the early civil-rights leaders, who believed that once the crushing burden of discrimination was lifted blacks would live comfortably alongside whites in an integrated society. Similarly, Elkins's *Slavery* suggests the enormous burden of guilt many white Americans in the 1950's felt toward blacks; it portrayed Southern slavery not merely as a harsh, degrading institution but as a peculiarly brutal form of bondage comparable to the Nazi concentration camps.

By the 1960's, as Americans began to understand the complexity of the racial problem and to recognize that ending legal discrimination did not automatically produce an integrated society, the tone of books published on slavery began to change. No recent scholar has defended slavery or extenuated its barbarism, but several have argued that Southern slavery was not uniquely cruel. Showing

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that Negroes in British North America increased and multiplied, unlike the slave population of Caribbean and Latin American societies, which required constant replenishment from Africa, Curtin's study of the slave trade implied that blacks in the South could not have been too brutally abused. Degler has shown that slavery in the United States was not harsher than that in Brazil, and Davis argued that it is "probable that planters in Brazil and the West Indies . . . were less sensitive than North Americans to the value of human life." Wade has suggested that by the 1850's Southern slavery may have been coming toward an end, since the line between slaves and free blacks in the cities was becoming blurred and Southern urban life rested on a system of racial segregation rather than of servitude. Even while civil-rights advocates were learning the limits of legislation, Jordan's *White Over Black* traced the deep historical roots of white racism and hinted at the difficulties of eradicating the sexual fears and fantasies from which it drew nourishment.

The growing sense of black pride and of black nationalism has had great impact upon some of the latest books on slavery. Blassingame has vigorously resisted Elkins's notion that slavery infantilized blacks and turned them into shuffling Sambos. Repudiating the celebrated Moynihan Report, which traced social pathology in the black community back to the disorganized, matrifocal family structure of slave times, Fogel and Engerman have proved that slave families were stable nuclear units. Their book was written to refute the claim that "Blacks were the pitiful victims of a system of slavery so repressive that it undermined their sense of family, their desire for achievement, their propensity for industry, their independence of judgment, and their capacity for self-reliance." Instead, Fogel and Engerman argue, the true history of slavery is "the record of black achievement under adversity."

Genovese's *Roll, Jordan, Roll* is an even more extended set of variations on the theme that black is beautiful. The slaves, Genovese holds, formed an embryonic "black nation" in the South. "Shut out by white racism from part of the dominant culture's value system," they "developed their own values as a force for community cohesion and survival," values that reflected their "African inheritance, albeit adapted, modified, and transformed." The slaves adhered to a distinctive black work ethic, a pattern of foot-dragging laziness when regimented labor like cotton chopping was demanded but of enthusiastic cooperation in work like corn shucking, which became a social event almost like a party. It was the "black component" that gave flavor to Southern cooking, the only distinctive regional cuisine in the United States, and Genovese grows rhapsodic about slave techniques for roasting 'possum and other greasy delicacies. Slaves cultivated distinctive speech patterns that formed "a proto-national black language," which "created a special bond among all blacks, slave and free, Southern and Northern." Slaves lived in strong, stable families, whose members treated one another with "tenderness, gentleness, charm, and modesty." Central to the development of the black nation was the slaves' religion, which, Genovese insists, was "something new." This "religion of their own" gave blacks a faith that fortunately lacked the sense of guilt and mission characteristic of white Christianity and substituted a "humanism that affirmed joy in life in the face of every trial." The oratory of black preachers, the rituals of black funerals, the words and rhythms of black spirituals were powerful sources of strength for the slaves, who "were creating an incipient nation within a nation."

REVEALING much about our own times, Genovese's thesis of black distinctiveness does not do much to illuminate the history of the Old South. He admits that his talk about a black nation is *obiter*

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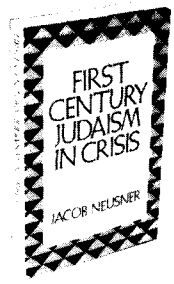
dictum, for which he gives little evidence. Indeed, to sustain his view, Genovese is obliged to manipulate what data he has and repeatedly to shift his standards of judgment. In dealing with sexual morality among blacks, for example, he correctly concludes that slaves considered adultery "as a serious offense against their own standard of decency." Then, faced by indisputable evidence that adultery often occurred in the slave quarters, he is obliged to improvise, and he speculates that in these instances the "marriages were disintegrating" anyway. Again, Genovese persuasively argues that by and large slaves "created impressive norms of family life, including as much of a nuclear family norm as conditions permitted." Then he undercuts credence in his own conclusions by guessing, without any evidence, that when a slave preferred to stay with his master rather than to be sold along with the rest of his family his "marriage had probably already been weakened and sale provided the most convenient and painless form of divorce." Whatever Genovese finds commendable in the conduct of the slaves he attributes to their African heritage or to their emergent black nationalism, even when such conduct was equally common among Southern whites. But when facts force him to admit flaws or failings among blacks, he is quick to explain that Southern whites, or maybe the Southern poor whites, or perhaps the working-class populations of European countries, were equally remiss.

Genovese's curious emphasis upon black nationalism among the slaves is hard to account for except as a consequence of the immense pressure, both overt and indirect, exerted these days upon white scholars who write about Afro-American history. Blacks have severely criticized Genovese's previous books, claiming that he was insensitive to the sufferings of the slaves and unaware of the beauty and strength shown in their history. Perhaps to forestall further attacks of this sort he has chosen to write *Roll, Jordan, Roll* in an old-fashioned, romantic style, oddly reminiscent of the propagandistic histories of the Irish-Americans, the German-Americans, and other ethnic groups published around 1920. He talks much about the heroism of the slaves, of their courage, of their dignity, of their contribution to "the formulation of a proto-national consciousness," in such syrupy language as to appease the most ardent black militant. He insists that slaves were superior to their masters in their sense of justice, in their morality, and even in their manners. Correctly noting that slaves exhibited the characteristic Southern courtliness, Genovese goes on to assert, without any evidence or even any illustration, "that the finest, if rudest, examples of the Southern lady and gentleman were to be found in the quarters even more readily than in the Big House." Passages like this call to mind rather too vividly Genovese's warning in an earlier book that black nationalism was likely to have some adverse effects upon historical scholarship and his prediction of "the rise of a new type, the House Honky, who is replacing the House Nigger of bygone days."

Genovese may be the more vulnerable to this kind of pressure because, for all his broad reading and careful research, he does not know much about the South at first hand. Another reviewer of *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, intending to be complimentary, has suggested that to Genovese, with his Italian ancestry, his New York upbringing, and his Marxist ideology, the slave society of the South is almost as exotic a subject as the Aztec empire was to William H. Prescott. Whether an Aztec would have approved of Prescott's history may be debated, but it is certain that Southerners, both black and white, will find much missing in Genovese's work. Months spent in the air-conditioned libraries of the South do not give much insight into the folkways of the region, customs and habits that in some areas persist almost unchanged from slave times. A little first-hand acquaintance with fundamentalist Protestant sects in the South would have obliged Genovese seriously to modify his central claim for the distinctiveness of "black religion."



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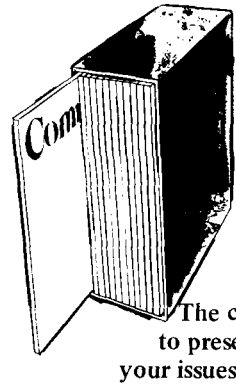

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All the distinctive religious phenomena he enumerates—the exhorting, the shouts, the sacred dancing, the speaking in tongues—were as characteristic of Southern white Baptists and Methodists as they were of blacks. To members of both races this emotional, evangelical religion was all-important, for it brought a deadening of pain, a sense of community, and a hope for salvation; but Genovese's own evidence, correctly interpreted, offers little to distinguish the black believer from the white.

If *Roll, Jordan, Roll* were only an argument about incipient black nationalism among the slaves, it would stand largely as a historical curiosity indicative of the temper of the early 1970's, but fortunately it is a great deal more. Genovese's interest in slavery stems not from a desire to write a tract for our times but from a twenty-year concern with the nature and functioning of Southern society before the Civil War. This is a passionate interest that Genovese shares with so many other historians of his generation. Perhaps they find the complexity of Southern life a challenging contrast to the flatness of most of the rest of United States history. Recent scholarship has made of our national history a story of squabbles among rival ethnic and religious groups. These days few historians can find much significance in our political history, for Federalists, Democrats, Whigs, and Republicans all look as much alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Our economic history has a similar flatness, and the great 19th-century battles over banks, tariffs, and specie resumption that once interested historians now seem about as momentous as those periodic announcements from the White House that new antitrust suits are pending. A historian does not to have to be as acute as Henry James to sense the absence from our national life of the institutions, traditions, and social complexities that make European history so fascinating: "No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins. . . ."

The ante-bellum South is the one oasis in this arid desert of United States history. Here any historian can find significant conflict: section against section; class against class; race against race. Here is a topic sufficiently complex to engage the interest of a sophisticated Marxist historian like Genovese, whose central interest is in what Gramsci called "hegemony," the ability of a ruling elite to contain class antagonisms "on a terrain in which its legitimacy is not dangerously questioned." In previous books he has brilliantly argued that a unified, self-conscious planter elite was able to rule the South because it infused the entire white population with an ideology protective of its own class interests. Now in *Roll, Jordan, Roll* he shows how that same ideology was partly internalized by the slaves, and partly modified by them. This is, then, a book about how blacks lived and thought under slavery.

The picture of slave life that Genovese paints is one of great subtlety and complexity. Discarding the familiar division of house servants and field hands, he shows that slaves in both these groups played a wide variety of roles. He has, for example, a masterful analysis of the ambiguous and difficult part sustained by the black "Mammy," the cook-housekeeper-nurse of the Big House. Too often derided these days as "Aunt Tomasina," the Mammy, as Genovese shows, "developed pride, resourcefulness, and a high sense of responsibility to white and black people alike." Even more significant is Genovese's account of the dilemmas of the black "driver," under whom perhaps two-thirds of the slaves in the Old South directly worked. The right hand of the master, trusted to oversee the faithful performance of field labor, the driver was also a member of the slave community, with loyalties to his fellow blacks. If he worked the field hands too hard, he would not only lose their respect and friendship; he might cause them to sabotage the crops or to run away at cotton-picking time. But if he allowed the hands to slack off in their work, he risked being demoted by the master, and the whole slave population of the plantation then might suffer under a new, harsher driver.

In analyzing all these roles played by slaves, Genovese is less concerned with the objective conditions of their housing, clothing, and the like than he is with their perceptions and sentiments. Using wherever possible the actual words of the blacks, whether reported at the time or recorded many years later, he succeeds in recreating this "historically unique kind of paternalistic society." Skillfully he shows how whites and blacks in the Old South were linked by paternalistic bonds—bonds which, however, the two races interpreted and understood very differently. Often genuinely believing that the care of his slaves was "a burden and a duty," the white master tended to compliment himself upon the privileges he thought he was freely bestowing upon his servants. For their part, the slaves converted these privileges into rights, because they believed their labor "deserved to be repaid with equivalent service and respect." Not until the invasion of the South by the Union armies during the Civil War did the fundamental incompatibility of these two views of paternalism become evident. Believing that benevolence had created among the blacks a reservoir of good will, whites watched in puzzled impotence as their slaves, who had accepted paternalism simply as a means to make life bearable, unhesitatingly chose freedom.

This, then, is the valuable part of *Roll, Jordan, Roll,* the best account we have of slavery as the slaves perceived it. Based upon enormous research and exhibiting great intellectual acuity, it is a major book by a major historian. Unfortunately it is a flawed work, marred by loose rhetoric and self-indulgent repetition, by pretentious citations of Gramsci and Troeltsch, Nietzsche and Simmel, and by romantic nonsense about black nationalism. It is a good book, but it could have been a great one.

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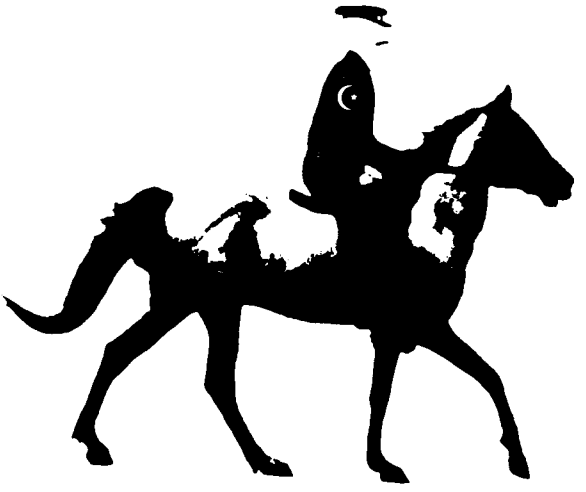

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Israel & the Diaspora

THE YOM KIPPUR WAR: ISRAEL AND THE JEWISH PEOPLE. Edited by MOSHE DAVIS. *Arno Press. 362 pp. $9.00.*

Reviewed by
MARVIN C. FEUERWERGER

THE October 1973 war, in addition to effecting a profound change in the relations between Israel and the community of nations, also marked a watershed in relations between Israel and world Jewry. Israel's near-total isolation, manifest in the refusal of almost every country aside from the United States either to acknowledge Arab aggression or to assist Israel in any way, challenged Jews everywhere to come to the aid of a state whose very existence lay in jeopardy. In the year since the war, Israel's situation has deteriorated still further, and the question of the proper relation between her and Diaspora Jewry continues to be of the utmost moment.

Yet this is a question that has received relatively little attention. The military and broadly political aspects of the October war have been carefully treated, most notably in the writings of Walter Laqueur and Nadav Safran, but the non-military actors—especially intellectuals and religious leaders—have generally been neglected. The actions and reactions of these figures have now been anthologized by Moshe Davis in *The Yom Kippur War: Israel and the Jewish People*. Though sketchy and disappointing in parts, the work is an important document and marks a first step toward filling a void in our knowledge of this period.

A product of over two-dozen contributors, *The Yom Kippur War* contains two quite dissimilar sections: first, a review of the political responses to the war in several countries and in their respective Jewish communities, as well as the responses of Jewish and non-Jewish intellectuals; second, a collection of wide-ranging interviews providing personal evaluations of the war's immediate effects. Almost a third of the volume, predictably, is devoted to America, exploring images of Israel among Americans generally and the internal dynamics of the American Jewish community. Here Daniel J. Elazar discusses fundraising, political action, and volunteer activity, while other authors survey the reactions to the war of American intellectuals and of the Reform, Orthodox, and Conservative movements.

Elazar points up the increasing sophistication of American Jews with regard to Israel and to events in the Middle East, and the increased organizational efficiency which in late 1973 enabled the Jewish community to coordinate political and fundraising activities within the Presidents Conference and the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds—a task unthinkable two decades ago. The Yom Kippur War seems to have strengthened bonds among Jewish organizations, and Elazar sees grounds for hope that this newly unified spirit may spread to other spheres.

Mordechai Altshuler's examinations of Soviet Jewry's response to the October war divides that community into two groups: Nationalist-Zionist and non-Zionist. The Nationalist-Zionist faction, comprising those Jews who have decided to leave Russia, reacted rapidly and openly to the war, either hastening their departure if they had already received permission to emigrate or announcing their solidarity with the Jewish state in protest demonstrations, letters, and telegrams sent to Israel, and appeals to the central Soviet government for authorization to emigrate. The non-Zionist group, consisting of those Jews intending to remain in Russia, was largely silent during the war, although Altshuler finds that a "surprisingly large number of this community took a specifically Jewish interest" in the war—an interest no doubt heightened in many cases because of the recent arrival in Israel of relatives or friends. Yet despite this concern, Altshuler concludes that few non-Zionists can be expected to reexamine their position regarding

MARVIN C. FEUERWERGER, *a new contributor, is a teaching fellow in government at Harvard.*

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emigration as a result of the war.

The second section, assembled under the direction of Geoffrey Wigoder at the Hebrew University's Institute of Contemporary Jewry, offers interviews with community leaders and an unsystematic cross-section of world Jewry. Especially engaging are the interviews of post-war immigrants from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, which reveal information otherwise unavailable in the West and which should be read in conjunction with Mordechai Altshuler's analysis to round out the picture of a Jewish community unable to associate freely with Israel.

Although generally solid in presentation, *The Yom Kippur War: Israel and the Jewish People* is nevertheless marked by several critical flaws. First, the volume lacks thematic cohesion. The country-by-country exploration of reactions to the October war is a valuable beginning, but in the absence of an overarching theme this approach cannot lead to useful suggestions for future action. In its vain attempt to include the responses of every country and every Jewish community, the work forfeits an integrating perspective and a much needed sense of purpose.

Another disappointment is the aimlessness that occasionally creeps into the oral-documentation section. The interviews with volunteers in Israel and recent immigrants from Eastern Europe are interesting and useful in and of themselves, but those with communal leaders, designed for the most part to supplement earlier analyses, are often uninformative, and appear to have been selected with insufficient care.

Finally, the volume fails adequately to consider the future. To be sure, a few practical suggestions do appear in the text. Irwin Cotler, for example, advocates worldwide repetition of the "Winnipeg Experience"—a series of informal discussions between Winnipeg Jews and their non-Jewish neighbors during the war—as a means of garnering support for Israel by presenting convincing explanations of her case. But there is no thorough discussion in *The Yom Kippur War* of this idea, or of any other such recommendation, nor is there any real assessment of two of the most critical questions facing world Jewry and Israel at this juncture—the firmness of the next generation's commitment to Israel and the economic and political ability of Israel to weather further crises.

The present generation's commitment to Israel was in large measure forged by the shock of the Holocaust. For today's youth, by contrast, Israel is not the realization of an urgent Jewish need, and neither is it the miracle it often has seemed to older Jews. In *The Yom Kippur War* Daniel Elazar finds that the best guarantee of support for Israel is prior Jewish commitment, and he recommends renewed efforts to improve Jewish education and increase personal contact with Israel. The American Jewish community must quickly implement these ideas—even if they require reallocation of precious resources heretofore designated for Israel—if it is to hope for the continuation of intense Jewish commitment to Israel.

More importantly, world Jewry must realize that it, alone, can no longer provide the economic wherewithal for Israel's survival. Israel today requires immense assistance from the United States government; the billions of dollars America has provided and will provide in the near future dwarf the contributions of the world Jewish community. Israeli dependence on the good will of the United States will increasingly dictate Israel's foreign policy, and world Jewry must face this new situation by exerting its full influence to insure continued American support.

The German-American Bund

THE NAZI MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES *1924-1941*. By SANDER A. DIAMOND. *Cornell University Press. 380 pp. $15.00.*

Reviewed by BERNARD K. JOHNPOLL

FOR well over half a century, the idea of America as a "melting pot" was a virtual article of faith

BERNARD K. JOHNPOLL *is professor of political science at the State University of New York at Albany.*

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among the majority of American historians, sociologists, and political scientists, all of whom were certain that the various ethnic groups that came together in the United States would eventually merge to form a single nationality, Anglo-Saxon in character to accord with the dominant strand. However, in the course of the past decade this cherished notion, like so many others, has gone by the boards. America, it is now argued, never was, nor is ever likely to become, a true "melting pot," as witness the resurgence of ethnic consciousness we see all around us today. Significantly, this latest assertion reiterates what many European social scientists have long contended, that ethnic and cultural differences are the hallmark of American society.

Nevertheless, the notion of the "melting pot" may still be a useful one. For all the residual and resurgent ethnicity in evidence today, the fact remains that some groups have integrated quite successfully into the American mainstream. This is particularly true of those whose ancestors came to the U.S. during the 18th and 19th centuries from Northern and Western Europe—the Germans, the Scandinavians, and the Welsh, Scots, and Irish. The Germans, especially, demonstrated the viability of the "melting pot" thesis when they overwhelmingly resisted the various blandishments profferred by National Socialism in the 20's and 30's. The Nazi failure to win the allegiance of German-Americans was an instructive development, and its details are thoughtfully explored by Sander A. Diamond in this excellent study.

The National Socialist ideology assumed that all persons of German ancestry, no matter by how many miles and generations separated from the *Vaterland,* were still loyal Germans. The Nazis also asserted the superiority of the German race; Germans, in their view, were a people apart, entitled to special rights, even in America. That reality did not conform to their assumptions was of no importance to the Nazis, who never allowed the facts to interfere with their version of "higher truth." Thus, they even considered the Pennsylvania Dutch, descendants of political and religious dissenters who fled German autocratic rule more than two hundred years earlier, to be Germans by blood.

To be sure, not all of the intellectual leaders of the "New Germany" accepted the Nazi race-and-blood myth. There were some who had lived in the U.S. before Hitler's rise to power and who knew at first hand that the German-American community was far less German, and more American, than the party leaders averred. This, for instance, was the view held by the pre-Hitler *Deutsches Ausland-Institut* whose staff was dismissed once Hitler seized power and the racial mythology of National Socialism became the guiding light of German foreign policy.

The result of that policy, with regard to millions of Americans of German descent, was a diplomatic disaster. While it is true that in the early days of the movement the National Socialists found some adherents in the American community, these were hardly assets to the cause. Drawn mostly from among the 400,000 or so Germans who had immigrated to the U.S. in the years immediately following World War I, many of these supporters were ex-soldiers who had accepted the nationalist myth of a Germany betrayed in the war by a cabal of liberals, Bolsheviks, and Jews, and who considered the democratic Weimar republic the ultimate in political evil. Their hope was for the rise of a great leader, a Ludendorff or a Hitler, who would free Germany from the shame of defeat. In America, some of these men joined the *Stahlhelm,* the extremely nationalistic German veterans' organization. Others helped found the *Nationalsozialistische Vereinigung Teutonia,* a small but vociferous organization which sought to attract members by offering low-cost trips to the "homeland." But these were all insignificant efforts. The overwhelming majority of native-born German-Americans, including all mainstream German-American organizations, showed no interest whatsoever in the nationalist movement that was beginning to take shape in post-World War I Germany.

With Hitler's rise to power in the 1930's the situation appeared

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to change. The new exigencies required a new organization in America to rally support for the Third Reich. The first move in that direction came with the formation of the Friends of the New Germany, which was almost universally ignored and soon vanished from the scene. The foreign office of the National Socialist party then organized a shadow party in the U.S., the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund,* or the Bund as it came to be known. Its failure was assured in its name, which spoke not of *Deutsch-Amerikaner,* German-Americans, but of *Amerikadeutscher,* Germans in America, a not-so-subtle designation that most Americans of German descent found at variance with their own image of themselves.

At its height the Bund had a membership of fewer than 25,000, almost all of whom were German-born. The organization enjoyed some influence in the Yorkville section of New York City and in northern Hudson County in New Jersey, but little elsewhere. In other major German-American centers it scarcely existed, and its failure soon proved an embarrassment to the parent organization in Germany. Nevertheless, Bundists continued to parade and to hold rallies in Madison Square Garden, creating an exaggerated fear of their power.

A sensational Congressional investigation in 1935-36 threw the Bund leadership into disarray. Most of the original leaders then fled the country and control was assumed by Fritz Julius Kuhn, an ambitious, venal chemist from Munich, who soon dominated the organization and even had many Americans believing that he and Hitler were plotting a Nazi coup in the U.S. Kuhn's uniformed Brownshirts paraded through the streets of Yorkville; he declared a boycott of Jewish merchants, and talked of the new day when Germany would rule the world.

The leaders of the old-line German organizations, such as the Steuben Society, were aghast at the Bund's tactics. Not that they were humanitarians or were necessarily opposed to Hitler on principle; but they were concerned lest Kuhn's bombast lead to an outbreak of

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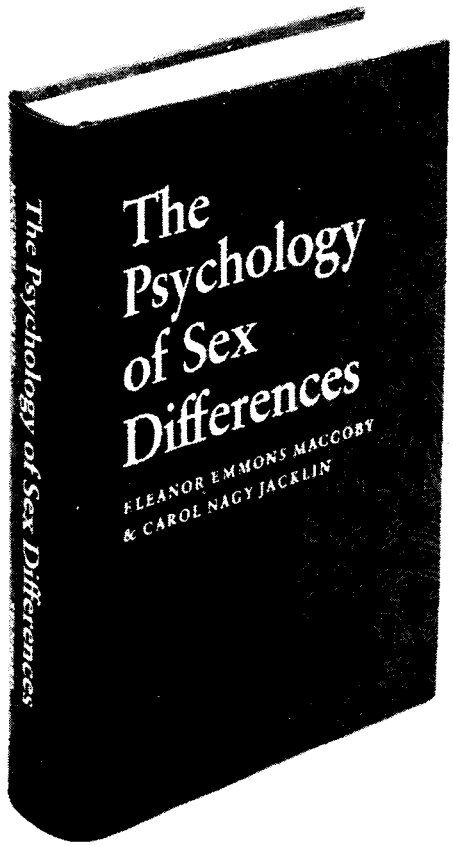

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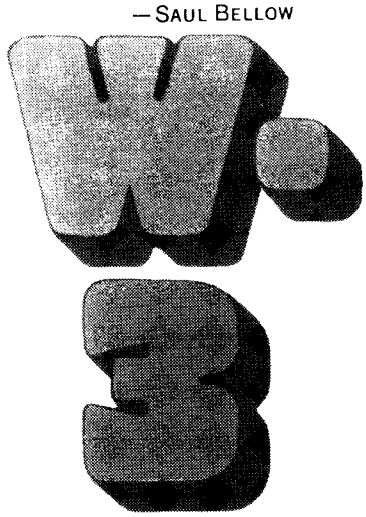

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anti-German sentiment, and accordingly, they petitioned Hitler to dissolve the Bund. Actually, by this time the National Socialist leadership had itself come to the conclusion that its American arm was counterproductive to Nazi purpose, but since a party order for the Bund to disband would have been tantamount to admitting that the Kuhn group was, in effect, Berlin-directed, nothing was done about the situation.

In November 1938 the Nazis perpetrated the infamous *Kristallnacht* pogrom against German Jewry. Following close on the heels of the Sudetenland crisis, the anti-Jewish atrocity convinced most Americans that Hitler was a threat to world civilization. The U.S. ambassador was recalled from Berlin, German-American organizations expressed their revulsion, and pro-Nazi groups were virtually forced underground. The Bund's books were seized and its leaders sent to prison (for stealing and misappropriating organization funds). The membership either returned to Germany or dropped out of sight. The short life of the Bund was over.

PROFESSOR DIAMOND correctly attributes the Nazis' failure in establishing an American branch to their unwillingness and inability to realize that German-Americans preponderantly did not feel any tie to the land of their forefathers. For all intents and purposes, they were Americans who merely happened to bear Germanic surnames (such as Eisenhower); to them Germany was a foreign country. This the National Socialists refused to understand.

Yet for all his understanding of German-American realities, Professor Diamond tends to overstate the internal weaknesses of the Bund as a factor in the organization's disintegration. There can be no doubt that the Bund suffered from bad leadership from the very beginning. It is also apparent that the continuing power struggle had a debilitating effect on its activities. Nor can there be any question that Fritz Kuhn lied to his members and stole their money. However, all of this is only of peripheral importance. Quite simply, the Bund came a cropper because it failed to attract the respectable masses of Americans of German descent who in their own minds and in the minds of most of their countrymen were deemed to be loyal Americans, successfully integrated into the "melting pot" that many social scientists now repudiate.

Social Theorist

THE SOCIOLOGY OF EMILE DURKHEIM. By ROBERT A. NISBET. *Oxford. 293 pp. $9.95.*

Reviewed by ABRAM N. SHULSKY

ROBERT NISBET is an eminent sociologist and historian of sociology with a publishing career that spans more than three decades. His interests cover a correspondingly wide range, including such seemingly disparate topics as the campus unrest of recent years and the conservative reaction to the French Revolution. If there is a central theme to his writings, it may become visible in his latest work, a deceptively simple book described by him as a "Durkheim primer," an introduction to the "essential and constitutive" elements of the thought of the great 19th-century French sociologist. Nisbet seems to regard Durkheim as the sociological "founding father" most relevant to contemporary problems and best able to teach us how to theorize about them.

Durkheim is best known as the "sociologist of anomie." His deepest insights concern the disintegrating effects individualism has had, not only on the social structure of the modern Western countries, but more importantly on the personality structures of their citizens. For Durkheim, personality is a social phenomenon: it is formed by the influences and restraints that society exercises on individuals, and everything in the human personality above the purely physical level is due to these social forces.

His analysis of the sources of human personality places Durkheim at the opposite end of the spectrum from such 19th-century

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individualists as Bentham and J. S. Mill. In Durkheim's view, the destruction in the modern age of traditional communities and social forces (religious orders and institutions, guilds, local communities, aristocratic or otherwise non-nuclear families, etc.) has left man freer than he was before, yet his freedom has led not to greater happiness or even to greater opportunities for happiness, but to emptiness, fear, and despair. Durkheim's most famous work, *Suicide*, deals with precisely this disintegration of the human personality under the pressure of modern individualism. But that work is equally important as an example of the sociological method at its most stringent and most successful. It is this "classical" quality in Durkheim's methodology that attracts Nisbet.

Durkheim's method is rigorously objective and "social." Not only are "value judgments" on the part of the sociologist eschewed, but "subjective" factors such as consciousness and self-awareness are excluded from sociological theory. Durkheim is the great foe of the tendency to incorporate allegedly presocial or asocial human characteristics into sociological explanation; his triumph was to explain suicide rates, for example, wholly in terms of the social environment, without having recourse to any of the "internal" or "psychological" factors which to the non-sociological observer would seem to be primary in so intimate and personal an act as the taking of one's life.

The Sociology of Emile Durkheim attempts to expound the basic elements of Durkheimian sociology with the evident intention of recalling American sociology to sound basic principles. Without being too specific, Nisbet accuses American sociology of a "recent . . . plunge into subjectivism." He hopes to reestablish the more austere methodology of Durkheim, a methodology which proclaims the necessity of explaining all social phenomena in terms of "social facts."

Perhaps because of the introductory character of the book, Nisbet's discussion of what constitutes a social fact does not address some ambiguities in Durkheim's

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own thought. Originally, it seems, Durkheim had regarded laws, enforced by sanctions, as the only social facts whose existence and content are amenable to objective scientific identification and interpretation. This obviously narrow notion is soon dropped, however, in favor of a conception of social facts which also encompasses customs and traditions. The problem with this extended concept is that unwritten and slowly evolving customs and traditions can never be as precisely known and described as can written and fixed laws. In *Suicide*, to complicate matters further, we meet social facts which are *statistical* in nature—the great theme of the book is that suicide (i.e., the suicide rate) "can be dealt with as a social fact"; but clearly a suicide rate cannot be understood either as law or as tradition.

Durkheim's insistence, despite these contradictions, that social facts are *things*, has consequently evoked much criticism from the more positivistically-minded members of the social-scientific community; and his doctrine of "collective representations" has left him open to the charge that he posits a mystical "societal mind" as the substratum for shared societal beliefs and opinions. Nisbet contends that these criticisms are misunderstandings, although he concedes that some of Durkheim's more extreme statements about social reality are "less useful" and even "undoubtedly suspect." Unlike Durkheim, Nisbet is willing to view the sociological method as just one approach among others to social phenomena—for Durkheim, on the other hand, social reality cannot be viewed by means of any other methodology than the sociological.

Behind the question of methodology lies Durkheim's complete break with the individualistic tradition of the Enlightenment. Durkheim seems to have shifted from viewing social facts as constraints on individual behavior to viewing them as the constitutive elements of personality, at least of those aspects of personality (including all the interesting ones) which comprise the individual's social being:

> There are two beings in man: an individual being which has its foundation in the organism and the circle of whose activities is therefore strictly limited, and a social being which represents the highest reality in the intellectual and moral order that we can know by observation—I mean society.

As Nisbet emphasizes, this view prevents the reduction of sociology to psychologism—the explaining of social phenomena in terms of the psychological traits of individuals—or biologism—the explaining of social phenomena in terms of the racial or other physiological characteristics of populations. It focuses attention on the social structures which are the basis of the social being of man.

When it comes to contemporary society, the yield of this approach to the study of man is an emphasis on social disintegration—i.e., the disappearance or weakening of structures which support constraints on behavior, and the consequent development of poorly integrated and undeveloped personality types. Durkheim regards the West of his time as being in the midst of a serious moral crisis, and Nisbet, for his part, finds it "unlikely that Durkheim, were he alive today, would believe the moral crisis . . . was anywhere near resolution even yet."

Despite Durkheim's emphasis on objectivity, he views sociology as able to tell us what is normal or abnormal about our society: "Social science . . . describes the type itself: whatever pertains to the type is normal, and whatever is normal is healthy." And there is little doubt that Durkheim and Nisbet consider contemporary society unhealthy, even though it is not clear what would be the normal form of social life for our type of society. This lack of clarity did not cause a problem for Durkheim, presumably because he thought that some resolution of the West's moral crisis was inevitable in the near future—if a social structure is sufficiently disintegrated, then it simply cannot survive. Nisbet, writing today, fails to explain why a century-long moral "crisis" cannot by now be regarded as normal, and hence a healthy, form of society.

For Durkheim, anomie, the normlessness that accompanies the disintegration of all social constraints, is bad and to be avoided. In part, this is a judgment grounded in his findings in *Suicide*—anomic suicide increases in modern society and serves as a clear indication that something has gone wrong. (Perhaps a more consistent Durkheimian than Durkheim himself would see increased suicide rates as normal for a crowded and overpopulated society.) But if anomie is an evil, then a firm social structure must be good—a conclusion that may help to explain why a gentle and humane scholar like Durkheim could engage, as Nisbet puts it, in "the fiercest of nationalist passions" following the outbreak of World War I, for certainly wartime France was a less alienated and anomic society than the peacetime France that preceded it.

Nisbet appears to find Durkheim's metamorphosis from "teacher-scholar" into "ardent French patriot" inexplicable. For Nisbet, it is clear that the kind of community that is required to end the West's moral crisis cannot be the bastardized form offered by the supernationalist and all-powerful state, especially when at war, even if this form of community does result in lower suicide rates and a lesser incidence of mental illness. (Indeed, Nisbet's *Quest for Community* is an eloquent and forceful discussion of just this danger.) During the last sixty years, the West has learned, or should have learned, that most of our political cures are worse than most of our social diseases. At times, Nisbet seems to say that this lesson can be learned from the conservative insights of such great sociologists as Durkheim, who emphasized the necessity of stable social structures for individual well-being and happiness. To this needs to be added the paradoxical admission that these self-same social structures have as their highest purpose the creation of an environment in which the individual will be free in mind and spirit to question their political legitimacy.

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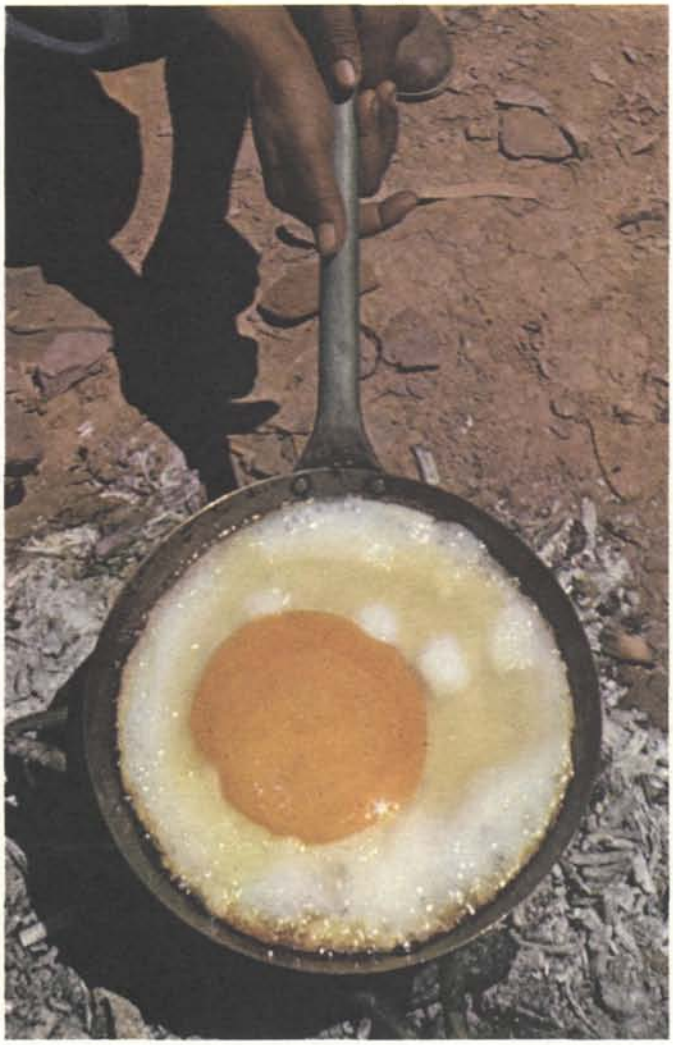

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